★ Mar. 31, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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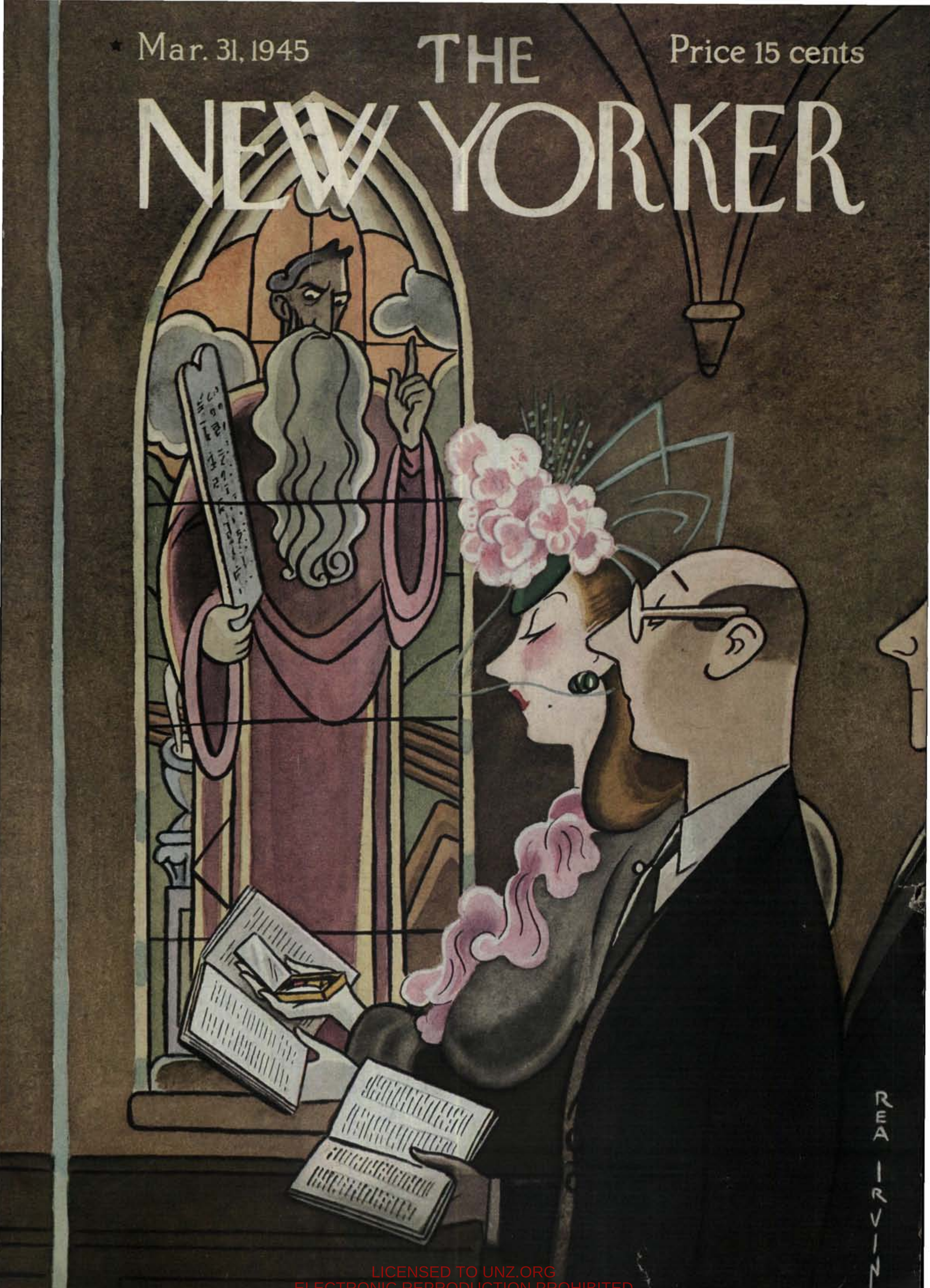

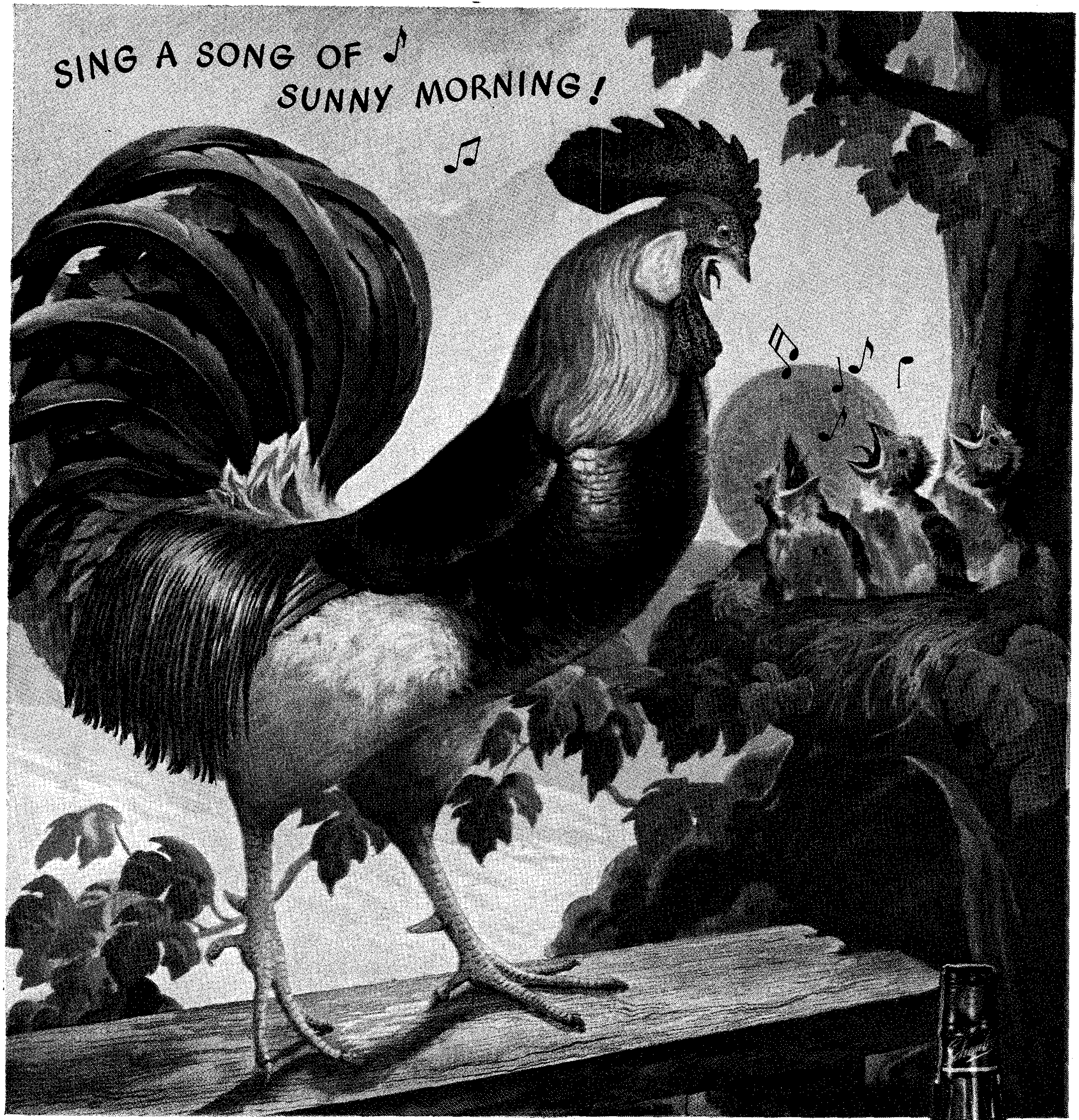
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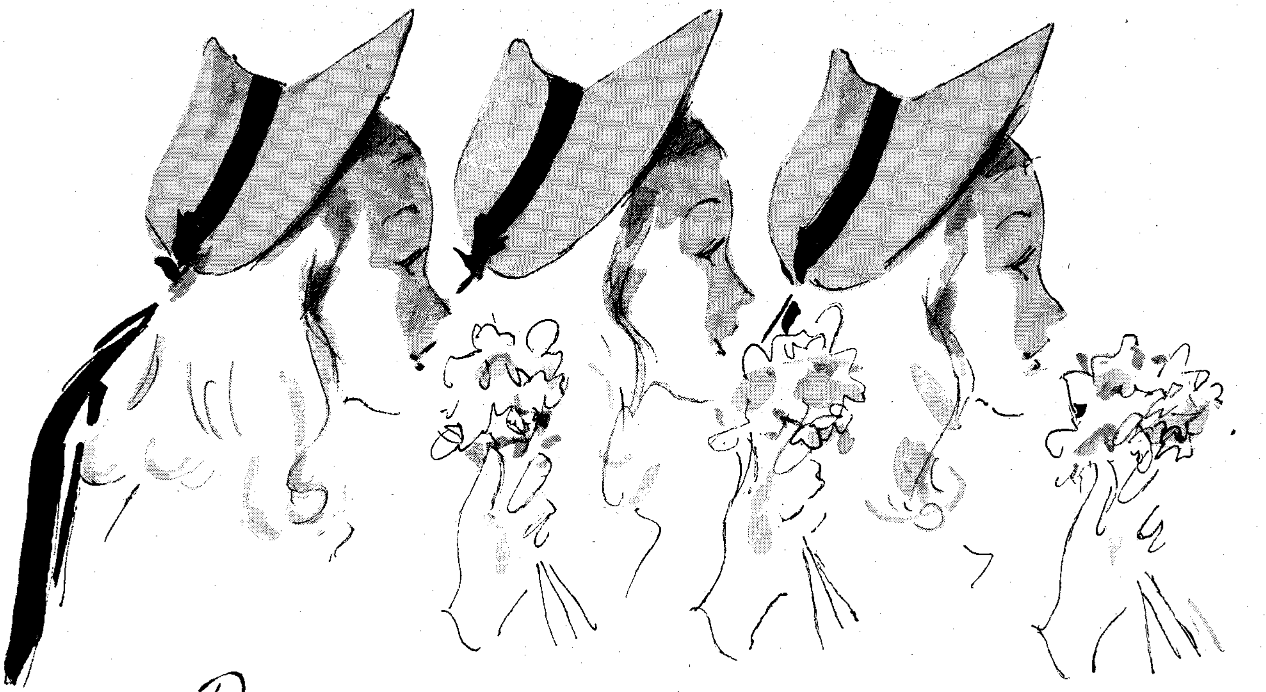

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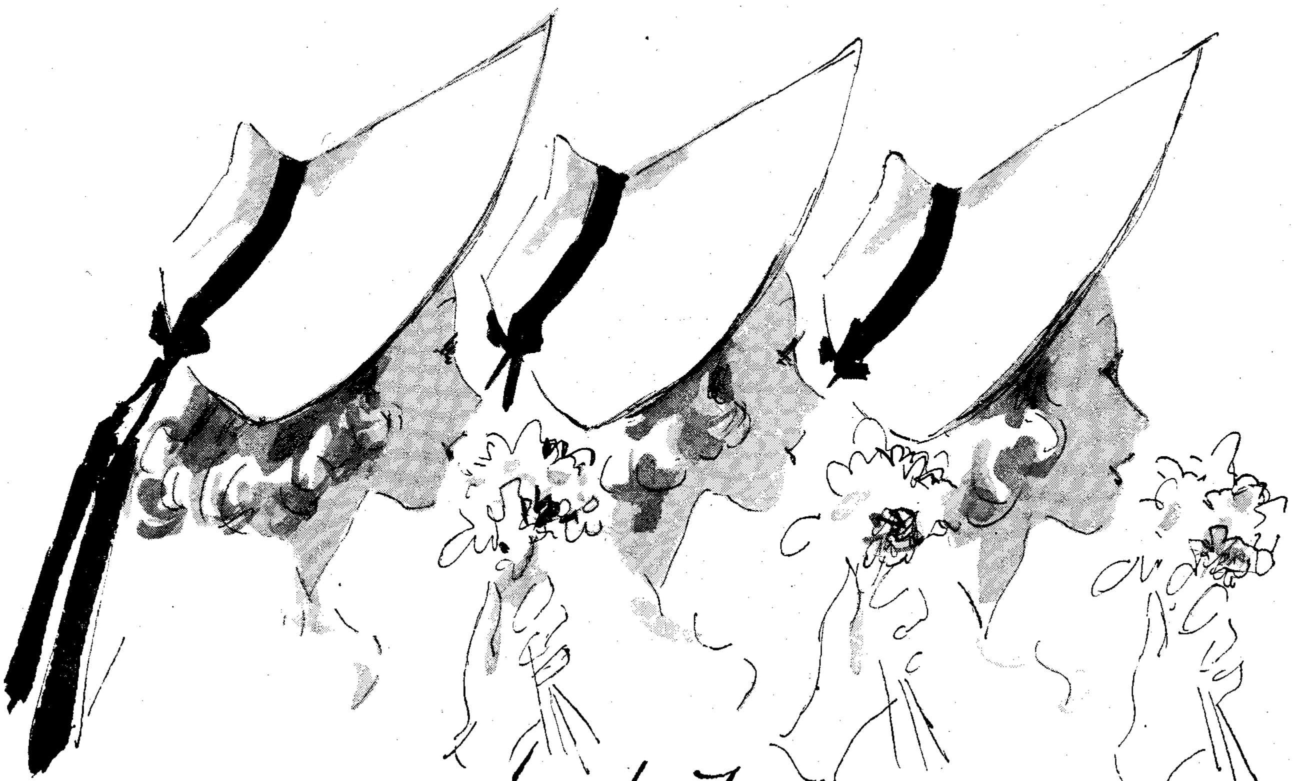

Lord & Taylor Second Floor Fashions

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EASTER SPECIAL

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Easter Week. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNA LUCASTA—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., April 2, at 2:40.)

A BELL FOR ADANO—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DARK OF THE MOON—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of a fine cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEAR RUTH—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DEEP MRS. SYKES—George Kelly turns up after a long time with a play about a vain and foolish woman who nearly wrecks several lives. In spite of the valuable presence of Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon, it is rather a disappointment. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

FOOLISH NOTION—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARVEY—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE HASTY HEART—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HOPE FOR THE BEST—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I REMEMBER MAMA—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

KISS AND TELL—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

KISS THEM FOR ME—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nyd'a Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE OVERTONS—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SOLDIER'S WIFE—Rose Franken's play about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TEMPEST—Margaret Webster has cut and rearranged this poetic fantasy, but it still remains one of Shakespeare's more exhausting plays. With Vera Zorina as Ariel, Canada Lee as Caliban, and Arnold Moss as Prospero. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., April 6, at 2:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Fred Stone in a brief engagement of the Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman play. With Dorothy Stone and Charles Collins. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

BLOOMER GIRL—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE FIREBRAND OF FLORENCE—A musical adaptation of Edwin Justus Mayer's play that is very much like every operetta you ever saw. Kurt Weill wrote the music and Ira Gershwin handled the lyrics. Almost everybody sings very prettily, but only Melville Cooper manages to suggest the spirit of the original. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

LAFFING ROOM ONLY!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., April 2, at 2:30.)

ON THE TOWN—A fine, carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except April 4, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., April 2, at 2:30.)

SEVEN LIVELY ARTS—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SONG OF NORWAY—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

LADY IN DANGER—Helen Claire, Alexander Kirkland, and Vicki Cummings in a play by Max Afford and Mr. Kirkland. Directed by Clarence Derwent and produced by Pat Allen and Dan Fisher. Opens Thurs., March 29. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—Eddie Dowling, Laurette Taylor, and Julie Haydon in a play by Tennessee Williams. Mr. Dowling directed, with Margot Jones, and is also the producer, together with Louis J. Singer. Opens Sat., March 31. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A PLACE OF OUR OWN—A play written and directed by Elliott Nugent, with a cast including Robert Keith, Jeanne Cagney, and J. C. Nugent. Pro-

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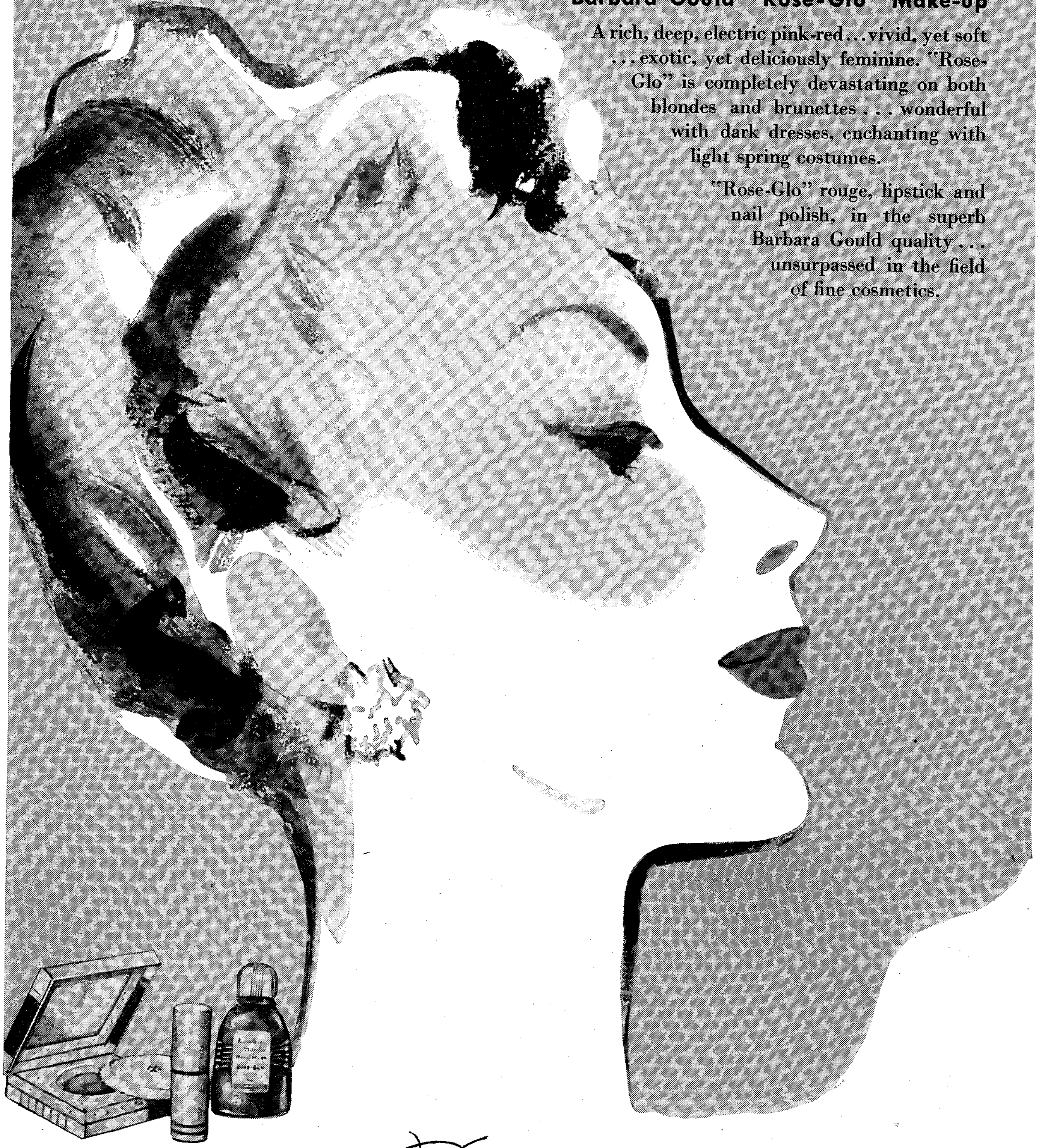

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

duced by John Golden, Robert Montgomery, and Elliott Nugent. Opens Mon., April 2. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Star-Spangled Widow—Eddie Nugent, Frances Reid, and Dennie Moore in a play by B. Harrison Orkow. Directed by William Castle and produced by Philip A. Waxman and Joseph Kipnis. Opens Thurs., April 5. (Theatre and schedule of performances to be announced.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Opens Wed., April 4, at 8:30 P.M., with admission by purchase of war bonds. Daily thereafter at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. weekdays, except Thurs. and Fri., March 29-30, at 2:40, and Sun. at 3.)

Variety Program—Yella Pessl, Teddy Wilson, Jimmy Savo, and others, in the fourth of a series of programs: Sat., April 7, at 8 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

African Program—Asadata Dafora and his dance group; Maurice Rocco, piano; The Duke of Iron, calypso singer; Bill Robinson, dancer; and other entertainers; sponsored by the African Academy of Arts and Research. Wed. and Fri., April 4 and 6, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Little Black Sambo," Sat., March 31; and "Peter Rabbit," Mon. through Sat., April 2-7; at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

Suzari Marionettes—Presenting "Pinocchio," "Rumpelstiltskin," and "Adventures of Remi;" also musical entertainment by Sigmund Spaeth, and bird imitations by Henry Boyd. Sat. through Sat., March 31-April 7, at 11 A.M. and 1:15 and 3:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call CI 6-0895.)

Junior Dramatic Workshop—Presenting "The Imaginary Invalid," an English version of the Molière play. Thurs. through Sat., April 5-7, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 5-9117.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"Giselle," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Performance," Sun. Eve., April 1. . . . "Swan Lake," "Fancy Free," "Lilac Garden," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., April 2. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Pillar of Fire," and "Graduation Ball," Tues. Eve., April 3. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," and "Petrouchka," Thurs. Aft., April 5. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Harvest Time," "Fancy Free," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. Eve., April 5. . . . "Swan Lake," "Tally-Ho," "Harvest Time," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Fri. Eve., April 6. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Deux," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., April 7. . . . "Swan Lake," "Aleko," "Moonlight Sonata," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., April 7. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, other entertainment, and perhaps complete confusion. Some establishments are still in the process of rearranging their shows to fit the midnight curfew instead of the 1 A.M. one, so customers should expect a certain amount of breakage.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the sedate old Trianon Room, William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras provide polite music for a polite dinner and supper audience.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Merry monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and merry music by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Phil Moore's orchestra for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, very bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 29,
THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, is in the stately Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Paul and Grace Hartman's merrily dishevelled ballroom dancing. Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, more sombre singing by Thelma Carpenter, and a solid background by Cedric Wallace's trio and Garland Wilson's piano; no dancing.

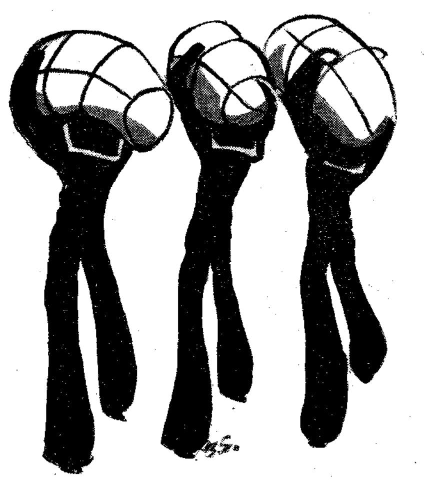
St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Gomez and Beatrice, the dance team, and Fred Miller's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is rather casual dance music and the entertaining songs of Dorothy Shay.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing every afternoon and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, who can be quite funny, is in the Wedgwood Room. On April 5, John Sebastian and his talented harmonica will take over, along with Carol Bruce, one of our more decorative songbirds. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays broodingly throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by rambling piano solos, performed once more by Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, who sings in the grand (movie) manner, and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **zanzibar**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): sort of rowdydow, but it has Lionel Hampton's band, Maurice Rocco, and the Mills Brothers to help you forget. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets. . . . **400 club**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Duke Ellington's orchestra (starting Wed., April 4). . . . **copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the Copa Bar, all that remains of this once mighty bus terminal, offers the Milt Herth trio and a dance band. . . . **biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Eddy Rogers' orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra (to be replaced by Hal McIntyre's on Fri., March 30). . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.



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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): specialités de la maison by Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and other selected Old Masters. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' cheerful trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing, too. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano, about which there can be few complaints; dancing. . . . **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band still at the old stand. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart and his lively quartet, and a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . **pied piper**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's band and Willie the Lion Smith's trio; dancing. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and his saxophone heading a new band. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his hot trio; dancing.

ART

American Abstract Artists—The ninth annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 15.

Richmond Barthé—Sculpture: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

Aubrey Beardsley—Forty drawings, and books which he illustrated: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 10.

Richard Bowman—Symbolist paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

British—At the **buchholz**, 32 E. 57: paintings done during the past year. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 14. . . . . **national arts club**, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: Sutherland, Nash, and others. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 20.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

Paul Cadmus—Drawings, in the artist's first show in eight years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 ..M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Children—Paintings by about seventy-five artists, from the seventeenth century to the present; a benefit for the Public Education Association: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., April 4.

Virginia Cuthbert—Orderly paintings of birds and late nineteenth-century buildings: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 20.

Enrico Donati—New paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Earle Goodenow—Recent oils: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Arshile Gorky—Paintings by a man who mingles Expressionism with Surrealism: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Douglas Gorsline—Portraits, a few romantic landscapes, and drawings: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Adolph Gottlieb—New oils: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Groups—At the **kleemann**, 65 E. 57: oils, drawings, and prints by modern French artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31. . . . **niveau**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15. . . . **milch**, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Francis Speight, Maurice Sterne, and other painters. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Jean Hélion—Recent paintings by the Abstractionist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

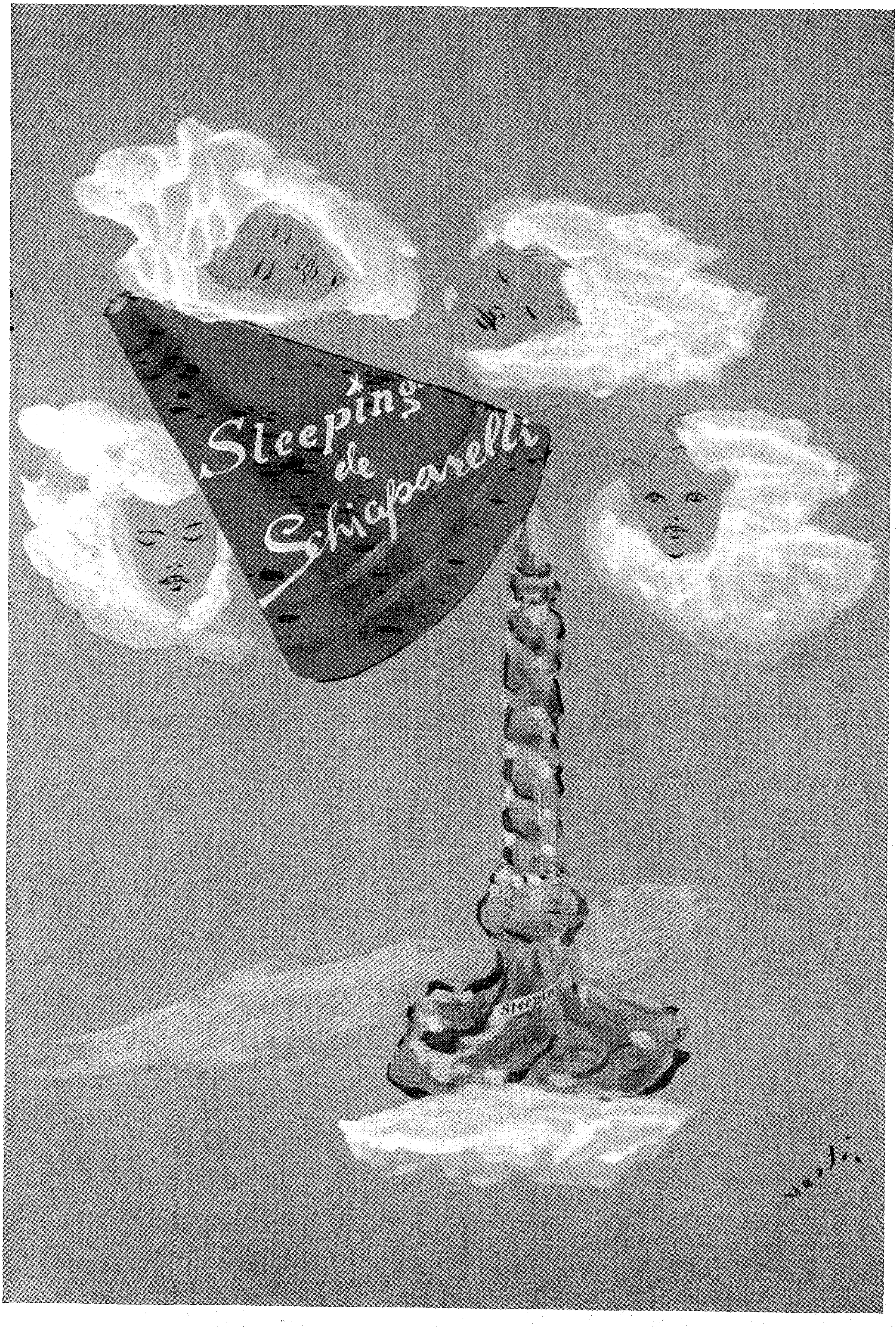
Charles Keller—Bright gouache landscapes: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Daily 2 to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 7 to 10); through Sat., March 31.

Paul Klee—A retrospective show, including works from private collections: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Karl Knaths—New abstractions: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 14.

Julian Levi—Fourteen paintings done since 1942: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

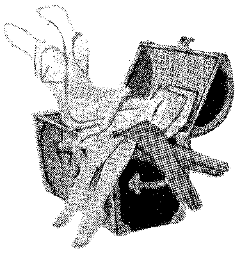
F. Matoušek—War drawings: New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M.


Sleeping de Schiaparelli
Sleeping

Van Raalte

STOCKINGS·GLOVES·UNDERTHINGS

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"



Stockings by Van Raalte

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Mon., April 2.

Matta—New paintings in a nervous, high-keyed style, completely different from his old one: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through Sun., April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Mexican—Prints by twelve modern artists: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 13.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of painting and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., April 3.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

George Picken—Still lifes and landscapes: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Jackson Pollack—Paintings, drawings, and gouaches: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

C. S. Price—First show of abstract paintings by a seventy-one-year-old Oregonian who has influenced a good many younger Western artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

W. B. Putnam—An Expressionist with some Eastern influences: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Anton Refregier—New paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Chris Ritter—Water colors: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Iver Rose—Recent paintings: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Saint Jerome—Paintings and sculptures of the Saint, done by artists of the fifteenth through the seventeenth centuries: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Joseph Solman—Ten oils, formalized to the borderline of abstraction: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Alice Tenney—Romantic paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Tschacbasov—About twenty-five oils by the Expressionist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Vienna—Some of Salomon Kleiner's rococo prints, together with less inspired views of the city: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Whistler—Etchings, drypoints, lithographs: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 14.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Work by European artists now living in America. Tues. through Sat., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs. and Sat., March 29 and 31, at 6:30 and 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 30, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.; and Sun., April 1, at 3 and 5:15 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., April 5, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., April 6, at 2:30 P.M. (Highlights: Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Westminster Choir, March 29-April 1; Rudolf Serkin, piano, April 5-6.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., April 7, at 11 A.M.

Philadelphia Orchestra—With the Westminster Choir; Eugene Ormandy conducting. Tues., April 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Centre Symphony Orchestra—Angelo Consoli conducting. Sat., April 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—"Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs., March 29, at 8 P.M. . . . "Parsifal," Fri., March 30, at 1 P.M. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri., March 30, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat., March 31, at 2 P.M. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Sat., March 31, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Wed., April 4, at 8:30 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Ballad singer. Sun., April 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. Sun., April 1, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Andor Foldes—Piano. Mon., April 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Muriel Rahn—Soprano. Tues., April 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Adrian Fisher—Piano. Wed., April 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—Winners of the National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament and the National Invitation Tournament in a benefit match for the Red Cross, Thurs., March 29, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Joe Baksi vs. Lou Nova, heavyweights, ten rounds, Fri., March 30. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Fencing—Metropolitan Open Championship, women's foil, team, Fri., March 30; non-divisional qualifying rounds for the National Championship, sabre, individual, Fri., April 6; at 7 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

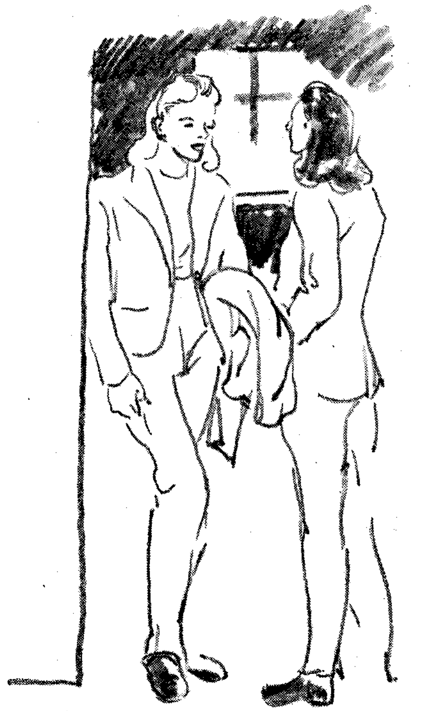
OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Theatre—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 8.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

Dress—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: "Costumes from the Forbidden City," a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.



Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French and other furniture and objects of art from the collections of Lt. Col. James W. Flanagan and others: Thurs., March 29, at 2 P.M. . . . English and French eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian silver, and other objects of art collected by Stanley N. Barbee and others: Sat., March 31, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Nelson Rockefeller, and Avra M. Warren, in the sixth of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., March 31, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., April 1, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 31 and April 7, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 31 and April 7, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., April 1, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., April 1, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., March 31 and April 7, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., March 31 and April 7, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Il Trovatore," Sat., March 31, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., April 1, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Joe Baksi vs. Lou Nova, Fri., March 30, at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., and Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from London), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

(Complete listings of programs at Broadway and neighborhood houses can be found on page 10.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Some of the original Broadway players, plus Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, make a good thing of this adaptation of the lighthearted Brooklyn poison classic. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 29.)

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the play. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Dark Waters—Fairly good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., March 29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 31. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., March 30-April 2. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., April 1-3.)

The Fighting Lady—Life on a plane carrier and probably the best documentary so far to come out of the war. Actual combat shots in Technicolor. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 30. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., April 2. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Thurs., April 1-5. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., April 3-4. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., April 3-5.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Judy Garland singing and making love in a very intelligent and fetching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Leon Ames, and Mary Astor. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., April 2. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., April 4. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Tues., April 3.)

Murder, My Sweet—Excellent screen version of Raymond Chandler's mystery story called "Farewell,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., April 2. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., April 4.)

NATIONAL VELVET—Elizabeth Taylor, assisted by Mickey Rooney, wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. Foolish and wonderful. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., March 29. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 3-5.)

THE THREE CABALLEROS—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., April 6.)

THUNDER ROCK—The British offer a sharp improvement on a fantasy that failed on the stage here. With Michael Redgrave. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., April 4.)

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart's recruiting poster transplanted to the screen, without any important changes. Interesting as a document, but rather too slick as a play. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., March 29. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., April 3-5.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer who really meant no harm in particular. With Joan Bennett and a surprise ending that is hardly likely to surprise anyone. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., March 31. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., March 31-April 3. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., April 4-7.)

REVIVALS

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., March 30-April 2.)

DRAGON SEED (1944)—The Pearl Buck novel of China's early war years, with Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn, and Aline MacMahon. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., March 30.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS (1943)—Sabotage in present-day Norway, with Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, and Walter Huston. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., March 30. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., April 3-4.)

48 HOURS (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., March 31-April 1. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Tues., March 30-April 3.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 30. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., April 3-4. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., April 3-5.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW (1944)—About a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 29.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., April 3.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., April 4-6.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 30.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., March 30.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MARCH 29: "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "The Last Card" (1915), with William S. Hart; and "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MARCH 30-APRIL 1 (March 30 at 4 P.M. only; March 31 and April 1 at 2 and 4:30 P.M.): "Lumière shorts" (1895); "The Runaway Horse" (1907); "Fantomas" (1913); and "The Crazy Ray" (1922-3); all French films. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., APRIL 2-5: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917); and "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1923-4), with Greta Garbo. . . . FROM FRI., APRIL 6: "Siegfried" (1923), directed by Fritz Lang.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as sorters or canvassers for the United Nations Clothing Collection; men and women to take a short training course and then work as much time as they can spare as group-leaders in recreation centers. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs in hospitals; women to take a four-week part-time training course and then work a minimum of six daytime hours a week in hospital libraries. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in a veterans' rehabilitation center.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United Nations Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during April, a hundred and fifty million pounds of clean, practical clothing, shoes, and bedding for destitute families overseas. Contributions can be taken to schools, churches, synagogues, libraries, and C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. offices. For the location of the nearest depot, call MU 4-2392. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, radios, records, playing cards, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the C.D.V.O. branch at 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370). . . . The A.W.V.S. is now conducting a drive to collect pocket-size books for service men. There are collection bins in theatres, stores, and apartment houses throughout the city.

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Toiletries in richly colored flagons that meet the desire among smart men for colorful accessories. Fragrances that are unmistakably masculine. Cognac, Cedarwood, Russian Leather.

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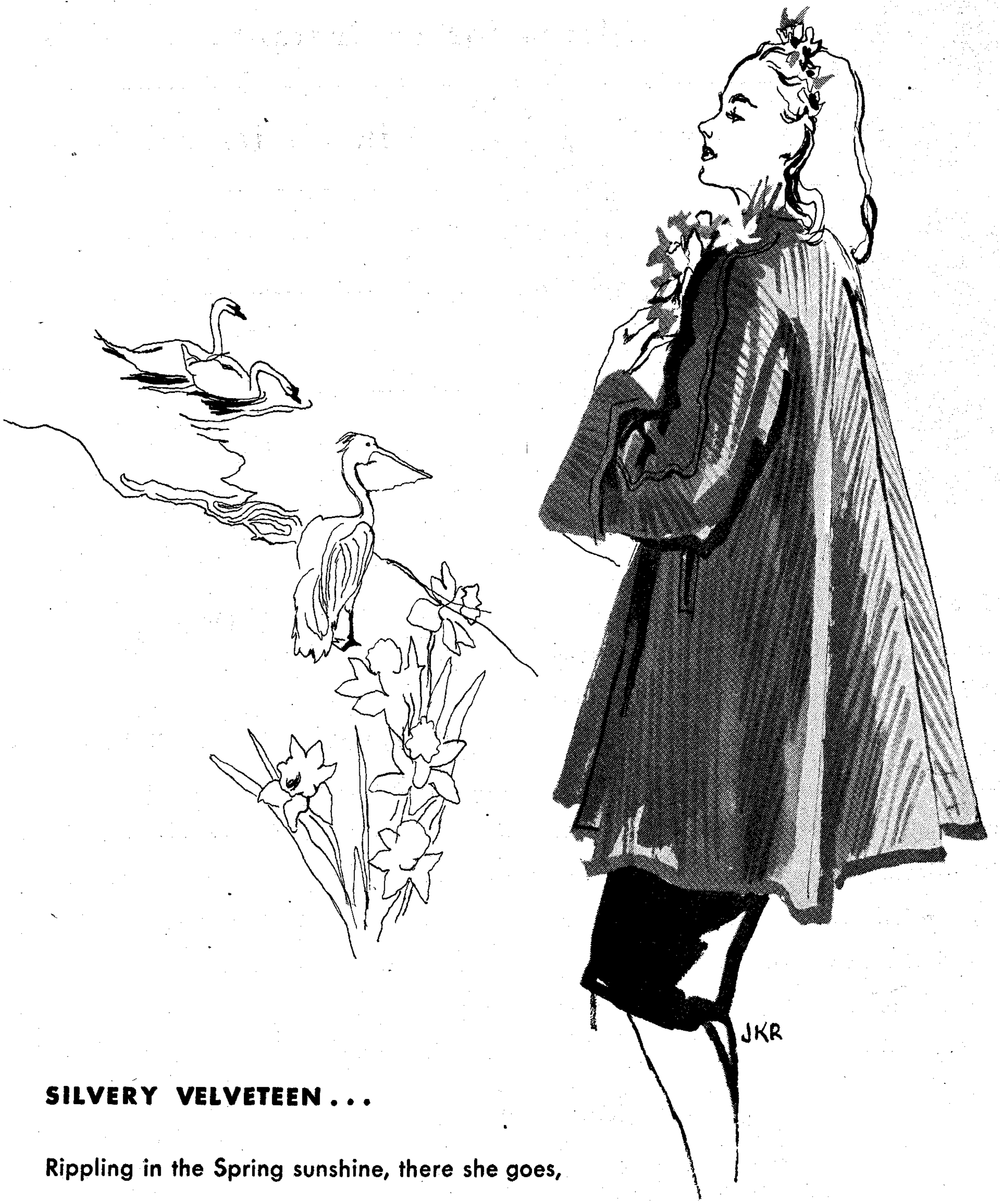

SILVERY VELVETEEN . . .

Rippling in the Spring sunshine, there she goes, our wonder coat. Fan-tailed, loose sleeved, big cuffed, it's in that hollow-cut velveteen that gives such life to colors . . . pink, antelope, russet, aqua or grey. 45.00.

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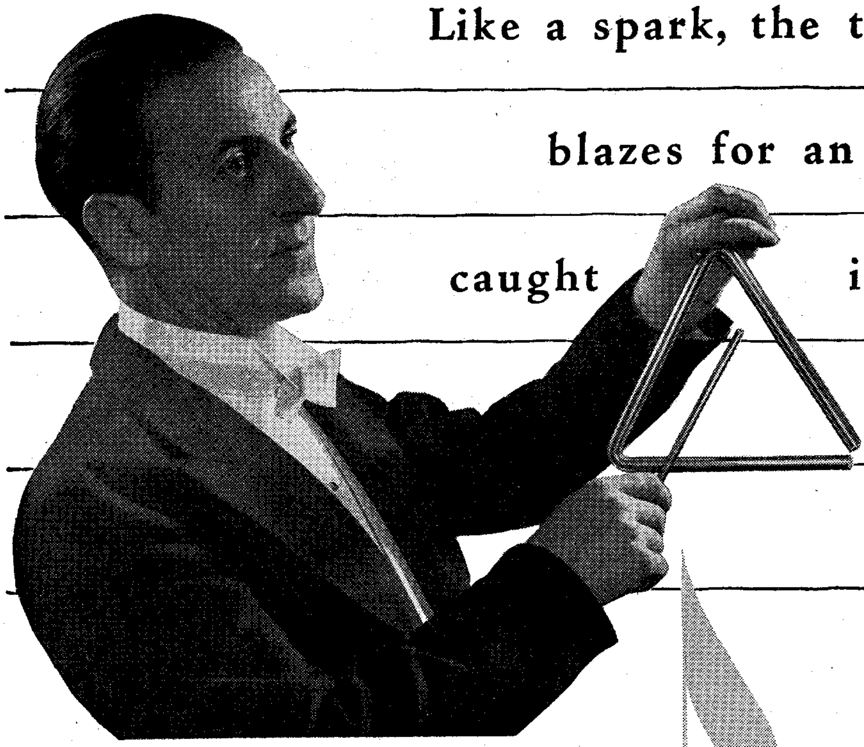
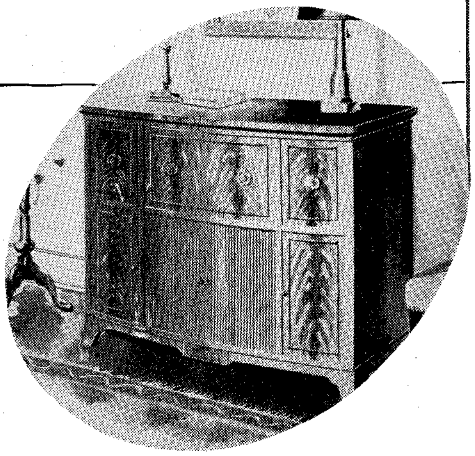
Like a spark, the ting of the Triangle blazes for an instant . . . and is caught in all its brilliance by a Scott





The Triangle is not so much a voice as an illumination in music—tossing spangles of sound that shine and glitter in any score. Perhaps it is not an "important" instrument as you hear it now, but listen once with a Scott and you will always wonder at its radiance.

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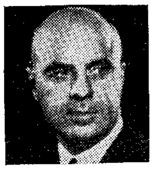

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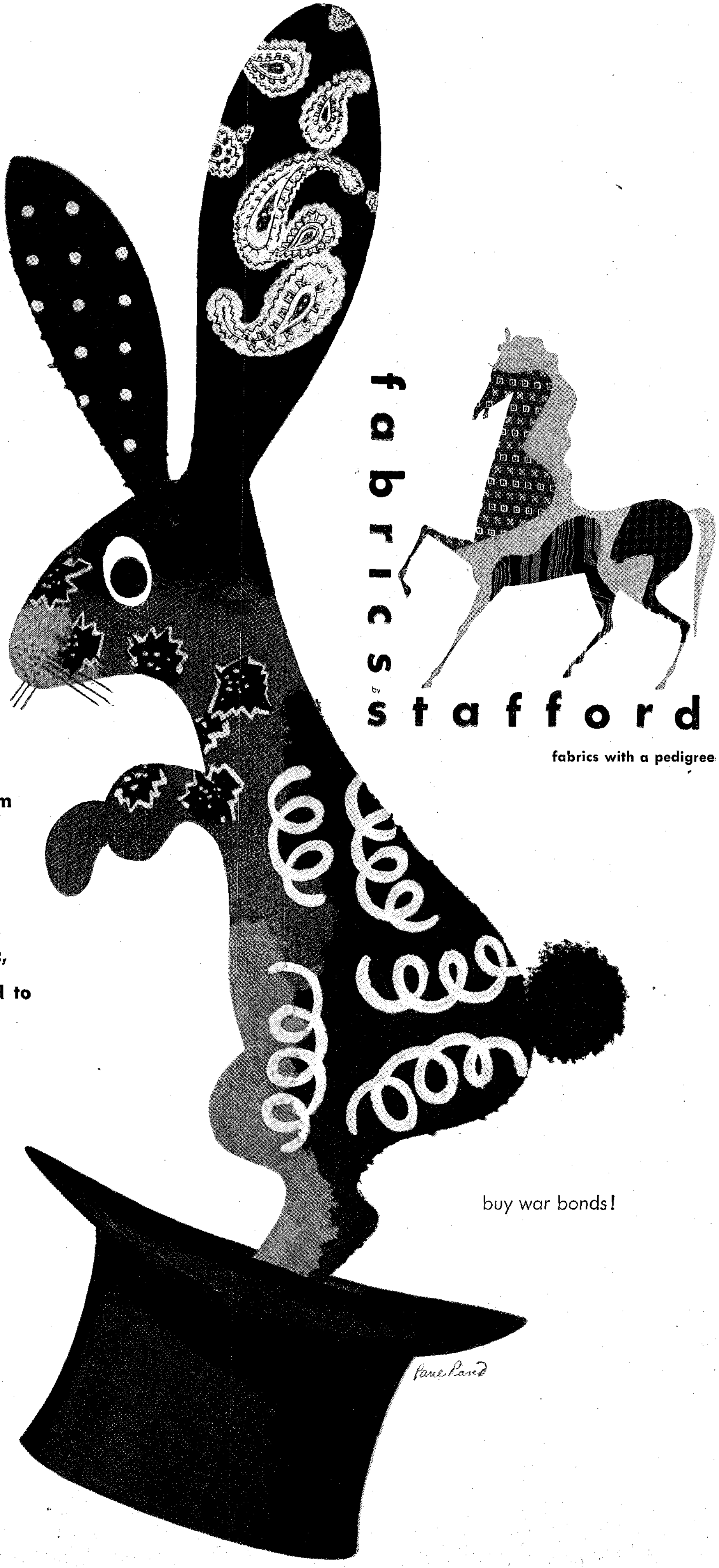

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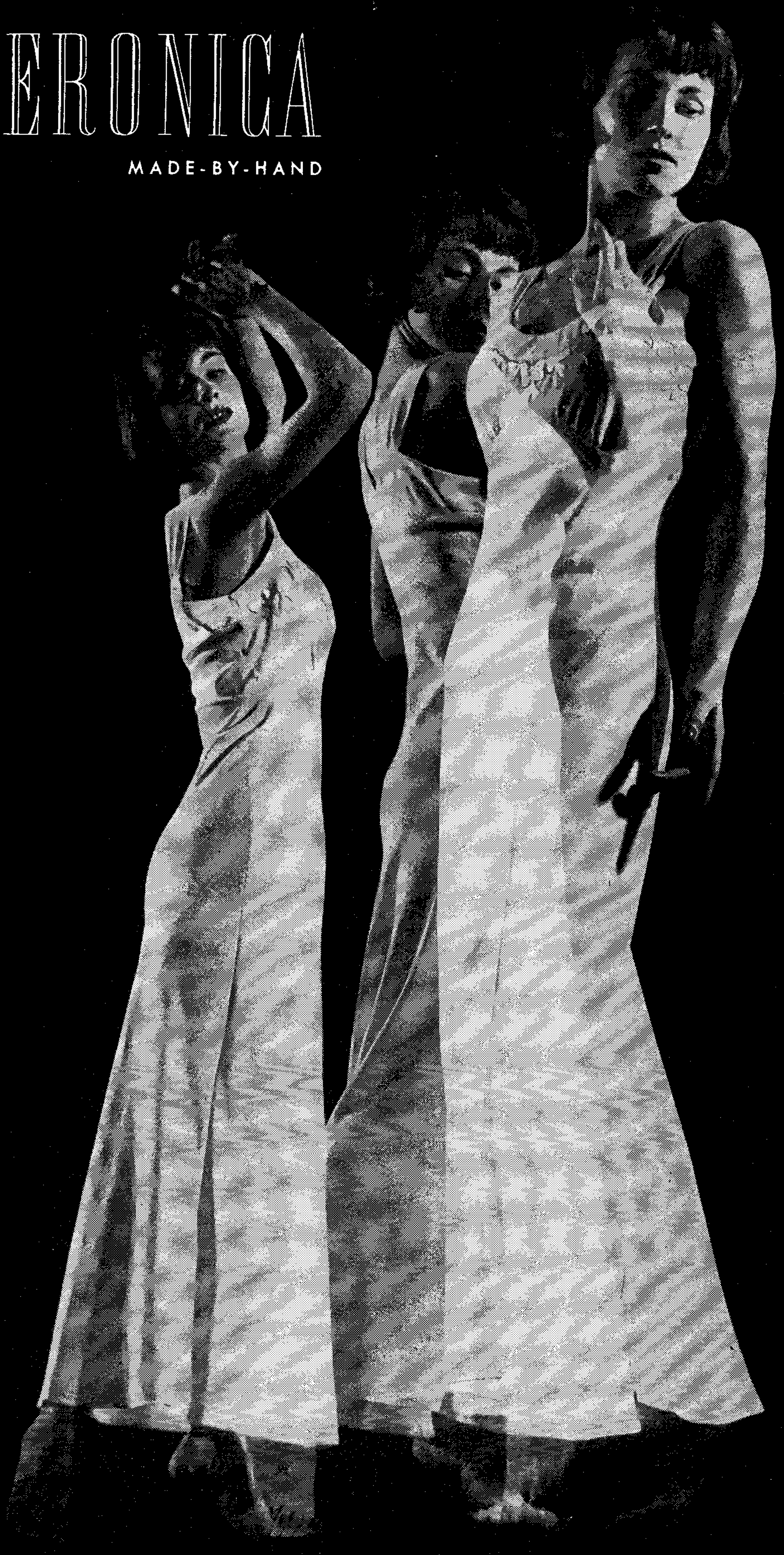

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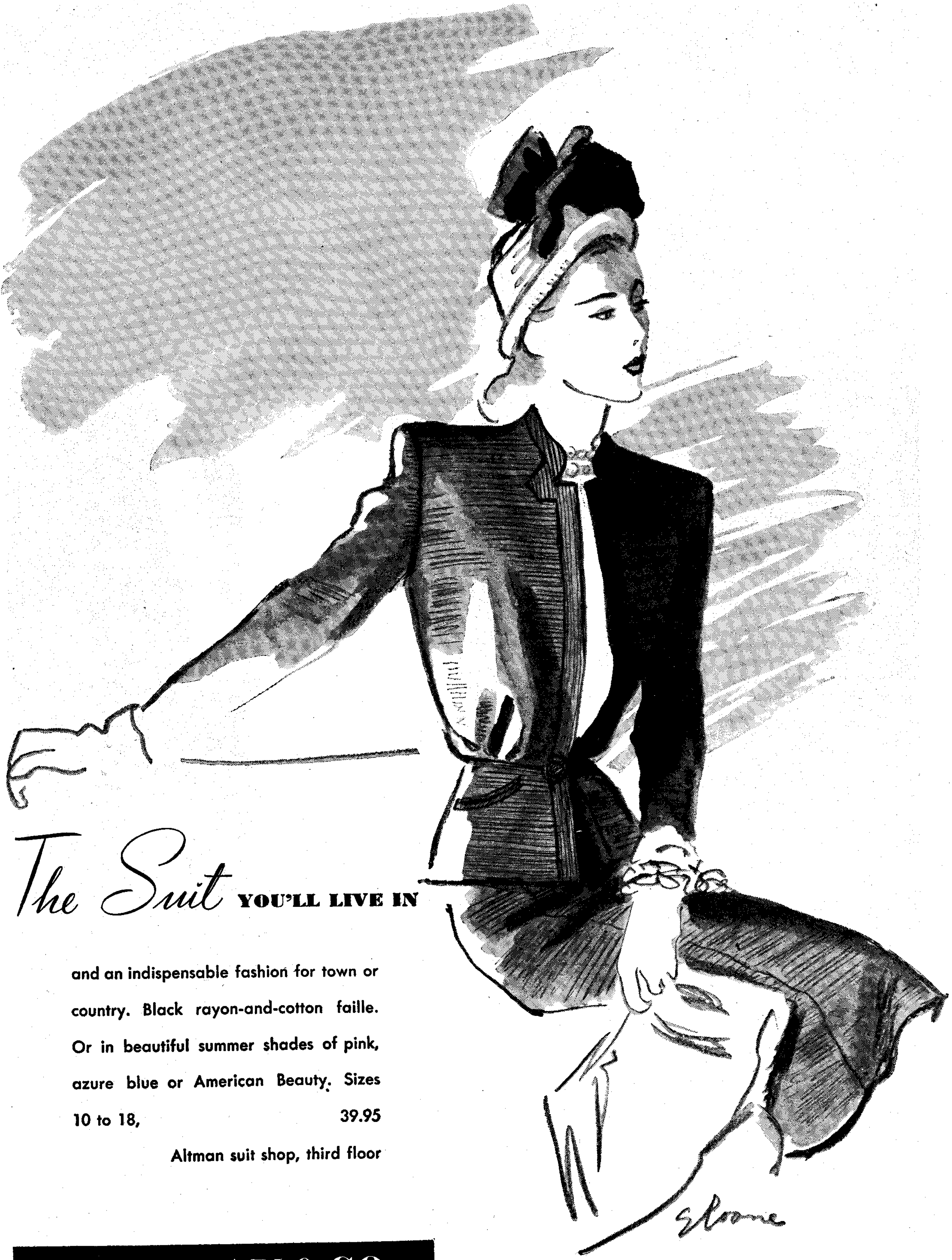

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HOME FRONT AND VERNAL NOTES: Cornell has perfected a plant which, when attacked by insects, bites back. (It is a variety of mad-dogtooth violet.) A group of men in Pennsylvania went bear-hunting the other day with a walkie-talkie set. They got their bear. Fifty thousand dollars has been raised to stage a fashion show at the San Francisco peace conference, and a new board of scientists has been appointed for the development of weapons of war.

IT is wonderful news that a Bill of Human Rights will be submitted at the peace parley. Such a guarantee, however, in order to be effective, would necessitate a change in the proposed world-peace structure. Human rights take shape and meaning when they are associated with representative government involving responsibility and duty. So far, the peace proposals do not include popular representation in the council and the assembly, and the people therefore assume no personal responsibility for anything and therefore will gain no personal rights. Commissions (stop us if we are wrong about this) cannot create human rights.

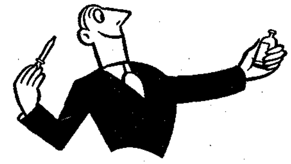
MRS. ROOSEVELT apparently does not want anyone to write stuff like the paragraph above. In a recent column she expressed the fear that "perfectionists" would wreck the chances of getting some kind of peace organization through the Senate. "Those who cannot compromise should be looked down upon by their neighbors," she wrote. We have been going on the assumption that during the period of the preliminary peace talks, it is a citizen's function to air his opinions and instruct his delegates according to his lights. We intend to go to work on the Senate and urge it to join in world affairs when the Senate itself has something to go to work on. Meantime, we will continue to believe that although a man may have to compromise with Russia he can never compromise with truth. Our neighbors can look down; the top of our head is not much of a sight.

WE are a perfectionist to the extent that we regard this world as an imperfect one and consequently in need of the best possible government of law, order, and human rights based on human responsibilities. To us, a perfectionist is someone who wants another man's neighbors to look down on him for having an opinion.

THE little leaflets that come wrapped around bottles of medicine are getting more and more technical, we notice, possibly to keep up with the smattering of science the populace gets from the Sunday supplements, the picture magazines, and the subway-car ads. The other day we opened a bottle of nose drops and turned to the sheet of directions, which began:

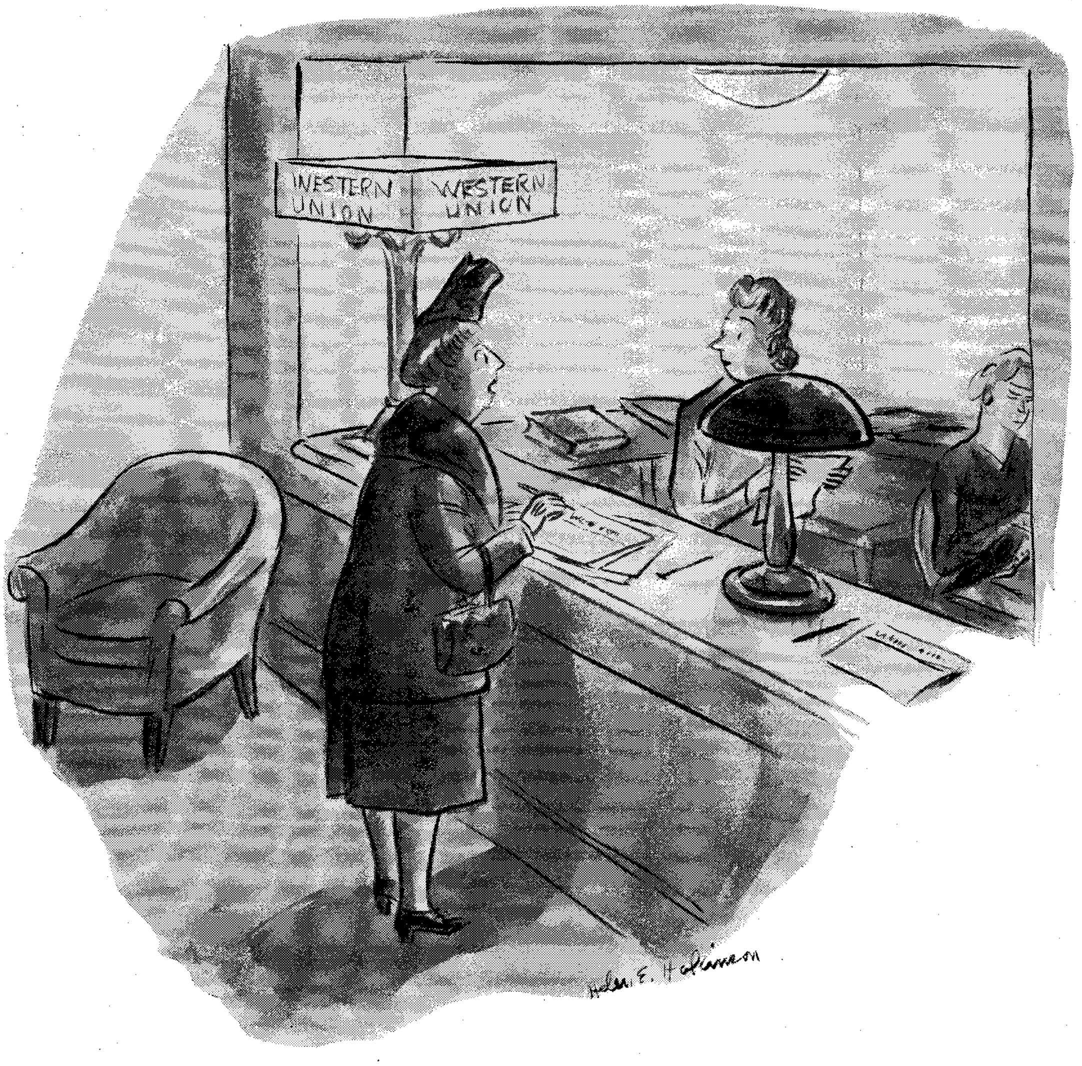
> Privine Hydrochloride is an isotonic, buffered aqueous solution of naphazoline (naphthyl-methyl-imidazoline hydrochloride), a potent synthetic vasoconstrictor. It possesses the chief pharmacological properties of epinephrine on peripheral vessels; however, Privine's activity is markedly prolonged.

We never felt more confidence in anything in our life, and inside half an hour the congestive swelling of our nasal mucous membrane had gone down, the obstruction to the openings into our accessory air spaces, or sinuses, had disappeared, our nasal peripheral vessels had been synthetically vasoconstricted (without detriment to ciliary activity and with the alkalinity of pathological secretion resisted), and our cold had gone. A generation ago, we suspect, the same preparation would have been called Captain Henry's Patent Cold-Cure: For Young and Old, and wouldn't have done us a bit of good.



WE know a man who sits down at his son's bedside almost every night and conducts a sort of quiz program on the boy's homework. One night father lectured son on his lack of application, and in reply the boy dropped the casual remark that the whole thing might work out better if he were to receive a money reward for correct answers. The proposal does not seem out of line to us. Any child exposed to radio today must conceive of literature as a body of quotations, capable of being memorized and worth dough. Education has assumed the character of an amiable inquisition, conducted on a sliding scale. Somewhere along the line, the boy must have been handed an inaccurate map of the world which puts the Pierian spring deep in the heart of El Dorado.

It is a forbidding picture, this glorification of the encyclopedic mind, the steady drip of unrelated facts into the world's crock. What we hope eventually to see is a quiz program which will not only pay the winner sixty-four dollars for knowing who succeeded Van Buren but will fine him heavily if he *doesn't* know. Such a program would



"What congressman do I protest to if I live on Gracie Square?"

not only offer the customer more drama, it would be self-terminating.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Herr Baedeker informs his readers ("The Rhine," p. 71) that "Remagen is an excellent starting point for excursions."

The sign put up the other day on the lamp post at the northwest corner of Washington Square North and University Place seems to have been intended for the corner of Pine and Nassau.

The theme music for the F.B.I. radio program on Saturday nights, which features heavy G-man stuff, was written by a Red Russian, name of Prokofieff.

Oversight

ONE rainy evening last week a lady we know slipped the doorman of her apartment building a quarter and asked him to find her a cab. He trotted off around the corner and presently returned on the running board of a cab, into which he handed her. Then, after a brief pause, he slammed the door with unmistakably vindictive violence. This was surprising enough, but a second later, he opened it again and said, "I'm awfully sorry. I forgot you already give me a tip." The door closed once more, this time with respect and gentleness.

Spring Auction

HUMORING an old prewar notion of ours that it would be instructive to attend an upstate farm auction sometime, we were on hand last week when the livestock, farm implements, and household appurtenances of Highland Winne, a farmer of Saugerties who is giving up his farm and moving to Alabama, were put up for sale. When we arrived, the auction had already started. Two chinchilla rabbits, one obviously pregnant and both obviously neurotic, were on the block. "Take them home to the kiddies for Easter," the auctioneer was urging his audience. We hunted around Mr. Winne's barnyard and finally established contact with a county official who had been recommended to us as a source of information. "Snow just melted yesterday," he remarked. "Call me Ned. A man can sure get enough of snow." Ned told us that the buyers fell into two classes—farmers, and characters from the nearby artists' colony in Woodstock.

The farmers seemed to be biding their time until the heavy stuff was put up. They watched unmoved while a sculptor grabbed off three rakes for a dollar and a quarter and a blond lady took an oxen yoke for two dollars. "For over the mantel," we heard her inform a lady with her. "I was getting pretty tired of that flintlock." The agrarian bloc stepped in and bid for a whetstone, a seeder, and a scythe, then apathetically dropped out and allowed Edmund Gilligan, a writing man, to bid for a small iron crowbar. Gilligan explained to Ned that he wanted to use it for ice fishing. "You got a long time to wait," Ned observed. Hoes and trowels were being knocked down to the lawn-furniture set. One of the Woodstock ladies was high bidder for a cider press. Her husband muttered a bit at this, and she snapped, "Well, maybe you *don't* like cider, but just the same, that apple tree of ours is a *responsibility*."

Wandering over in front of the farmhouse, across the road from the barnyard, where the auction was being held, we fell into conversation with a little girl named Honore, who introduced herself by stamping on our foot. "This is my house," she told us. "Do you write, the same as all the others?" We admitted we did, and Honore advised us to get back to the auction. "We've got to get rid of all this junk," she said. Obediently, we returned to the auction, just in time to see a batch of steel tomato stakes knocked down to an obviously artistic fellow in a plaid shirt and a gray corduroy jacket. "Sculptor," Ned informed us. "Leastways, that's what he told *me*. Used to grow roses. Went over to tomatoes two summers ago." When a number of pigs were herded, squealing, into the barnyard, the Woodstock element dropped out. Except for one lone artist, who was sketching the scene, the farmers were now in full control. Near the gate, as we were leaving, we saw two old men toddle toward one another, show signs of dim recognition, and shake hands. "Remember driving the mail?" one of them rather tentatively inquired. "Yup," his friend said. "You still got the same horse?"

Old Acquaintance

THE sun was setting behind the Elevated structure when a middle-aged man entered a Third Avenue saloon where one of our correspondents happened to be having a quick one and spoke to another fellow at the bar, a little man whom he addressed as Harry. "Have a drink on me, Harry," he added genially. Harry accepted the drink and the two chatted for several minutes. Finally Harry asked the middle-aged man where he came from. "Right here, over on Second Avenue," he said, in some surprise. "Ever been in Philly?" Harry went on. The other said no, he hadn't. "Funny thing," Harry mused. "I keep thinkin' I seen you before." At this the middle-aged man put his glass down with a thump. "I should *think* so," he said, "seeing I bought you drinks until closing time last night." Harry looked at the middle-aged man for quite a while as he took this in. "Sure," he said finally. "Sure. I remember *that*." Then, apparently conscious that the atmosphere was a bit tense, he gracefully added, "Well, if you ever get down to Philly, be sure to look me up."

Fur-Lined Future

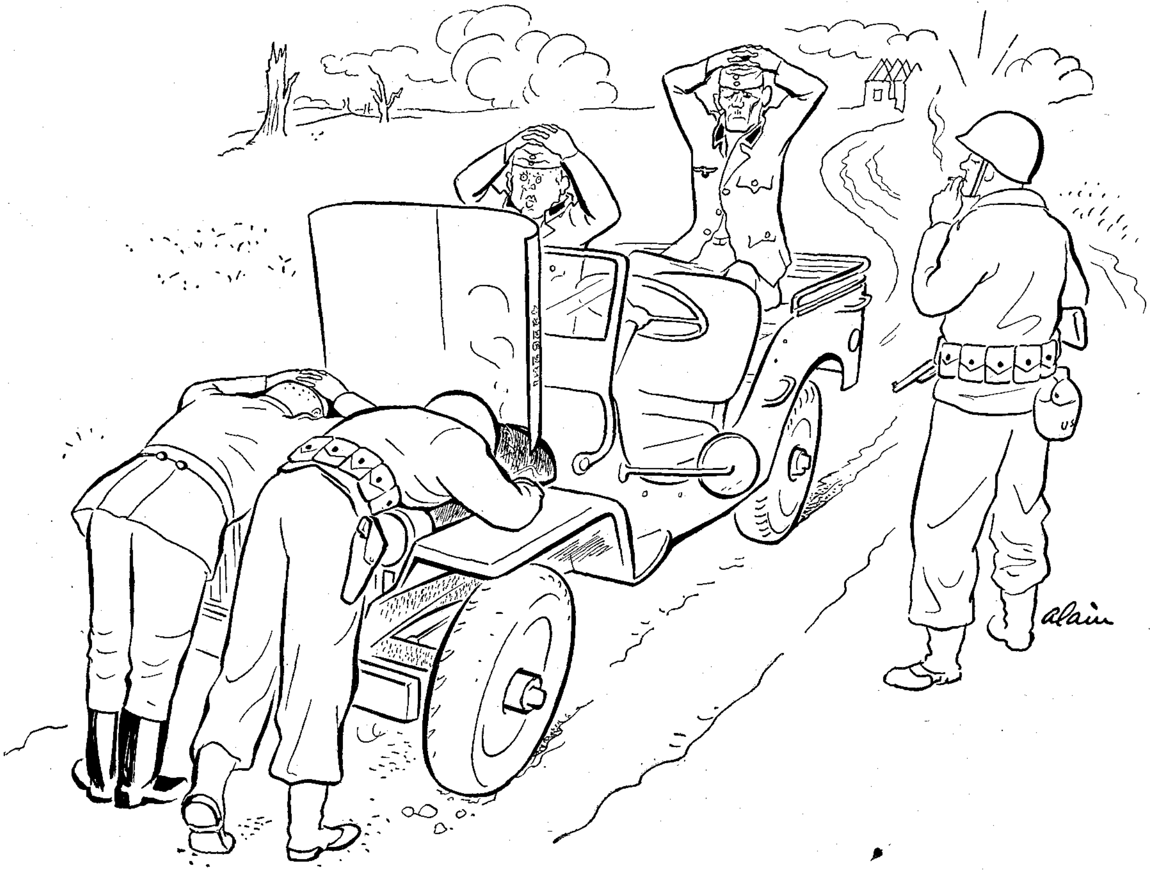
IN order to hold our journalistic franchise, we must now and then write an article about plastics in the postwar world. Now it's plastic fur coats. Once we've taken Berlin and Tokio, our womenfolk will go slinking about in indestructible fox, nutria, skunk, seal, mink, and sable—and mark you, a woman in a plastic sable can slide down cellar doors and crawl under barbed-wire fences with an easy mind. Dr. José Calva, a Mexican scientist now living in Minneapolis, discovered the process which makes all this possible. The corporation formed to explore and realize its commercial possibilities has its headquarters in town, and we have talked to Mr. Benjamin Harrison Weiss, its president. "It's a beautiful story," he told us. "Dr. Calva's wife had a new mouton coat, and she wore it out in the rain and naturally, of course, it got all spotted. She felt so badly that Dr. Calva made up his mind to invent some way of making inexpensive fur imitations that would stand up under anything—rain, shine, or moths."

The imitation furs, we learned from Mr. Weiss, are made of plastic applied in various consistencies and colors to a base of shorn sheepskin. Mr. Weiss says all furs can thus be imitated well enough to fool a furrier at ten paces; not only that, but you can have a fur evening jacket of such unheard-of colors as red and green—or what looks like a fur evening jacket. "Out on the West Coast we've already sold a lot of Stop Red coats," Mr. Weiss said. "Sold a lot in Jersey, too. Jersey's a sucker for Stop Red." The Calva process, we were told, can also be used on real furs. "Calva-process a Russian sable and you'll never wear it out," Mr. Weiss said happily. "If you finally get tired of wearing it, you can use it for a lap rug or a baby-carriage robe." The storage problem vanishes, too, because moths have never been known to eat plastic.

Right now Mr. Weiss's outfit is concentrating its production facilities on jackets for fliers. Furs for civilians are mainly in the experimental stage, but some have been made up and tested out in a few selected markets. Woollen toothbrush bristles, stiffened by the Calva process, are already being made in quantity, however. Plasticized carpets are another postwar probability. "I go all hollow when I think what we can do for carpets," Mr. Weiss told us, in a hushed, hollow voice. "They will wear like sable—plasticized sable, that is—and when they get dirty you can just wipe them off like linoleum." We can be as rosy as the next journalist about plastics in the postwar world.

The Enemy

THIS is a tale they can't help smiling at over at the *Times*. It's about a young reporter who was sent out on one of those young-reporter chores, to cover a meeting of the Greenwich Village Center of the Friends of Democracy. He was obviously the youngest person present, and after the meeting

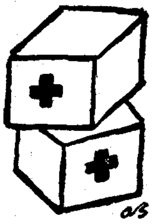


was over he was approached by a friendly old lady who remarked that it was so nice to see young men among the Friends of Democracy. "Well, I'm not really a Friend of Democracy," the lad said, in some confusion. "I'm from the New York *Times*."

Our Own Baedeker

THE Ryukyus Islands are a chain of fifty-five islands stretching in an eight-hundred-mile arc from Formosa to Japan. Except for a single span of open water a hundred and twenty-five miles wide, every island in the string is within sight of its neighbors. The islands form a natural barrier for the part of the China coast they roughly parallel. In the north, the islands are volcanic; the southern ones are mostly coral reefs. The appearance of the northern islands is what you'd expect. The southern ones have a trim, civilized charm that has caused various travellers to compare them favorably with England and Ohio. There are no jungles or swamps—just hills, open plains, and occasional clumps of trees. There are long rainy spells, but aside from that the climate is ideal, with a temperature that ranges from a mean of a little over eighty degrees Fahrenheit in July to sixty in January. About the only drawbacks to life in the Ryukyus, in fact, are periodic typhoons, a thinnish snake called the *habu*, whose bite is usually fatal, and dengue fever.

Since 1879 the entire archipelago has been ruled by the Japs; they call it the prefecture of Okinawa, after one of the biggest islands in the chain, and call the natives Okinawas. Nobody knows how the Okinawas originated. They themselves claim that their civilization goes back more than seventeen thousand years, but the matter is debatable. Their culture is a mixture of Chinese and Japanese, with the Jap influence predominating. Their first recorded contact with the outside world came in the year 605, when the Chinese invaded the islands. For several centuries thereafter the Chinese exacted a nominal tribute from the natives and took a benevolent interest in their welfare; for instance, the sons of the island chieftains could get their education in China free. The first Jap ruler arrived in the twelfth century. He was a deposed prince looking for a place to reign, and he got the Okinawas indoctrinated in Japanese ways to a limited extent. Things went along quietly until the seventeenth century, when the Japs invaded in force. Then the islanders had to pay tribute to both China and Japan. They are an amiable people, and even after being thus put upon, they used to remark gracefully that China was their father and Japan their mother. Another amiable practice of theirs was not eating castaway mariners. In this they differed from practically every other people in the Pacific area. For some reason, the Okinawas and Commodore Matthew Perry failed to hit it off. He stopped off there once or twice during the eighteen-fifties, trying to negotiate for a coaling station, but no coaling station ever materialized. Japan grabbed the islands for good during the intermittent fighting with China that culminated in the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, in which the Japs acquired Formosa. General U. S. Grant had interrupted a world tour to attempt mediation, but he had failed.



The Okinawas raise bananas, cane sugar, sweet potatoes, coconuts, and indigo. When feathers were more fashionable in the Occident than they are now, the Okinawas used to collect them for export; migratory birds would drop them on the islands in passage. The fauna are mainly rats, bats, boars, deer, and a lizard that can make a noise like a champagne cork. Dinner in the Ryukyus is almost certain to be pork, sweet potatoes, and bananas. The pigs live in pens with coral walls and are carried instead of driven from place to place. It isn't surprising to see a native woman carrying two little pigs on her head. Because of interbreeding, the upper-class Okinawas now resemble the Japs so closely that even the Japs can't tell the difference. By our standards, the lower classes are much better-looking—not so slant-eyed, more gracefully proportioned, and hairier. They are farmers and fishermen. Despite the Chinese and Japanese influences, these lower-class Okinawas tended to practice almost complete matriarchy until late in the nineteenth century. The women did the work, handled the money, and made all the decisions, while the men sat home smoking and drinking tea. Even now, the women work harder than the men, who are nevertheless no sissies; they're good boxers and enthusiastic drinkers of sweet-potato liquor. The Okinawas have never been specially interested in religion. They have a vague form of ancestor worship, but they don't get worked up about it. Their weddings—but we have taken a vow not to describe any more quaint wedding ceremonies for the duration of the paper shortage.

Nuisance

AT one of the Army replacement centers an enlisted man was called in to see the first sergeant of his unit, to explain why he hadn't been around for the roll call at such-and-such a formation. The culprit offered a reasonable explanation for his absence; he had been confined to the post hospital that day. "Look," the sergeant said, "we ain't got no time here to handle no lousy valid excuses. Just see that it don't happen again."

Obscurely Good

WE had an agreeable talk one day last week with Samuel Seabury. As many of our readers will recall, he investigated and denounced the Walker administration, led in the formation of the Fusion Party, and then declined to run for Mayor himself, sponsoring LaGuardia instead. The two were very close during the campaign, having breakfast together most of the time. We thought it would be worth while to find out what the Judge thinks of the Mayor's record and of this year's campaign. We talked with him at his law office on Nassau Street, a neat, spare, dignified suite of rooms which the Judge naturally refers to as his chambers. He works at an antique refectory table instead of a desk, and when we asked him how he got along without desk drawers, he fluttered a pile of legal foolscap between his fingers and said, "Ah, I manage easily enough to keep from getting lost. I'm not working as hard as I used to, you see. Some of my young men have gone off to war and others have ventured into practice for themselves. The consequence is that, as a counsellor, I only take cases in which I have a genuine interest. I pick and choose."

The Judge is now seventy-two. He is tall and handsome, with dark eyes, white hair, and a reverberating baritone voice becoming to the descendant of six generations of Episcopal ministers. As he spoke, we found it impossible to imagine him either losing his temper or laughing heartily, though once, when he said that he no longer played golf, he smiled a momentary smile. Unlike many men in public life, he is not, he told us, afraid of reporters. "When I was conducting my investigations back in '31 and '32," he said, "I held press conferences twice a day. I never had any difficulty with anyone." The Judge raised his white eyebrows. "That is, except for one poor fellow who turned out to be a mental case. I'm sorry the Mayor feels the way he does about the press. It's nonsense."

"All in all, what *do* you think of the Mayor?" we asked, hoping to catch the Judge off guard.

He waited a full minute, then said solemnly, "What does nearly everybody think? That he's doing a fine job, of course. I disapprove of a number of things he has done. I don't know anyone who doesn't disapprove of at least one hasty act the Mayor has committed. Still, there can be no question that he has given the city a magnificent administration. He has both experience and energy, and it has never occurred to him that being Mayor is, or could be, a way of making money. He deserves a fourth term. I expect him to get it."

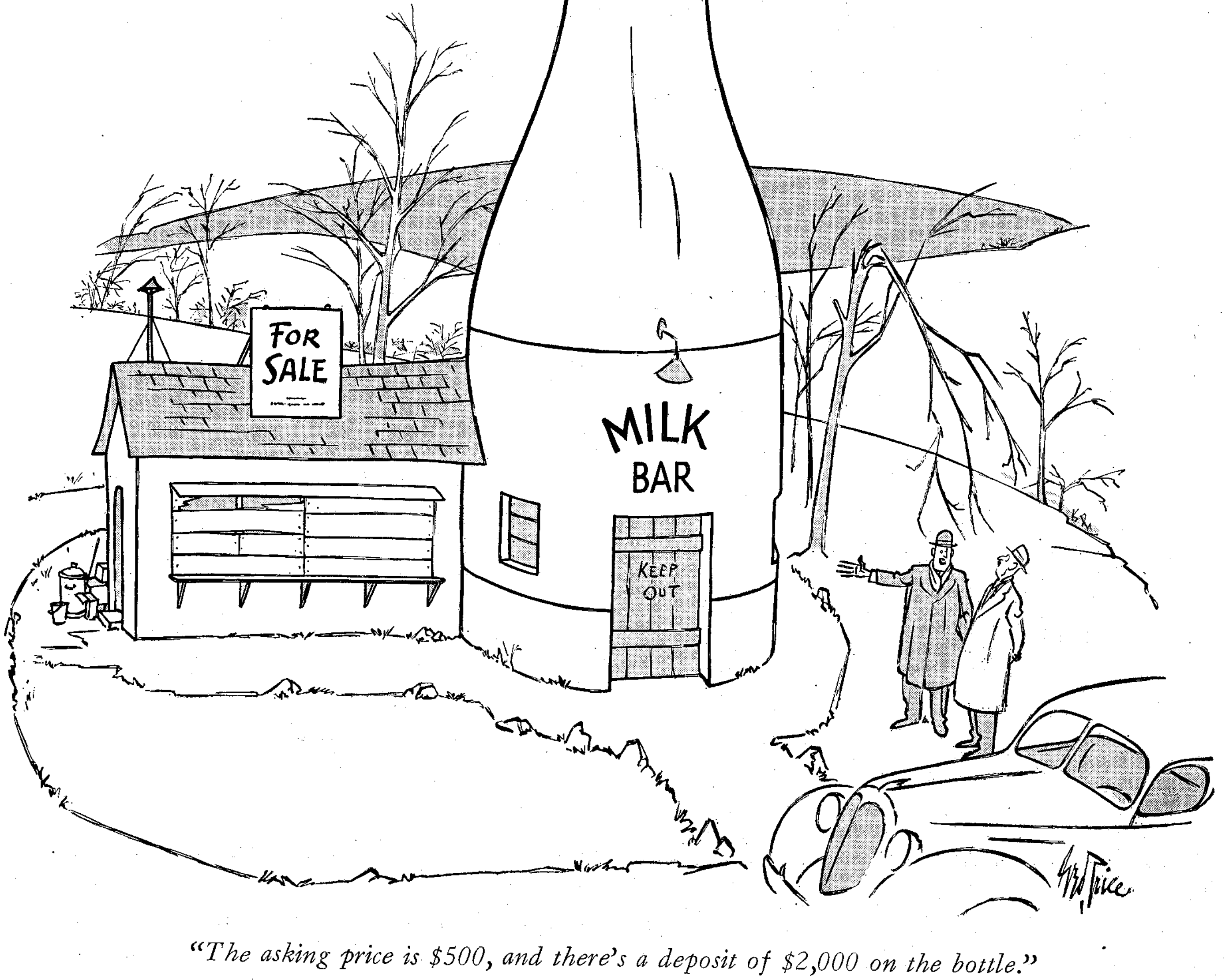
We asked Judge Seabury if he planned to do much campaigning on behalf of the Mayor. "I did a great deal in the first campaign," he said. "I did a good deal in the second and a certain amount in the third. I don't mean to do much in this one, unless I feel I am badly needed. I see that there's the usual amount of gossip in the papers about possible party realignments, but in the end, it usually boils down to the fact that you have to vote for one of two men, no matter what your party is, and one of those men is bound to be better or worse than the other. I'm a Democrat myself—in fact, I was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1916—but I don't necessarily vote the Democratic ticket. I'd vote for LaGuardia on almost any ticket."

"Do you see the Mayor often?" we asked.

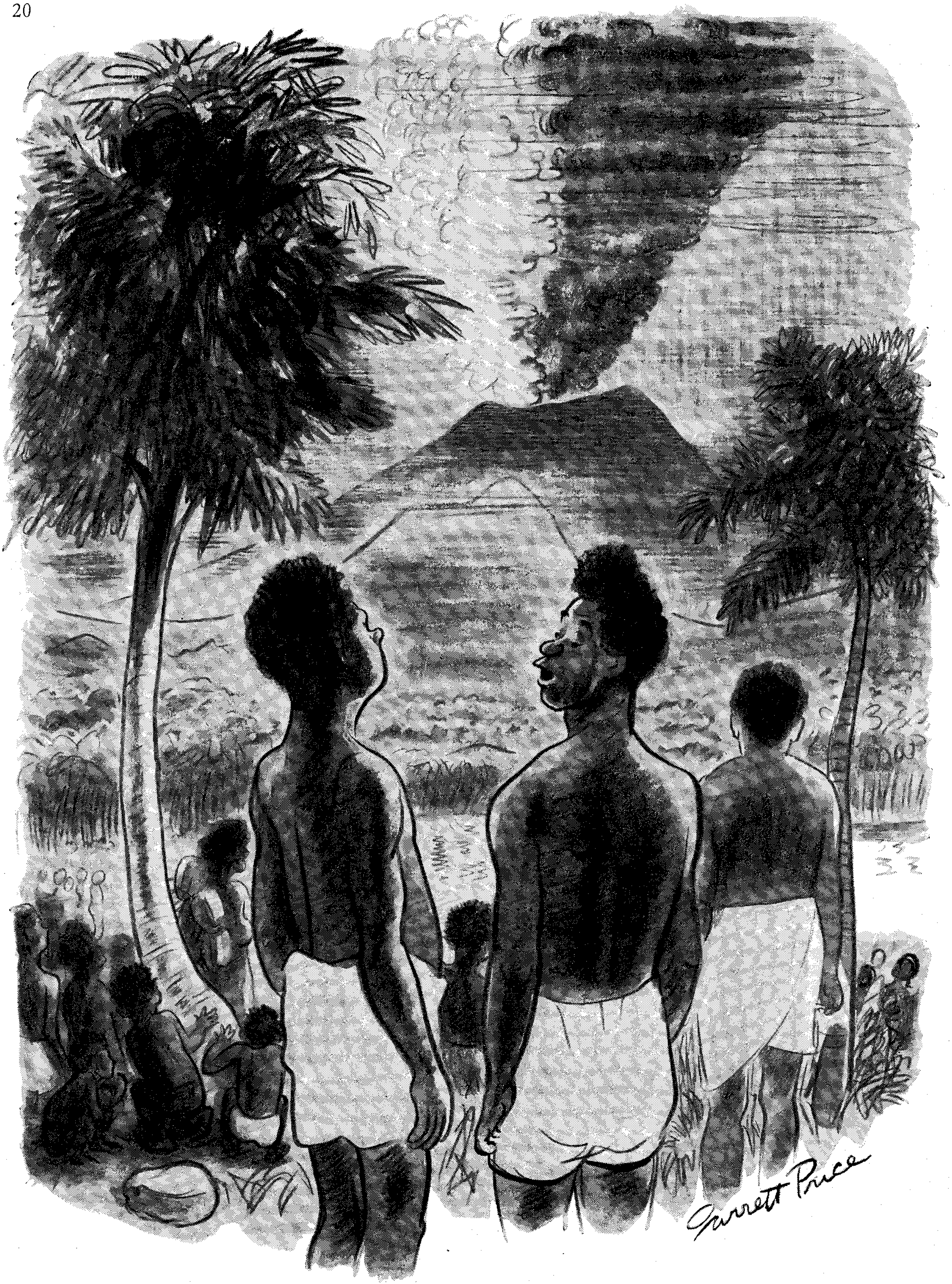
This time, the Judge waited only half a minute before answering. "Not unless I have something pretty important to talk to him about," he said. "I'm not actively in politics any more, and the Mayor knows what he's doing. I just work along here from day to day, trying to be obscurely good. The city is in fine shape now, but if anything should happen to it, if I should ever be called on, I'd be ready and willing to do what I could." He nodded and glanced out of the window, his gold watch fob and white hair catching the light. "Everybody knows where I am," he said, in his deep voice.

Foible

A LADY of the type frequently called positive was sounding off at a cocktail party about the cigarette shortage. Her point was that the entire supply should be doled out to the men. "I've come to the conclusion that with women, smoking is just a habit," she explained.



"The asking price is $500, and there's a deposit of $2,000 on the bottle."



"Frankly, I don't take much stock in this business of the gods being angry. The way I got it doped out is that at great depths the heat caused by the enormous pressure of the earth's crust melts the stone and turns some of it into gases. See? Then you got down there a vapor tension strong enough to blow the whole works to the surface, providing, of course, a channel of weakness opens up for it."

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

FRASER knew that his wife was still awake but that she was pretending to be asleep because she didn't want to speak to him, even to say goodbye. It was snowing outside, a damp, heavy March snowfall that had already muffled the city and closed it in upon itself, and a queer white light that came in through the slats of the blinds showed him her face quite clearly. He stood beside her bed and watched her eyelids, sure that he could see them flicker, and he listened to her breathing, which was too quick for the breath of sleep. Then he was suddenly aware of his own breath, fast and shallow, coming through his open mouth, and he could feel his heart beating. He went to the windows and closed the blinds quietly, and as he walked past his wife's bed he stopped and said, "Goodbye, dear," softly, and then went out of the room and across the hall into his study, where he kept his clothes. It was ten-thirty, time for him to leave.

He took his shabby tweed overcoat and his battered hat out of his closet, put them on, picked up his overnight bag, snapped off the lamp on his desk, and went into the hall. He opened the door of Tim's room and saw that he was covered to his chin and sleeping soundly. Then he started down the hall toward the living room, but stopped, turned round, and went back and looked into Hal's room, too.

In the living room, Fraser put the screen in front of the fireplace, even though little was left there but ash, and switched out the lights. In the front hall he put on his rubbers. He opened the door into the foyer, checked the lock, and, just before going out, put his hand into his inner coat pocket to be sure he had his wallet, and then into his pants pocket to be sure he had his keys. When he got outside, he looked up at the apartment windows and saw that they were all black.

THE snow had been falling for four or five hours, and as Fraser started his walk to the Square, where he could take the subway to South Station, the soft, delightful hush over everything made him suddenly remember what it was like to be a boy in a snow storm in a small town, and immediately he felt much better than he had since his quarrel with his wife an hour before. He hoped he would have time enough in New York to find some attractive present for her—she had long wanted some ear clips to wear with a particular pin—and then he gave his mind to the lecture he was to deliver at Princeton the next afternoon, and forgot about the snow as he shuffled through it, and about his wife.

He was to talk on "The Prospects of a Liberal Peace," a subject which would involve him in a certain amount of fancy footwork if he was to please all the elements in his audience. And Fraser was determined to please. If the lecture was successful, he would almost certainly be offered the vacant chair in Political Economy. He was uncomfortably aware that it was already March; his present appointment, since he had failed to get a permanent one, ended in June.

On the subway platform he bought a *Record* and glanced at the front of it. There were big war headlines, then a large picture of a pretty girl, and under that, the beginning of a story about her divorce. It brought the quarrel back to his mind. A train banged into the station and as Fraser got on it, he swore softly with irritation and shame.

His wife had said, in perfectly good faith, he knew now, "Why don't you call Harold in New York? He's a Princeton man, and I think he sometimes does work for the trustees."

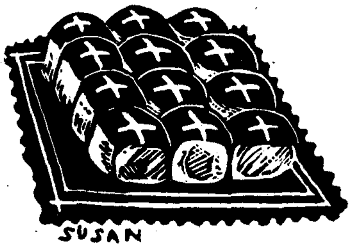
"Harold? What does he know about political economy? Harold is a corporation lawyer."

She hesitated. "I mean, he has influence there. He could help you."

"Harold help me?"

"Why not? He'd be glad to. He's perfectly friendly."

They were in Fraser's study. He was packing his bag. He had his back to her, and he could see his hands trembling. He made himself put his pajamas and a shirt into the bag before he answered, and he folded a tie meticulously and laid it on top of the shirt. Then he said, "Isn't he a wonderful fellow! So magnanimous. My God—Harold! Harold! Harold!" He faced her in a sudden fury of distress. "Can't we ever get rid of him?"



She closed her eyes. "Are we on that again? I'm sorry I brought it up."

"You just can't forget him, can you, after all those years with him?"

"Four years, to be exact. I don't think of him for days at a time, as you perfectly well know. But of course I can't *forget* him. Why should I? For one thing, Hal happens to be his son."

Fraser stared at her. Then, softly, he said, "Yes, there's that. And it reminds me of something I've wanted to point out. You get a hundred and fifty a month for Hal's support. He'll always be able to go to the best schools, as he's doing now. Next year Tim starts school, and on the kind of money I've earned so far, he *isn't* going to be able to. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I have," she said quietly. "It isn't very important. Tim isn't going to suffer. Would you rather have Hal have less?" Then suddenly she was angry, her face white and her eyes blazing at him. "What are you *at* me for? What have I done?"

"You haven't done anything," Fraser said. "I'd only like to know sometime how much you really regret."

She stood up. "You know, you're crazy. I don't regret anything. You make this up!" He could see her lower lip trembling, as it always did before she began to cry. She went to the door and turned round, and she was crying. "If there had been no Jews in Germany, Hitler would have found somebody else. You used to tell me that. This is the same thing."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I don't know what's *under* your quarrels. All I know is that if you didn't have Harold to quarrel about, you'd find something else. You like it that way. What do you want of me, anyway?"

She did not wait for an answer. She went across the hall quickly, into their bedroom, and closed the door. He stood still and stared at the closed white door, as he stared now at the gray tunnel walls flickering past the windows. Then the walls changed to gleaming white tiles, and the train stopped. Fraser read the signs—"South Station Under." He had twisted the tabloid into shreds without opening it.

WHEN Fraser came into the station, he saw by the big round clock over the first newsstand that it was just eleven. His train did not leave until twelve-thirty, but he had had to come in early to pick up his reservation. He went into the waiting room to one of the Pullman windows and gave his name to the man behind the grill, and when he had his ticket, he walked out of the waiting room and stared at the clock again. It was ten minutes after eleven.

He had a deep and uncomfortable feeling of self-disgust, and decided that what he wanted was a drink. He went outside and plowed through the thick snow to a nearby hotel with a bar, where he had been before. Brassy music from the dining room at the right of the small lobby greeted him as he entered. He turned left and walked past groups of commercial travellers, service men, and a few gaudy women toward the bar. At the entrance he gave his hat and coat and bag to the check girl, and hesitated a moment to see where she would put his bag, which contained his lecture. Then he went into the dimly lit room.

There was only one empty stool at the circular bar, and that was between two men who seemed to be talking together. Fraser paused tentatively behind them—one was a sailor, the other a portly civilian of about forty—but their conversation had broken off, and when they made no effort to move together, Fraser climbed up on the stool. He ordered bourbon and water, and when it was put down in front of him, he paid for it.

"Four dollars a night for a room in a flophouse. With bugs!" the sailor said vehemently, leaning forward to address the other man.

Fraser leaned back so that the two could see each other. The civilian was not as respectable as he had at first appeared. His shirt collar was gray, and there was a day's growth of stubble on his loose and somewhat blubbery face. His eyes were small and reddened and he looked at the sailor with an odd intensity.

"My ship docked yesterday morning. First thing I did was stop in a place to get a wallet," the sailor said, prodding his fingers into the pocket of his blouse and bringing out a small black billfold. "Two-fifty. And look." He opened it and held it across Fraser to show the man that it had already cracked at the folds. "Paper."

Fraser took up his glass and studiously looked into it. The conversation was making him uncomfortable.

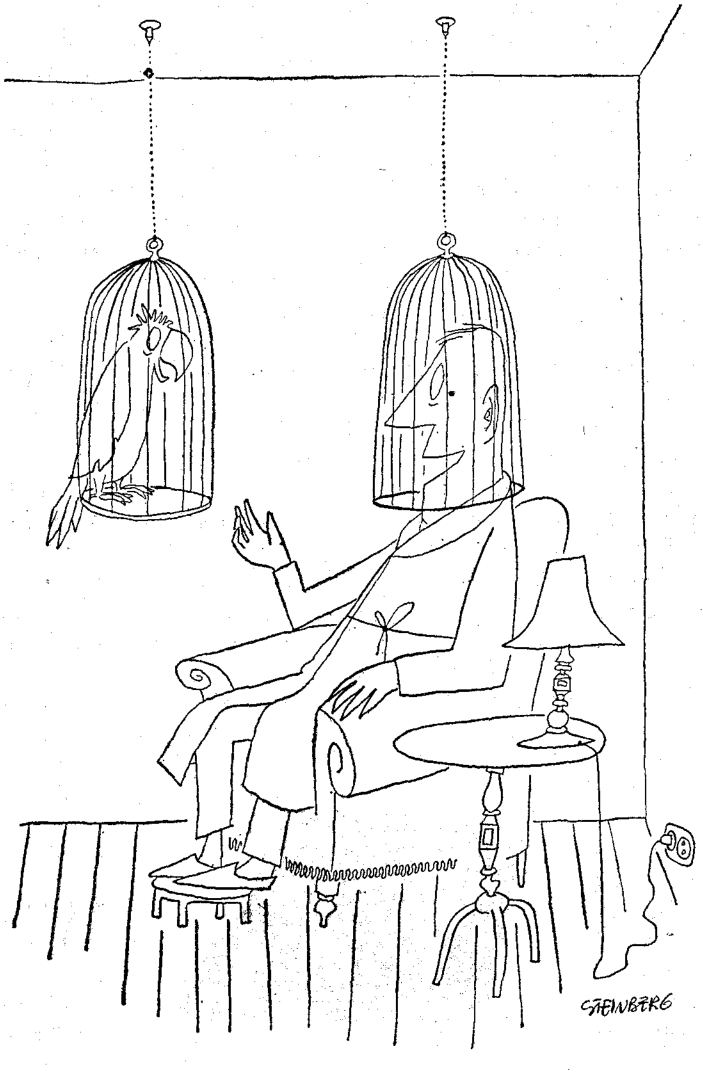
"It's like I tell you," the heavy man said.

"I go into a joint for breakfast. A doughnut and a couple of eggs and coffee. Six bits."

"They're after you boys. They'll roll you every time."

"Look at this bar. You wouldn't know there was a war on, would you? What a town like this needs is a couple of bombs."

The civilian flung out his hand, plump and hairless, in a gesture of disgust. "This town's the same as all of them. I travel a lot, and I see this country. It's the same all over. The service man's the sucker, and the civilian's making the hay. What's in it for you? You're giving the best years of your life for them, and maybe your life, and they'll gyp you every time you move. But what do you expect with this government?"



Fraser decided to get away. His drink was only half finished, and he didn't want to seem obvious about leaving, but he was afraid that if he stayed, he would be drawn into the conversation. He didn't want to be.

The sailor's face had flushed. He said, "We'll show 'em yet, don't worry."

"Yeah? How?" the civilian demanded aggressively.

"How? Wait'll we're out."

"Wait'll you're out—in the breadlines."

"None of that stuff. Wait'll there ain't no S.P.s around."

"Then what?" the civilian urged.

"We're going to take over this country, and we're going to run it the way *we* like it. For us, see."

"Bud, now you're talking. There're a lot of people you got to fix up. I hope you don't forget it."

"We won't forget it. We're learnin' plenty."

"Don't *you* forget it, bud, don't you—"

Fraser put down his half-emptied glass, slipped off the stool, and walked quickly out of the bar. He gave the girl at the coat rack his check and put a quarter down on her salver. She put his hat and bag on her table, and came round to the side of it to help him with his coat. He turned to get into it, and found himself confronted by the sailor and the plump civilian. They were standing very close to him, both with their heads thrust forward, and he took a quick surprised half step back.

"So you don't like us," the civilian said.

Fraser got his arms into the sleeves of his overcoat and, as casually as possible, asked, "What do you mean?" His voice sounded too high.

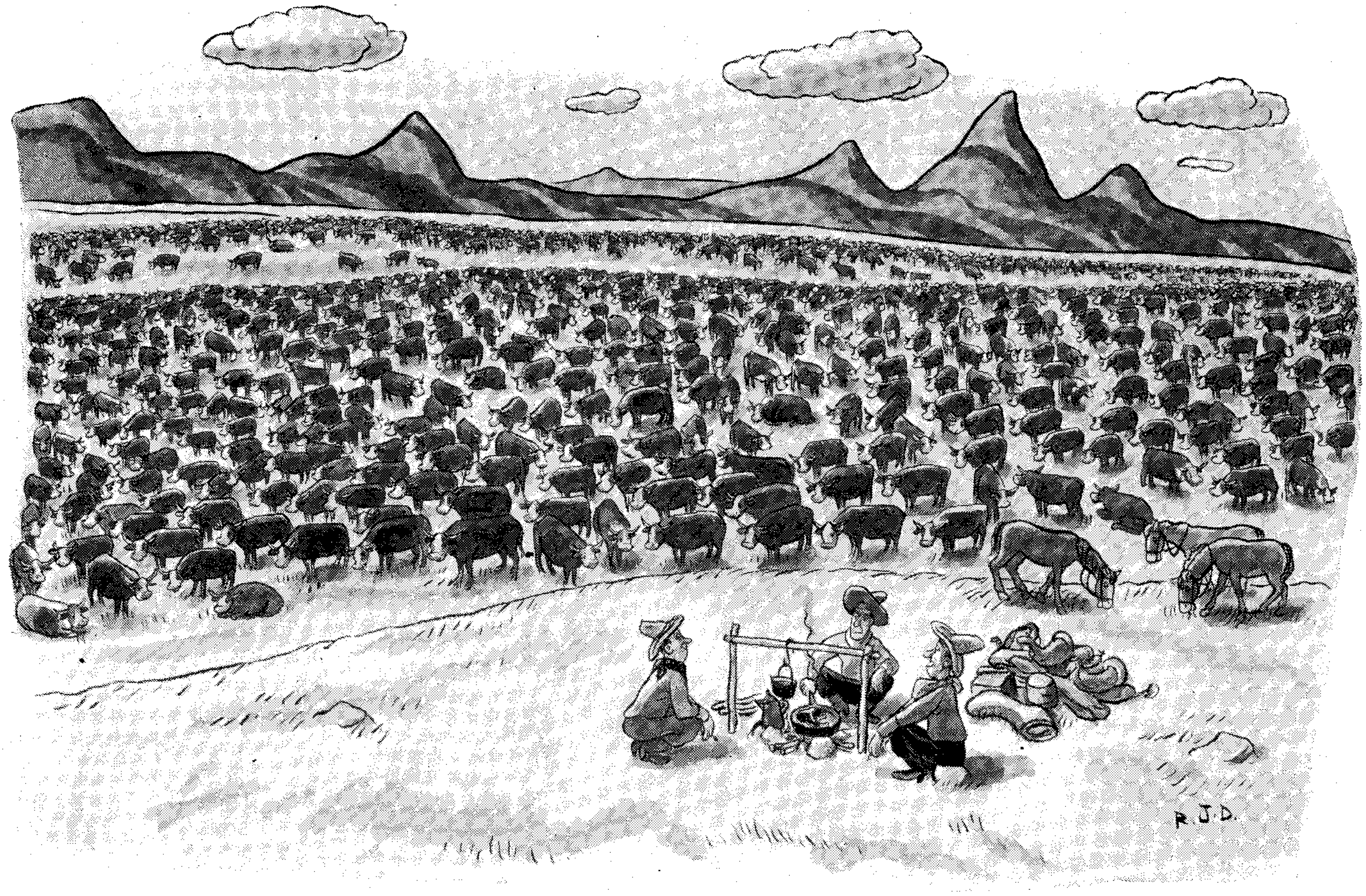
"I mean so you don't like us."

Fraser cleared his throat nervously. "I didn't say anything to you."

"You left your drink."

"I've got a train to catch." He put on his hat and picked up his bag.

"No you don't, Jack," the sailor said, and, reaching out a big hand, seized



"Know what I'd like right now—a nice fillet of sole sauté."

the front of Fraser's coat at his chest. "If you don't like what we were sayin', we thought maybe you'd like to step outside and tell us why."

Fraser heard the girl moving behind him. She had shoved aside the little table, and now she stepped between him and the sailor and pulled his hand off Fraser's coat. "You go have a drink," she said sweetly to the sailor.

"The gentleman has a little explaining to do," the civilian said with nasty emphasis.

With her free arm, the girl pushed Fraser back. He glanced behind him and saw that she had cleared a space on the coat rack, and that behind it was a door. He ducked through the space, turned the knob, opened the door, and found himself outside. It seemed miraculous. Without waiting, he started to run across the street. The thick snow made running difficult, and when he got to the sidewalk beside the station, his heart was pounding and he was trembling all over. He walked swiftly to the first entrance he came to, and when he got inside he stopped and leaned against the wall. He felt his pocket to be sure that he still had his wallet.

As his fright drained away, and the episode began to seem a little foolish, he remembered his wife and the way he had left her. At the end of the wide corridor in which he stood were three telephone booths. He decided that he could not bring himself to get on his train without her forgiveness.

The telephone rang for a long time before she answered, and when she did, he did not say what he had meant to say, but asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," she said. "Are you?"

He laughed shortly. "Yes. Sure."

"You woke me."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't leave without asking you to forgive me."

"Of course," she said.

"I'm sorry. I honestly am. I was very foolish."

"It's all right."

"I don't know why I go off the deep end that way."

"It's all right."

"I won't, again."

"Make a good speech, won't you?"

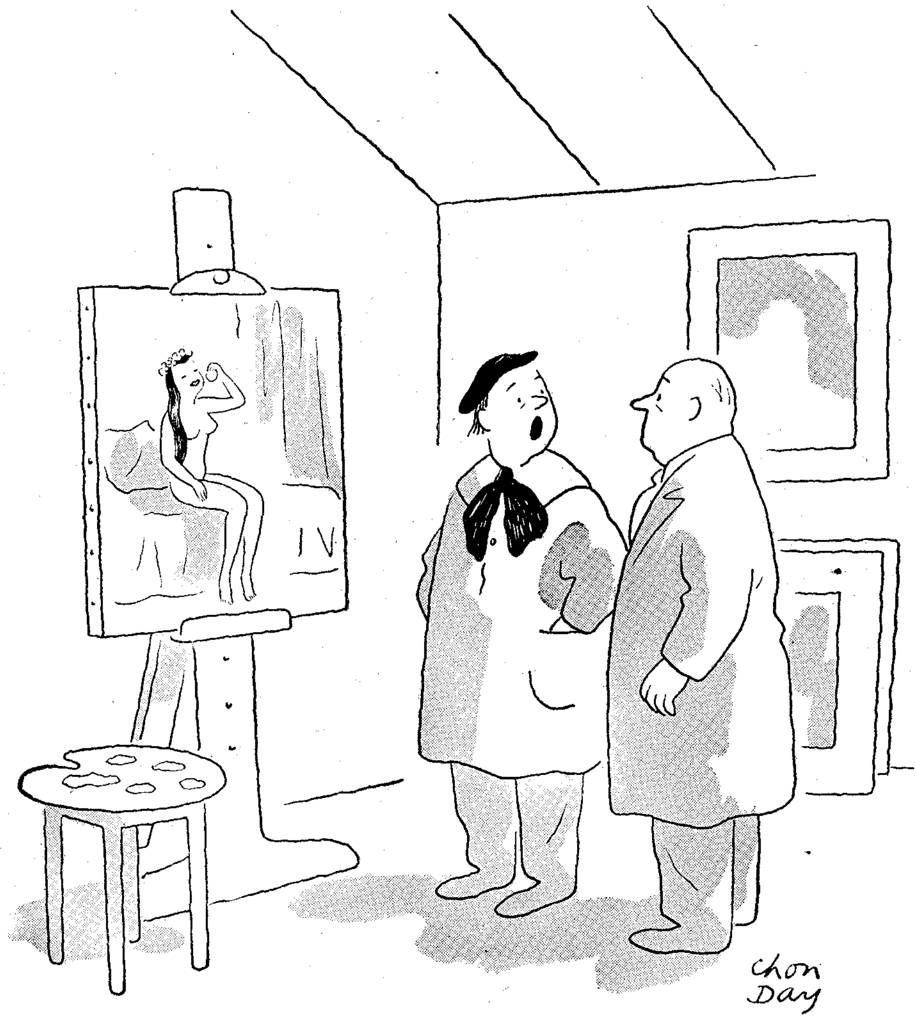
"Goodbye, dear."

"Goodbye."

He smiled to himself as he put back the receiver, bent to pick up his bag, and turned to open the door of the booth. But the smile changed slowly to a foolish grimace when he saw the two men waiting for him in the corridor. They stood by the opposite wall, directly in line with the phone booth. The sailor's arms were folded over his pea jacket and he stood with his feet apart. The civilian's hands were thrust into the pockets of his sagging gray coat, and his little eyes peered straight at Fraser from under the snapped brim of his hat.

Automatically, Fraser shoved his foot against the fold in the door so that it couldn't be opened. He kept it there as he reached in his pocket, turned to the telephone again, took up the receiver, and pretended to drop a nickel in the box. Then he dialled a number. His hand was shaking, and he could feel the moisture of his palm against the receiver. Under his hatband, points of perspiration were forming, tickling his forehead. He decided that he would have to wait where he was until someone came through whom he could ask for help.

With his eyes on the corridor, but studiously off the two men, he moved his lips. At first he could bring out no



"I really don't know what to call it—'Girl Eating Apple,' or 'Girl with Flowers in Her Hair,' or 'Girl with Flowers in Her Hair Eating Apple,' or maybe just let people figure it out for themselves."

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sounds, and when he did begin to talk, the disjointed phrases which came from his mouth were fragments from the lecture he had so carefully prepared for the next day. He could think of nothing else. "... in a world miraculously diminished by new systems of communications and of transportation ..." He paused. No one went by. "... the superb achievement of technology and the dire threat it contains ..." He paused again, and with dismay saw an old man lumber drunkenly and obliviously toward the entrance. He waited as long as he could before he spoke again, and as he waited, two girls in shabby fur jackets went by, glancing at the men, as Fraser then did, too; their eyes were fixed upon him. "... with our native proclivity to an isolation more arrogant than it is indolent ..." "... the brutal force of the economically dispossessed which we cannot expect again to palliate with ..." He stopped. He could not go on. Sweat was streaming down his face, and he was suddenly limp with terror. He could not stay there any longer, trapped like some animal, helplessly. He would pull himself together now, open the door, and run for it.

He could not believe his eyes when he saw a policeman slowly walk by toward the concourse, and at first he only gaped, until the officer was almost too far past to help him. Then abruptly he let the receiver bang down against the wall of the booth, seized his bag, violently pulled open the door, and called, "Officer! Officer!" For all his vocal effort, his voice was not loud, but was somehow strangled by his breath.

The policeman stopped and turned round.

"What time is it, please?" Fraser panted as he reached him.

The officer pointed toward the big clock over the newsstand as they came into the concourse. "About twelve."

"I thought I was late." Gratefully, Fraser saw that here there were plenty of people.

"You been running?"

"Yes."

They walked along together toward the train gates.

"It's a nasty night, isn't it?" Fraser said.

"Sure is."

"These March blizzards ..." He was still breathing heavily, and the policeman glanced at him with curiosity for the first time. Fraser laughed uncertainly. "Well, my gate's over there. Good night."

"Good night."

WITHOUT glancing back, Fraser walked swiftly to Gate Twelve, where two conductors were sitting on high stools at a narrow table. Fraser faced the desk and looked over the heads of the men. No one was following him. He put his tickets on the desk and kept his eyes on the people moving about in the station.

"Car five hundred and ten, upper twelve," one of the conductors said.

"Thank you." He took his stub and passed through the gate.

Immediately he realized that those men would not have dared to attack him back there at the telephone booth; it was too public a spot. They had followed him simply to frighten him and amuse themselves. Then he was absolutely overwhelmed with shame. It was like something horribly physical, like a dreadful disease of his skin which had infected every inch of him, every pore; but even then, as he was overcome by the sensation of a scrofulous disgrace so strong that he nearly grovelled under its force, his mind leapt to something else. Walking uncertainly along the train to his car, it occurred to him with shattering conviction that sometime when he went away from home like this, on an overnight trip, or perhaps merely to a class for an hour, he would come back to find that the apartment was empty and that she had gone. He would shout, and he would get no answer at all. —MARK SCHORER

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CUP AND LIP

At first I was quite brave in war:
Fear of defeat kills fear.
But death is difficult to face
When victory is near.

—SLOAN WILSON

ROGER WON'T YOU COME OVER?

I CAME home the other day from a Washington cocktail party with bad news. Someone—I can't remember who it was now—told me that the vocabulary of short-wave communication was to be edited. Were those darling words "Roger" and "over" to be cast out, I asked. "Yes," my friend said. I hope he's wrong, but I shall not be surprised if he isn't. In this war, as soon as I acquire a skill I get processed out.

Last summer, as usual, we lived in our cottage on an island in Casco Bay, Maine, on which the United States Army has installations. Before the war we used to go back and forth between the island and Portland on the S.S. Admiral, which made six trips a day. When this country went to war, our island colony shrank, the Admiral was sold, and our transportation was reduced to one fast motorboat a day. Fortunately, those of us who persisted in living out on the island were allowed to ride to the mainland on the Army boats which made frequent stops around the bay, ferrying soldiers and supplies. The Army's variegated flotilla last summer included veteran and solid vessels like the General S.S. Bachelder, speedier L and T boats, and that immense galleon, the Colonel Zollers, wide, high, and so flat-bottomed that, in a breeze, she skids and rolls and, when docking, often can't be stopped before she hits the pilings.

My favorite is the Bachelder. It was in her snug, leather-cushioned cabin on the top deck, behind the captain's wheelhouse, one day last August, that I became one with the ether. When I boarded the Bachelder at our island shortly before noon that summer morning to go to Portland for lunch and an afternoon of shopping, the Atlantic beyond the channel lay like baby-blue satin, deepening at the horizon into cobalt. All the other passengers were out on deck, so I sat in the cabin in heavenly solitude, making out a grocery list to be filled in town. We were just off Spring Point Light when a blast of sound almost split my ears. It came from a box on the wall from which a raucous voice was roaring out a series of numbers. Next to the box hung a framed index which explained what the numbers stood for. I hurried over to read it while the voice yelled, "This is Three calling Five! Come in, Five, this is Three. Hey you, Five, come in! Come in, Five, this is Three calling Five over."

Silence. Then Three called again, louder, "This is Three calling Five! Come in Five over."

The index told me that Five was me, or rather, the Bachelder. Three was the wharf at Fort Preble. As I stood bewildered, the door of the wheelhouse opened and down the ladder came the captain, a handsome, pink-cheeked Yankee, who bowed politely to me as he took down a transmitter which hung beside the voice box.

"Hey, stop that shouting!" he said. "That you, Three? What's the matter?" He paused and then added, "Over." He looked at me and shifted his hat on his head with a certain embarrassment. I was tense. Was Fort Preble burning or was some ship on a ledge? Thank God there was no fog. Indeed, it was perfect picnic weather.

"Three to Five, Stevens talking!" roared out Three. "Say, Cap, why doncha answer quicker over?"

"This is Five, Three. I was steering the ship. What's eating you, sweetheart over?"

"Hey, this L boat here is tied up a-waitin' for a detail to go to Jewell's. Kin you hitch yourself up on the side over?"

"Five to Three over—no, not over. Why can't she git out of my way over?"

I looked out my window toward Preble. We were almost there.

"The boys is a-comin' now," said Three. "I don't like to shift these hawsers, Cap." Pause again.

"Over," I prompted.

"Over!" yelled Three.

"O.K., O.K.," said my captain good-naturedly. "I'll shove her around. You throw me a rope quick now. I don't want her catching herself up on that mine layer over."

He hung up the transmitter.

"Three to Five Roger!" shouted Stevens after him. The Captain grabbed the transmitter again, shouted "Roger!," and slammed it back in place once more.

From a window of the cabin I could see a stout Army sergeant, undoubtedly Stevens, rush importantly out of his little office on the Preble wharf. Down the road from the fort a company of soldiers in blue fatigues was marching. Stevens yelled, soldiers threw ropes, and the Bachelder nosed herself neatly into the dock between the L boat and the mine layer. Passengers got off, the detail boarded the L boat, soldiers heaved freight on and off the Bachelder, and Stevens kept up a running fire of chitchat with the captain, who leaned out of his wheelhouse window as I leaned out of mine in the cabin.

WE were turning around in the channel, well away from the dock, when the voice roared again. "Three calling Five! Come in, Five!"

This time the mate leaped out of the wheelhouse. "Five coming in, Three over." He spoke into the instrument like an expert.

"Where's Cap over?"

"Listen, Stevens, Cap is busy. You've just said goodbye to Cap over."

Stevens spoke condescendingly. "O.K. Say, Joe, I gotta box coming down on the five-o'clock trip. Ask Cap to keep his eye on it special. It's some doughnuts my wife is sending me. How about it, Five over?"

"We get awful hungry around five up here over."

"Come in, Five. Quit kiddin'. Pass the word to Cap, will you? Three to Five over Roger."

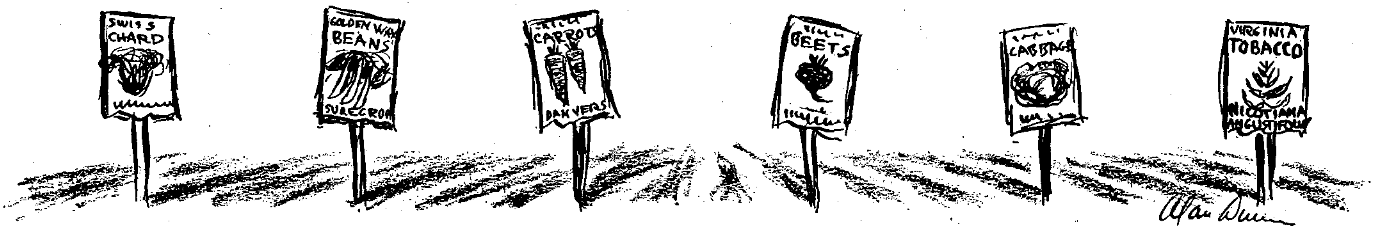
"Okey doke Roger." In a blaze of correctness the mate hung up.

Soon the ether crackled again. "Three calling Nine. Come in, Nine. Come in, Nine. Where are you, Nine? This is Stevens calling. Come in, Nine."

Nine, the index told me, was the quartermaster's office at Portland.

"Three calling Nine. Three calling Nine. Come in, Nine."

"This is Nine," the quartermaster



answered. "Come in, Three over."

"Whassa matter up there? Can't you hear me?" Stevens shouted.

"Sure we hear you, Three. What's cooking over?"

Stevens explained about the doughnuts and the quartermaster said, "We sure like homemade doughnuts here over."

"Hey, hand the box to Cap on the Five, will you? It's on account of my wife making these doughnuts special over Roger."

The quartermaster finally said, "Roger," and in the silence that followed I resumed work on my grocery list.

As we were rounding the breakwater near Portland, Eight broke out with a plea to Two to come along help push Seven. I rushed to the index again as the mate opened the door. "Is it that loon again?" he asked me.

"It's Eight calling Two to help push Seven."

"Oh, for gawd's sake," he said, and slammed the door.

The conversation went on in the voice box and from the talk and the index I figured out that Seven was a dredge down the bay clearing out a channel. Eight, a T boat, a strong little freight boat, was trying to get hitched to Seven's stern, but the tide was agin them. Two was a Q boat, which is bigger than a T, at Peaks taking on empty drums and if they stopped the major would kill Louis over.

"Come in, Eight. Why cain't Seven push her own self over?" asked Two.

"She's *been* a-pushin'. Come on, fella, come on over heah over." Eight was plainly from the deep South.

"We can't, Eight. The major give us orders. We can't go agin the major over."

"Oh, dern the major. Hey, Seven, slack up on that hawsah over."

The mate burst through the door and pulled a switch. "I've had enough of that danged racket," he announced. "Whoever wants us now kin open their mouths and yell."

REPORT ON THE TOWN

(ANSWER TO THE QUERY OF A FRIEND, NOW OVERSEAS, WHO WRITES, "TELL ME, WHAT IS NEW YORK LIKE THESE DAYS?")

You would find it familiar, I think (and maybe good)—
Familiar beyond belief.
Buildings stand tall here—tall as they ever stood.
The coats of the ladies are brief.

The winter was cold, we'd assure you, as if it mattered;
It broke a record or so.
And people skied in the Park, and the taxis skittered
Over the crusted snow.

But the offices all were warm and we saw no breadlines.
The night clubs had their fling
Till the curfew made for a while industrious headlines.
And now it is nearly spring.

You know, of course, how spring creeps into the city,
Perceptible to the blood if not the eye.
The wind feels fresh on the cheek and a trifle gritty;
The girls walk slower by.

They walk so now, or flock like the pigeons flocking
(The usual pigeons around the usual door).
Their legs are trim, unwrinkled each rayon stocking,
Their hats are flowered as before.

(But they go alone to eat at the Dairy Lunches.
At night they wash their hair
Or write long letters. Or, waiting on station benches
In the electric glare,

They watch a clanging gate that closes or opens.
They are always saying hello or else farewell,
Murmuring, "I have been waiting . . ." or "Remember, whatever happens . . ."
Still, there's not much to tell.

It's hard to get tickets for shows. Each fabulous counter
Yet draws the fabulous throng.
The buses grind. Prometheus leaps at the Center.
The casualty lists grow long.

We queue up for cigarettes in the afternoons,
Or stand in restaurants, fidgeting, to be served
(There are jokes in the papers about it and funny cartoons),
But nobody's starved
In spite of two "meatless days." We complain of taxes.
But no bomb falls; unshattered sit house and court.
They're changing the windows again, I think, at Saks's.
The coats this year are short.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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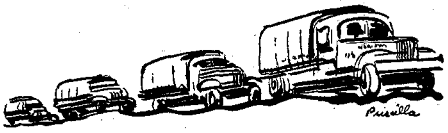
THE Bachelder tied up at the wharf in Portland, and, with the other passengers, I disembarked and walked up the pier to do my shopping in the city. At five that evening, carrying many packages, I rushed aboard again and sat down in the cabin, crowded now with Army personnel, islanders, and school children. My husband was there, too, back from his day at his office in Portland. I sat down beside him.

Halfway down the bay the wild voices started crying. Ten was trying to get through to Four. We could see Four, the Zollers, a mile away up the bay, and Ten, a T boat, standing by a few hundred feet to the east.



Ten's voice was wild with frustration.

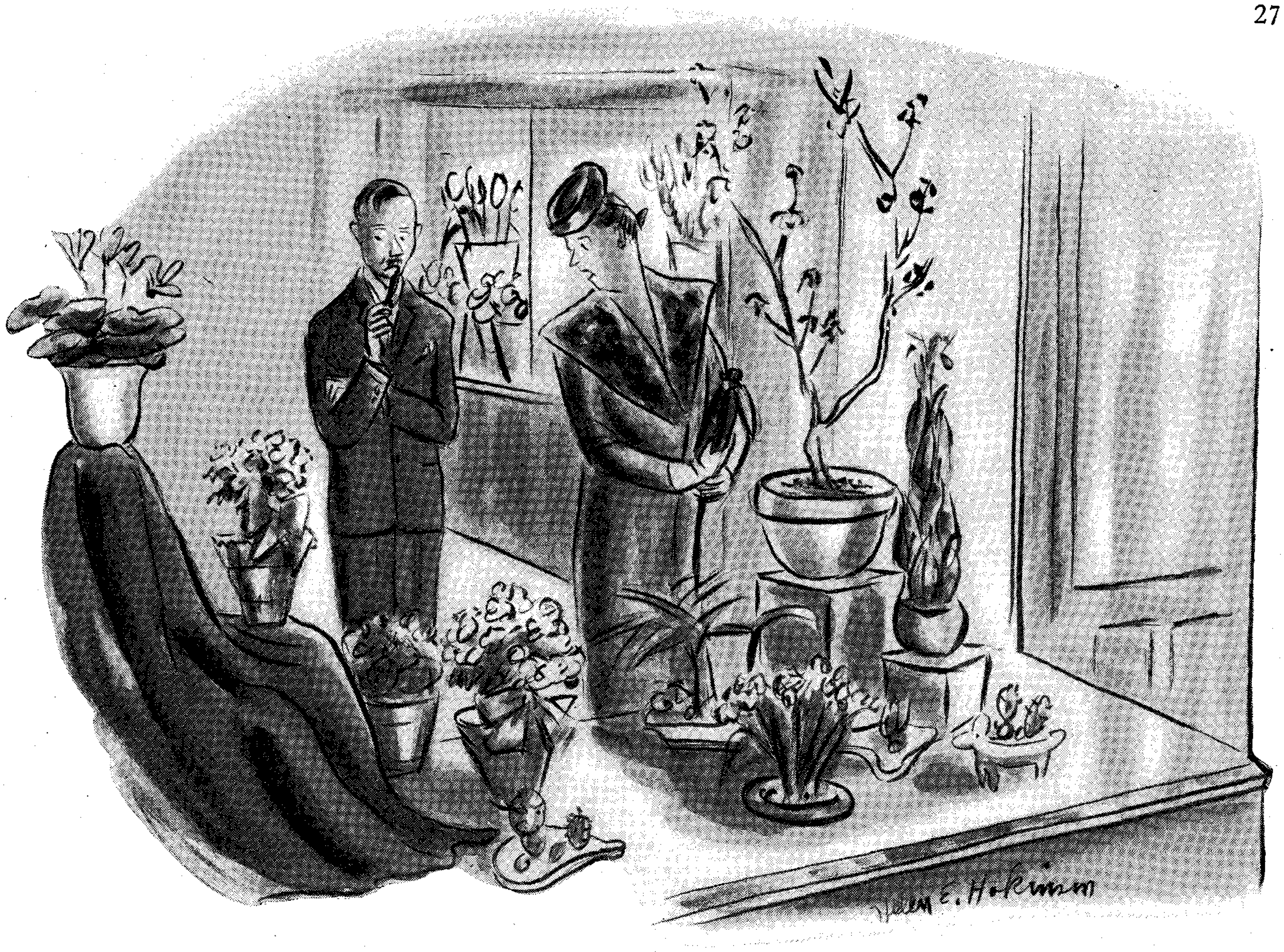
"Ten calling Four. Come in, Four. Say, Four, cain't you hear me over?"

"I can't hear a thing," groaned Four.

"This is Ten calling. Ten calling Four. Stay out, everybody else. Now can you hear me, Four over?"

No answer. Then Four moaned, "Golly, they is certainey something wrong with this here thing."

"This is Ten calling Four. Talk



"It doesn't look like seven dollars."

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louder, Four. Say, boy, ask Pete to look at them wires over."

"I just can't hear nothing," lamented Four.

"The dopes musta plugged it in wrong. Hey, Four, you wait." Silence. "This is Ten calling Seven. Come in, Seven." He ordered Seven to try to reach Four somehow.

"Come in, Four," said Seven calmly. "This is Seven calling. Ten wants you to talk louder, Four over." No answer. "He can't even hear me," Seven complained. "There must be something wrong, Ten over."

"Wrong? It's lousy. I'll have to go up alongside over."

"I'll keep in touch, Ten," Seven said, his voice reassuring. "This is Seven over Roger."

"Oh, I'm tired," shouted Four suddenly. "I'm going to shut the darned thing off." He did and we sat in silence.

THE adventurous rushed out on the deck to watch Ten tie up to Four, but I closed my eyes and slept. Suddenly I opened them wide. My goodness, we were nearing Preble and where were Sergeant Stevens' doughnuts? Leaning out of the cabin window, I saw a soldier standing by on the wharf, looking hungrily toward us.

"Gracious!" I said to my husband. "I hope the captain brought those doughnuts." My husband looked at me, baffled, and at that moment my reliable captain came down through his door and spoke into the box.

"Five calling Three. Come in, Three. This is Five calling Three. Hey, about those doughnuts, come on in, Three over."

I looked out and saw the soldier running into his little house on the wharf.

"Five calling Three. Come in, Three over," insisted the captain.

"This is Three, Five!" shouted a voice joyously. "Hello, Cap. Everything O.K.? You ain't forgotten them, have you over?"

"This is Five, Three." The captain spoke formally. "They'll be a boy landing at Preble with a box for Sergeant Stevens. On the manifest, a box marked from Portland to Preble for Stevens. Over."

"No kiddin'! Thanks, Cap. Say, just call on me any time, Cap. Roger."

The captain hung up and went back to his wheel. As we tied up at the Preble wharf, I saw him lean from his window to hand a pasteboard box to a soldier who was going ashore.

"Hey, buddy," he said, as kindly as ever. "Hand this to Sergeant Stevens will you, like a good lad?"

The soldier carried the box ashore and Stevens grabbed it from him at the head of the gangway. Then the Sergeant, beaming, advanced to yell his thanks to the captain, and the captain waved his hand, disclaiming praise. The mission had been completed. As he turned his head, the captain's eyes met mine and we smiled. "Roger," he said importantly, and winked at me.

—AGNES BURKE HALE

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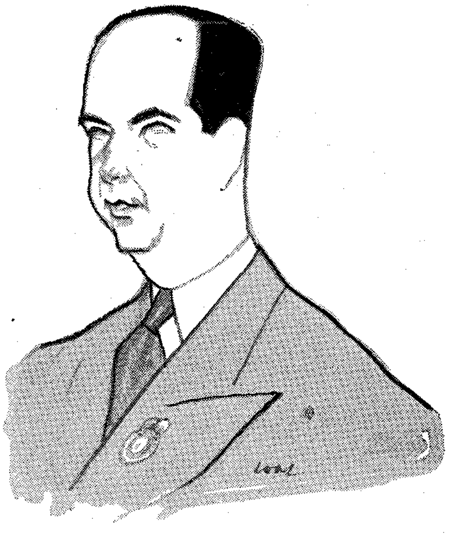
"The preponderance of qualified opinion is that there is little if any relationship between intelligence and sales ability," he said.—*Forrest H. Kirkpatrick, of R.C.A., quoted in the Times.*

One more illusion shattered.

PROFILES

C'EST LA GUERRE AND LAISSEZ FAIRE



Joseph Platzker

ONE of man's deepest instincts seems to be to get a roof over his head, and when no roof is available, even at three hundred dollars a month, odd things happen to the human spirit. Thousands of persons who have searched for an apartment in New York during the war are suffering from a condition psychiatrists say borders on combat fatigue. After days of pounding pavements, ringing doorbells, and staring into the blank faces of superintendents who have nothing to offer, a number of men, according to the police, have been found sitting on curbstones weeping unashamedly. Women have become hysterical on the streets and have had to be led, kicking and screaming, into drugstores for a sedative. Within the past few months, building superintendents around town have been slapped in the face, kicked in the shins and stomach, and punched in the nose—again according to the police records. Some superintendents have turned the other cheek and some have gloomily taken to drink. Some, of course, have cheerfully suggested, and accepted, bribes. Still others have gone into war work. Their places have been instantly filled by apartment seekers who had never in their lives emptied a garbage can but were willing to take on the job for the four walls that went with it. Homeless people ghoulishly read death notices and phone bereaved families inquiring about apartments before there's even been time to hold a funeral. By and large, persons looking in vain for an apartment lose weight, become irritable, jump at slight noises, take to staring silently into space, and begin to acquire a dishevelled appearance. In a medical sense, they are war casualties, but doctors say there is nothing the matter with them that could not quickly be cured by a nice, sunny four-room apartment with southern exposure.

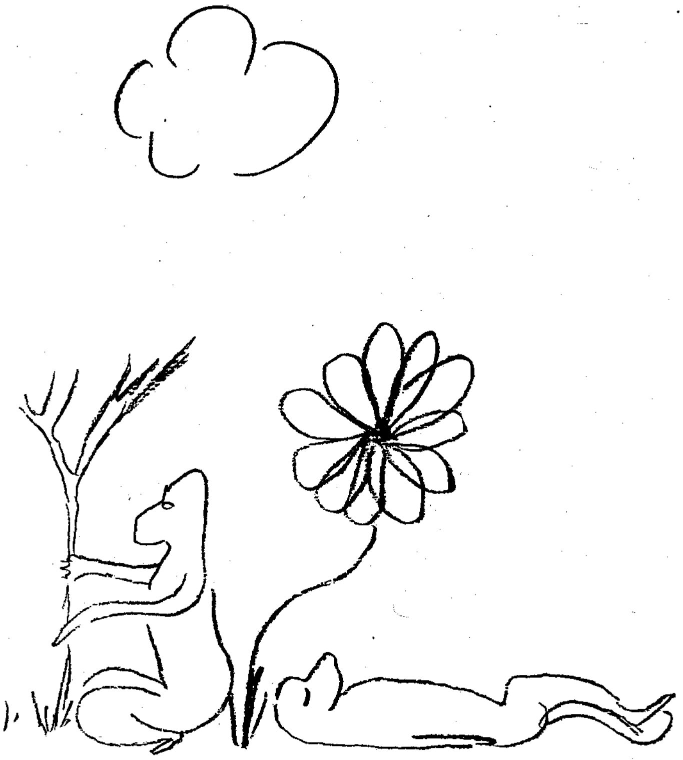
Last September, Mayor LaGuardia felt that it was time to check this spreading neurosis. He had received baskets of letters written in high-pitched desperation: "Is there any hope for us?" "Will we be on the street?" "This is from a person on the verge of a nervous collapse." "Please take care of me, my piano, and my father." "It is 1 A.M. and I am walking around, as I can't sleep from worrying. I am also writing to President Roosevelt tonight." The Mayor ordered the creation of the City Vacancy Listing Bureau, which would serve as an official agency for finding apartments and rooms free of charge for those who needed them. He asked Joseph Platzker, Assistant Commissioner of the Department of Housing and Buildings, to take on the job of directing the Bureau. The Mayor was certain that Platzker had more first-hand, explicit knowledge about more buildings in New York than any other person on earth. He knew that Platzker, on official missions, had visited some twelve thousand old-law tenements, had been inside every building in Chinatown and Harlem, and, in the course of seemingly endless walks through the streets of the city, propelled by some inner demon, had passed through the doors of approximately fifty thousand other buildings of every conceivable type. If someone merely says to Platzker, "Jay Street from Willoughby to Myrtle," Platzker instantly responds, like a seal playing a horn, "Proceeding from Willoughby: warehouse, vacant lot, public building, single-family dwelling," and so on, to Myrtle. Of even greater importance, from the point of view of the Mayor and the city, were the therapeutic powers it was thought that Platzker could bring to the new job. He is one of the few people in constant touch with the New York housing situation who look as sturdy as they did before the war. Platzker, forty-five and a man of medium height, has a round face, pink cheeks, and soft, doe's eyes. His voice, low and soothing, inspires confidence. House-hunters in a suicidal mood become peculiarly at peace with the world, and their inner fears are suddenly quieted, when they talk to Platzker in his Bureau office. "Relax, *c'est la guerre* and *laissez faire*," he often tells haggard applicants for apartments. "You're in the hands of the little old City of New York now. Relax."

Platzker's outer calm disguises a deep concern over the housing problems of New York. When he talks about the subject, as he does almost continually, he betrays his feelings only by a slight wrinkling of his nose and a faint sniff. His associates gauge the severity of the housing shortage, on a day-to-day basis, by the amount of sniffing he does. They consider it a black sign that lately he has been sniffing twice as much as he did a year ago. His knowledge of the housing situation is staggering to the uninitiated. Recently, in response to the idle query "Hi, Commissioner, how's tricks?," he spoke for fifteen minutes, pausing only for sniffs. "Normally," he said, in part, "New York always had fifty thousand vacancies. Take Park Avenue—often as high as eighteen to twenty per cent vacancies. Today: eight-tenths of one per cent. We have vacancies, all right—ten thousand cold-water flats renting at from ten to thirty dollars a month, but why should a human being live in them? [Sniff.] Eight hundred thousand New Yorkers are in the armed services, but hundreds of thousands left families behind in their apartments. The places of the rest have been more than filled. Plenty of new war plants near town, heaps of foreign-trade missions. One hundred and eighty thousand federal employees are here today, against sixty thousand in normal times. People don't realize that this is one of the greatest ports of embarkation—troops going and coming—and that means whole families trooping East to wait around until the boys get off and then waiting around until the boys get back. Thousands of wives of out-of-town service men have settled here. [Sniff.] Always wanted to work in New York and plenty of work for all, as clerks, typists, waitresses. If today's discharged veteran is any indication, don't think they'll settle back home when the European war is over. Thousands have drifted here already. And everybody has more money, so Joan doesn't have to live with her mother-in-law; she can take a place of her own. One out of every five women who apply at the Bureau is pregnant.

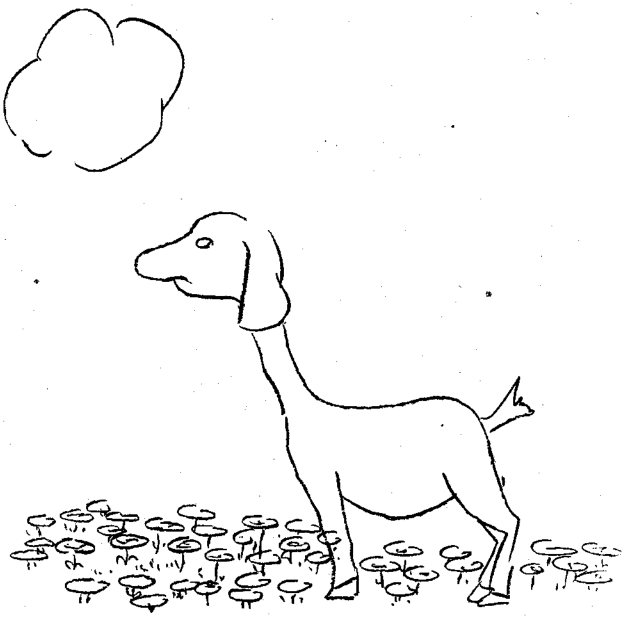
Almost impossible to find furnished places between fifty and a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. People are living in kitchens all over town. Twenty-five thousand families are doubled up with other families. Seventy per cent of New York lives in apartments—the rest in one-, two-, and three-family houses. Take the ritzies. [Sniff.] They've closed up the country place—no gas, no heat—and they're in town competing for furnished apartments. And no furnished apartments! Take Newark—why, it's bursting at the seams with federal workers and war-plant people, but they keep swarming over here. They say to themselves, 'New York's got seven million people; it can handle a couple thousand more!' But where? We can't. But there's no point worrying. [Sniff.]"

SINCE the City Vacancy Listing Bureau opened its doors on last September 20th, Platzker has found apartments or rooms for more than ninety per cent of the people who have applied. Until several weeks ago, when the Bureau moved to its present quarters at 535 Fifth Avenue, it functioned in the rear of the C.D.V.O. Information Headquarters in the structure under the viaduct opposite Grand Central Terminal. Applicants for apartments sat on chairs in a winding line leading to Platzker himself, who was installed in a tiny, cluttered office partitioned off by beaverboard. "Welcome to the coop," he often said to callers. Today, in the Bureau's new quarters, the applicants, the Commissioner, and his staff—four women volunteer workers and a paid secretary—share one large room. Platzker interviews applicants Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., knocking off occasionally for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Tuesdays and Thursdays, if he can spare the time from his work at the Department of Housing and Buildings—for example, gathering data on commercial rent ceilings or defending tenants' interests in eviction cases—he tramps around town hunting for apartments. In addition to the ten thousand cold-water flats, which are mostly in slum areas, the Bureau generally has anywhere from two to three hundred vacancies on its lists. Facts such as the number of rooms and the transportation in the neighborhood are entered on mimeographed blanks—pink for furnished, blue for unfurnished—and placed in loose-leaf notebooks on Platzker's desk. The rents run from sixteen dollars to three hundred and twenty-five a month. While waiting to be interviewed, applicants fill out forms, answering such questions as "Would walk-up apartment be acceptable?," "Is applicant service man's family?," "Borough preferred?," and so on. When the Bureau was organized, the presidents of New York's five real-estate boards agreed to help provide listings. Most of the vacancies, however, have been tracked down by the Bureau itself. Like Platzker, his assistants often tour the city in search of empty places; they spend hours on the telephone calling landlords and superintendents to inquire about possible vacancies and keeping their files up to the minute. To guarantee that nobody who applies will sleep in Grand Central or the Park, Platzker keeps a list of boarding houses that can always manage to put someone up for the night. Hundreds of landlords and rooming-house proprietors have either phoned or dropped around to tell Platzker about vacancies. And in addition, several satisfied applicants, grateful for his efforts in their behalf, have volunteered to house-hunt for the Bureau. Recently, a young woman whose husband took part in the landing on Iwo Jima and who had been provided with a roof over her head in the Bronx spent three days canvassing

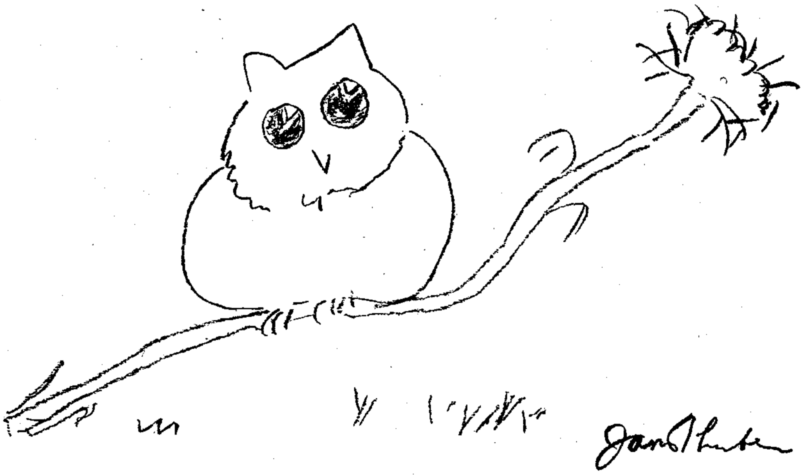
OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY



The Living, or Spitting, Image (left) and a Dead Ringer



The Lapidary in a clump of Merry-Go-Round



The Hoodwink on a spray of Ragamuffin

her neighborhood and came up with a half-dozen empty apartments, which Platzker filled with wives of other service men.

In the lexicon of the Bureau, "small child" means any offspring of any applicant, regardless of whether the child is in swaddling clothes or is a strapping lad of fifteen who shaves. Let a woman say, "Commissioner, I need extra rooms for my three children," and Platzker turns to his secretary, a short, efficient young woman who sits at the adjoining desk, and says, "We must find something comfortable for this lady with three small children." Having two small children of his own—a girl of nine and a boy of four—Platzker is partial to parents. His associates feel that his concern is also a reaction to the attitude of landlords who refuse to rent to families with children and are therefore, in his eyes, engaged in a conspiracy against the human race. (As a class, landlords do not impress him too favorably.) He pays even more attention to service men, including childless ones, than to civilian parents. He will turn himself inside out for a service man with a small child. For that matter, he takes a solicitous interest in any applicant who has anything to do with the war, even in a civilian capacity. One afternoon several months ago he was shocked when he discovered that the Czechoslovakian Consul General had been patiently waiting in line since early morning. "By all means, you should have sent in your name," Platzker said, at the end of his apology. "The City of New York knows how busy you are." The Consul General shrugged. "Six years I have been waiting for the liberation of my country," he said. "What does it matter that I wait six hours here?"

• •

Not all diplomats exercise the self-restraint of the Czechoslovakian Consul General. Last fall Platzker consequently found himself involved in something which could have led to an explosive international situation. The acting ambassador of one of the neutral countries had leased a Park Avenue apartment, relinquished a sublease on his old place, and was preparing to move the following morning when a special-delivery letter from his new landlord announced that the apartment was unavailable. There had been a terrible mistake, the landlord wrote; the apartment had been rented months before to someone else. The ambassador took the letter as a rebuff to his country. He phoned an American admiral of his acquaintance. "I am homeless and disgraced," he said. The admiral phoned the Mayor, who phoned Platzker and told him to get busy. Fifteen minutes later, Platzker burst in upon the ambassador at the apartment he had prepared to vacate. He found the man pale and drawn, surrounded by crates and barrels. His wife was displaying the usual symptoms; she was in tears and moaning. "We shall be on the streets!" she said. Platzker drew the ambassador aside. "The Mayor has asked me to extend the apologies of the entire City of New York," he said softly. "Moreover, you are very fortunate indeed." "Why?" asked the ambassador. "How could you be expected to know," said Platzker, lowering his voice further, "that the house where you planned to move is not sufficiently elegant? A man of your stature should live somewhere like Sutton Place. Be patient, Excellency. Give me a couple of hours." Platzker returned to his office and made several muffled telephone calls. By nightfall the ambassador had been temporarily installed in a large mansion in the East Seventies, placed at his disposal, with all its servants, by its public-spirited owner. A week later, Platzker joyously told the ambassador that he had uncovered an apartment overlooking the river, on Sutton Place. "And when he returned to his native land for a visit some weeks ago," Platzker said when he told the story recently to a friend, "the ambassador took back only the friendliest feelings for this country. Thus ended," he added, sniffing, "a tense situation."

Platzker's lifelong interest in how and where people live is directly related to his earliest memories—of the long, dark, narrow railroad flat on Broome Street in which he was born. Housing was a major problem for the Platzker family. Platzker's father, an insurance salesman, had six children, and as one after another came into the world, he was forced to move from three to four to five rooms—always on the lower East Side and always railroad flats. Young Platzker went through grade and high school and graduated from New York University, where he majored in economics. For a while he toyed with the notion of going to South America as an industrial chemist, chemistry having been a hobby, but in 1928 his interest in housing got the upper hand and he became secretary of the East Side Chamber of Commerce, an organization concerned with the real-estate problems and the improvement of that area. For the next eleven years he edited the Chamber's magazines and bulletins and conducted such surveys as "Tenement Conditions and Current Tax Payments" and "Corlear's Hook District: A structural, financial, economic, municipal service inventory of Lower East Side's giant slum area (the old Seventh Ward) as it approaches its tercentennial. . . . Also a plea for reconstructing the district that still houses 41,000 people in an environment dotted with 71 vacant lots, 120 boarded-up buildings, and 69 closed buildings." Platzker conducted surveys the hard way. He didn't take samplings; he visited every house in the area under scrutiny and noted its condition on one of several maps tacked on top of one another on a portable writing board. Investigating, on foot, what he calls the Rear House Empire—rear houses are buildings crammed into the interior of a block, behind other buildings and with no street frontage—he visited 1,943 families in four hundred and thirty-two rear buildings in a matter of six weeks. "I saw so much bad stuff everywhere, I've tried to forget most of it," he says. "Those were supposed to be prosperous days, but people were living in apartments at five, six, seven dollars a month. And there was no system of government relief. What I remember most are the clean white curtains and pretty window boxes in some of those hellholes. Gives you an idea what could have been done with a *home*."

During the middle thirties, in addition to doing his job at the Chamber of Commerce, Platzker worked with the late Dr. Richard T. Ely, the economist, at the Institute for Economic Research, where he delivered evening lectures on land economics. In 1939, LaGuardia appointed him secretary of the Department of Housing and Buildings and set him to surveying the city's old-law tenements, then housing some half million persons. Constructed before 1902, often taller than four stories, and highly inflammable, the old-law tenements were the city's worst fire hazard. Most landlords, apparently having practically no concern for tenants who might burn to a crisp, had not fire-retarded—as housing people say—their property. The city had a revolving fund of half a million dollars for this purpose, but it was hopelessly inadequate, and loans made from it had to be repaid in ten years. It was estimated that at this rate matters could not be completely remedied for a century. The Mayor, an impatient man, didn't want to wait that long. Neither did Platzker, who attacked the problem with gusto. He spent three months poring over files at the Hall of Records and in his own department, preparing master sheets showing the locations of all the old-law tenements. The next four months he spent in field work. He visited 12,775 buildings and noted, on small white cards, the condition of every one. He worked at this seven days a week. Most of the time he walked. The rest of the time he used a car placed at his disposal by the City. When he rode, he hopped out at one corner and instructed the driver to meet him in an hour three or four blocks away. He then darted through every old-law tenement in the neighborhood. Bands of puzzled small boys often followed him. "Someday we'll have parks and playgrounds here," he told them. Local political bosses, aware, through some grapevine, of his mission, and fearful of unfavorable publicity about their district, sidled up and mumbled, "Doc, I assume you realize you're walking through the garden spot of Greater New York. Don't do nothing rash, Doc." Schoolteachers engaged him in sociological discussions and neighborhood veterans regaled him with tales of past glories. "Everything used to be silk and red plush," a retired sea captain told him when he was investigating a section of Brooklyn Heights. "Great families lived here, son, and waltzed until dawn, in candlelight." As a result of the survey, Platzker to this day is physically affected in strange ways as he walks through certain neighborhoods. Parts of Brooklyn, Chelsea, and Greenwich Village, for example, bring on attacks of cramps. On several occasions there, he came upon elderly, ailing women who should have been in a hospital but were lying unattended in the beds of their slum flats. "I'd call a cop," he says, "and the cop would call an ambulance." After he had completed his survey and city officials had debated his recommendations, he approached a group of bank presidents with a scheme for floating a ten-year compliance loan to help landlords with their fire-retarding. The banks pledged more than twenty million dollars. Funds having been made available, recalcitrant owners were threatened, under an old and theretofore uninvoked state law, with demolition of their property. By Pearl Harbor, every occupied old-law tenement in town had been fire-retarded.

Platzker spent a solid two months in the spring of 1941 on a grand tour of downtown Brooklyn, surveying seven thousand buildings in the Borough Hall, Columbia Heights, and Navy

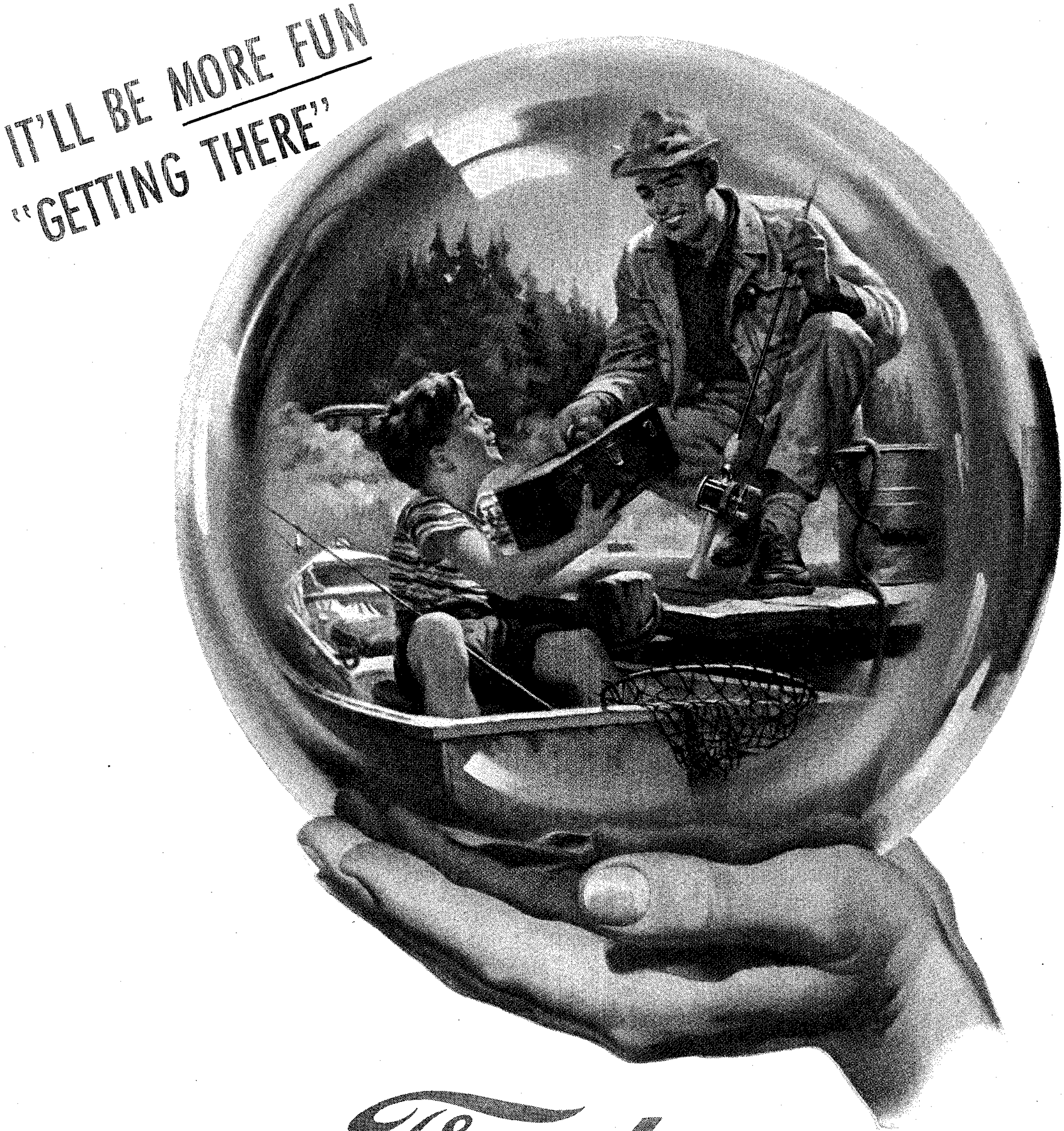
Yard sections. For a man who intended to see the sights entirely under his own power, he had an ambitious goal: a detailed report of the use to which every square foot of land in the area had been put and recommendations (if they were considered necessary) for improvement. Baedeker himself would have made less elaborate preparations for the journey. Before starting out, Platzker prepared an outline map of every street to be visited, listing the block and lot numbers of all property. With one of these maps tacked to his portable writing board, he set forth each morning and strolled along as many blocks as he could cover, jotting down the number of stories in each building and such notations as "Taxpayer," "Grocery," "Furnished Rooms," "Garage," "Vacant Lot," and so on. Passersby often mistook his writing board for a sketch pad and urged him to draw their pictures. So many people thought he was a spy and followed him in whispering knots that he finally had to start wearing a city badge on his lapel. In his survey, Platzker noted that "not more than one-fifth of the land area of downtown Brooklyn is covered with structures that were erected since the beginning of the twentieth century." Most buildings, he reported, were anywhere from forty to a hundred years old, and many of them, former dwellings, were abandoned; the daytime population had been steadily rising as the area grew in commercial importance, the night-time population slowly declining; forty per cent of the night-time population lived in hotels and furnished rooms; and much valuable space was going to waste. He recommended that four large areas be completely rezoned and replanned.

Just before the war, Platzker became Assistant Commissioner of Housing and Buildings. In January, 1943, he had a foretaste of his present job when he was placed in charge of rehousing six hundred and thirteen families displaced when the Navy took over thirteen apartment houses near Hunter College, in the Bronx, to make room for Waves and Spars. Platzker established headquarters in the living room of a vacant apartment on University Avenue, moved in a desk, and worked twelve hours a day until the job was done. The apartment was unheated, and he wore his hat and kept his overcoat buttoned up to his neck while he interviewed the dispossessed tenants. Platzker had a list of more than a thousand vacant apartments and the Navy had agreed to move furniture free within a two-mile radius. Assistants of Platzker's acted as sitters while parents of small children investigated new apartments. From time to time, Platzker forsook his desk, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and helped tenants crate their belongings. One man lost his job in a war plant for taking the day off to house-hunt; Platzker phoned the plant and had him reinstated. "Send a city marshal and throw me out," said a man who refused to budge. Platzker explained the situation. "It's war," he said. The man responded by throwing his door key at Platzker. It hit him on the nose and left a permanent scar. The man finally moved anyway. Without further injury to Platzker, all the families had moved within a month, ninety per cent of them to buildings within two miles of their old flats.

PLATZKER, his wife, and their two children live in a comfortable four-room apartment on upper West End Avenue. Mrs. Platzker, a composed, good-looking young woman, once practiced law. Platzker's concern with housing problems has been transmitted to his children, Doris and Harold, who often come to supper babbling about vacancy signs they have seen during the day. Although no apartment has been vacant in their building for many months, a sign on one corner of the house says "Apartments Available." The Platzker children delight in lying in wait in the lobby until some harassed house-hunter, a look of triumph in her eyes, asks the elevator man to show her the empty apartment. The children then shriek with laughter, cry "No apartment here!," and run out in the street. "Daddy," Doris asked her father one night recently, "isn't the landlord *ever* right?" Platzker thought a moment. "Why, yes," he said. "Just today a landlord was angry and he had every right to be. One of his tenants who was about to be evicted did a naughty, naughty thing. He pulled the landlord's ears."

Platzker doesn't mind the fact that even at home he never gets away from

"Er—we thought we heard the fire alarm."



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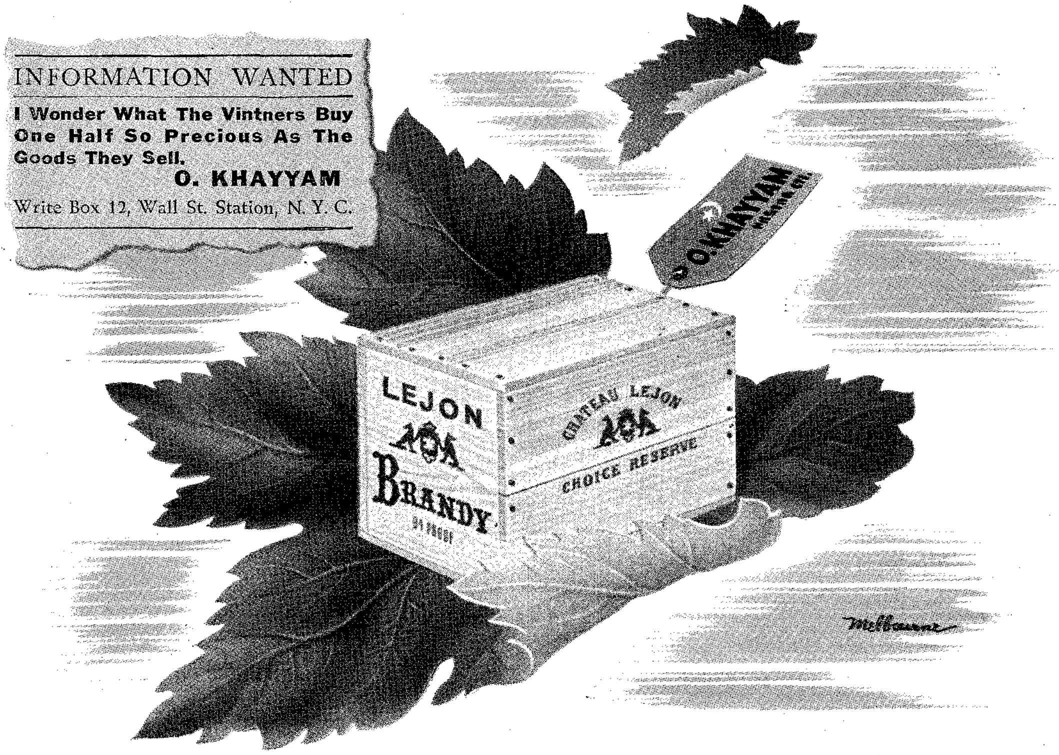

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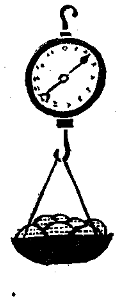
DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED IN THE U. S. A. **© 1944* *84 PROOF* the subject of housing for long. Housing and walking seem to be enough for Platzker. Unless he is in a great hurry, he prefers to conduct his business entirely on foot. He thinks nothing of walking eight to ten miles a day, keeping an eye out for "To Let" signs and the condition of the buildings he passes. He was a friend of the late Dr. John Finley, the editor of the *Times* and an indefatigable walker, and they often met, by arrangement, at the foot of Grand Street and hiked northward practically to the tip of Manhattan. As they trudged along, they were generally deep in plans for beautifying the city. In addition to canvassing local territory, Platzker has covered hundreds of miles of streets in other cities on the eastern seaboard. He occasionally makes an out-of-town speech, and when he does he always arrives several hours ahead of schedule and pokes along the streets. Some weeks ago he addressed a group of Jersey City housing people who wanted advice on the apartment shortage there. He astounded them by turning up with a list of empty places he had spotted on his stroll from the ferry. A man who recently took a brisk, zigzag walk with Platzker in search of apartments, from 118th Street and the East River to the Bureau's offices at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, reports that the Commissioner maintained a steady flow of conversation on housing topics. "Twenty years from now," he said, "Manhattan will house only the very rich and the very poor, and the poor will live in projects. Look at that remodelled tenement—fine job but no solution. Think what it costs to remodel just one building! Remodel an area at a time, I say! . . . Boarded-up junk! Maybe owned by a hospital or a college or someone who lectures on city planning. I know a fellow who gives tony courses on slum clearance and owns some of the worst stuff in town! . . . Nobody seems to really care about improvements within their own lifetime. Put it off a century, that's what they say! Between *c'est la guerre* and *laissez faire*, the public is licked. Banks and insurance companies have a billion-dollar investment in Manhattan, but do the bankers ever look at their property? Mostly, they live in the suburbs. . . . That alley reminds me of Baltimore—same traffic snarls in Baltimore as downtown Brooklyn, by the way. . . . When I suggested rezoning four large areas in Brooklyn, after my survey, everybody was enthusiastic—big lunches, long speeches, standing resolutions, and votes of thanks. And nothing happened. *Now* they're beginning to take steps—four years later!"



ONE recent afternoon at the Bureau, thirty-five men and women, including several soldiers and sailors, were waiting for Commissioner Platzker on rows of chairs along two sides of the room. Most of them were reading newspapers or staring at the ceiling, but several women had pulled their chairs together and were deep in conversation. "The bells don't ring and on cold days the walls turn blue," one lady was saying. Sitting beside Platzker was a Detroit housing expert who had dropped in to pick up a few pointers. Alongside Platzker's desk, at the far end of the room, a blond young woman wearing a bright red hat and a black veil had firmly planted her elbows on a pile of his papers. Platzker was ruffling through a loose-leaf notebook. His nose was twitching.

"What kinda neighborhood is it?" asked the woman.

"A neighborhood where people live," Platzker said, without looking up.

"I know all about that," she said. "But has it gotta doorman?"

Platzker wearily raised his head. "You'll get a twenty-one-gun salute every time you walk in," he said. "Take my advice. Eighty-seventh Street near Riverside is nice."

"O.K." she said. "You can give it to me."

Platzker scribbled an address on a slip of paper and handed it to her. "Don't forget," he said, "that *you're* doing *me* a favor. Tell the super I sent you and phone here after you've seen it. Come back twenty-three times if you're not satisfied."

Platzker smiled wanly as the woman got up to leave. "Rare type," he said to his visitor from Detroit, after the woman had gone. "Most people are wonderful to work with. Still, she lost everything in a fire the other day, so it's understandable she's jittery. Here's a hot letter," he said, rummaging through his papers. "Came this morning from the Peru Central High School, Peru, New York. 'As secretary of our Senior Class,'" he read, "'I have been writing to different hotels, trying to reserve rooms for our class of twenty-six when we visit New York in April or May. So far I have been unable . . .' Next, please!" he called.

A tall, sun-burned corporal walked over, sat down, and handed the Com-

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IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

The MESSRS. SHUBERT present
Dark of the Moon
A Dramatic Legend by
HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
46th ST. THEA. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

STANLEY GILKEY & BARBARA PAYNE present
The Deep Mrs. Sykes
A New Play by GEORGE KELLY with
Catherine WILLARD • Neil HAMILTON • Jean DIXON
Booth Thea. W. 45 St. CI 6-5969 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Always funny, sometimes profoundly touching." —CHAPMAN, Daily News
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—LIFE
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS • JOAN McCRACKEN • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN • Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

3RD YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL • Betty CAULFIELD
BIJOU THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
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—MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
Rose Franken's Comedy
with Martha SCOTT • Myron McCORMICK
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
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Directed by H. C. POTTER
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OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT • Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN • Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN • Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
with SONO OSATO, NANCY WALKER
ADELPHI, 54th St., East of B'way. CI 6-5097
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Saturday & Monday 2:40

missioner his application. "Commissioner, remember Darrow, the sergeant you found a place for last week?" the corporal asked.

Platzker nodded.

"Well," said the corporal, "he's pretty satisfied—satisfied enough to be bringing his wife from Chicago."

"Good, good," said Platzker, glancing over the corporal's application. "My regards to Darrow when you see him. You don't mind what borough?"

"No. I just want a place to live," said the corporal.

"Good for you, Corporal," Platzker said. "That lady just went out, nothing would do but the island of Manhattan. I told her New York is crazy in wartime, people are leasing twelve rooms when they only need three. But no, she has to live in Manhattan."

"We got 'em in the Army, too, Commissioner," the corporal said.

"Here's a charming place in the Bronx—College Avenue," said Platzker, pulling a pink (furnished) slip from a notebook. "Only trouble is, the landlady wants the use of her kitchen three times a day. Take it. If I were your best friend, I couldn't give you better advice. Call the landlady, make your arrangements, and remember nobody gets any money for finding you this place."

The corporal sat down at a nearby desk and dialled a number. One of the assistants walked over to Platzker. She had been directing applicants to empty chairs. "There's a pregnant little girl been waiting all afternoon," she said, "and I'm nervous for her."

Platzker sniffed. "Relax," he said. "*I'm* relaxed. Tell her to relax. I'll see her in a minute." He nodded to the next person in line, a woman in her thirties, with large, watery brown eyes. She came over.

"My husband's overseas, my brother-in-law's overseas, the superintendent is positively unstable, I won't live there a minute longer," she said as she sat down.

"Just *re*-lax," said Platzker, looking at her application. "Why do you say the superintendent is unstable?"

She leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Hmm," he said. "Knocks on the door at night, eh? Well, I know the situation in that neighborhood. Very bad situation."

"Moreover," said the woman, "I have backache and a cold with fever, and that superintendent forced me to bring the scaffold with the ladder from the basement, and the little wagon on wheels, and the tool chest, and all that radio equipment."

"*What* radio equipment?" said Platzker.

"My husband and my brother-in-law had hobbies and I stored all the hobbies in the basement when they left," she said. "Now this superintendent makes me bring them upstairs and they're all over the floor."

"My advice," said Platzker, jotting something down on a piece of paper, "is to move away from that neighborhood. Look over this living-room-and-bedroom combination on East Twenty-second Street. Ten dollars more a month but worth it for your peace of mind."

"Thank you, Commissioner," she said, accepting the paper and rising.

"Just a minute," said Platzker, waving her back to her seat. "You mustn't take everything to heart," he said, suddenly becoming the family doctor. "Millions of women have husbands overseas. Readjust yourself, forget your housing problem, forget your other problems. You're living in a great city—museums, colleges, theatres. Go see a funny movie. And let me know if you like that place on East Twenty-second."

"Thank you, Commissioner," she said, rising again.

Platzker turned to his visitor. "I bet," he said, after the woman had left the room, "she just thinks the landlord knocks at night. It's pitiful, but I see dozens and dozens like that with husbands in the service—women being chased down dark streets, seeing peeping toms, and oh my, *c'est la guerre!* . . . Next!"

A sturdy woman in her fifties walked over. Her name was Karr, and she had a three-and-a-half-room apartment on West 167th Street and a job in the country. "I'm not in the place enough, so why should I have rooms standing idle?" she said. "I'll rent the rooms—you pick the person—if one room is kept ready for me with a cot. A week ago could I do it? No. The janitor would have put his foot down. So last week we both learn our sons are in the Pacific, and now he's friendly like maple candy."

"I think I have the person," said Platzker. He signalled to his assistant. "The pregnant lady, please," he said.

"As long as she isn't fussy," said Mrs. Karr. "So many people are fussy and want so much—that's how wars start. I don't want anything and I don't fight anybody."

A moon-faced, frightened woman in her early twenties sat down beside Mrs.

Karr. Platzker glanced at her application. "I see you're from Kansas," he said. "Your husband's in the Navy, and you have one small child."

"Yes, sir," she said.

"The child destructive?" asked Mrs. Karr.

"The small child is not destructive, Mrs. Karr," said Platzker. He explained Mrs. Karr's offer to the lady from Kansas and suggested that she go uptown with Mrs. Karr and look over the apartment.

"Where you live now?" asked Mrs. Karr.

"Long Island City," said the young woman. "With a girl friend, but her husband is coming home wounded, and there's no room anyway."

"You come with me," said Mrs. Karr. They started out, but after taking a few steps Mrs. Karr turned around and walked back to Platzker. "How do I know she's reliable?" she asked.

"You *know* she's reliable," said Platzker. "You've got a son in the service, she's got a husband in the Navy."

"She looks lost," Mrs. Karr said.

"So?" Platzker said.

"You're right. She's reliable," said Mrs. Karr. "She's lost because of the war."

"Next!" said Platzker.

A large woman wearing a hat covered with purple flowers and carrying a pocketbook the size of a feeding bag took her place in the chair beside Platzker. "Commissioner," she said, "I am at your mercy!"

Platzker sniffed. "The City of New York will do its best," he said.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

She looked for the *New Yorker* in the rack, and discovered he had it. He gave it up, politely. He was through with it, he assured her. Matter of fact, he'd been through with the *New Yorker* for a couple of years now.

She knew exactly what he meant. "You're a writer," she guessed.—*From a story in Redbook.*

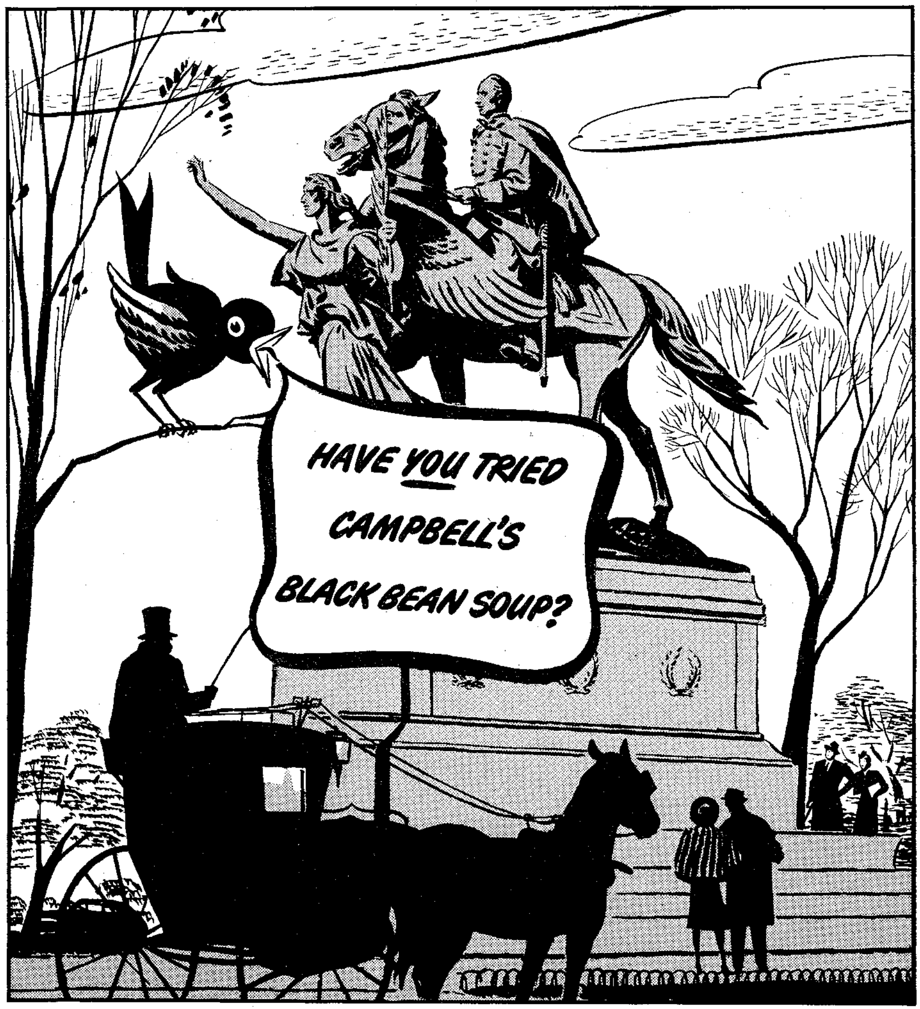
Still and all, he was reading it.

•

THERE GOES ANOTHER FUSE

[*From an adv. for "Apartment in Athens," by Glenway Wescott, in the Herald Tribune*]

David Appel, *Chicago Daily News:* "... one of those rare novels that transcend the bounds of fiction and stand like a beacon, pouring light and truth into a darkened world ... reflecting its meaning not only for our time, but forever."



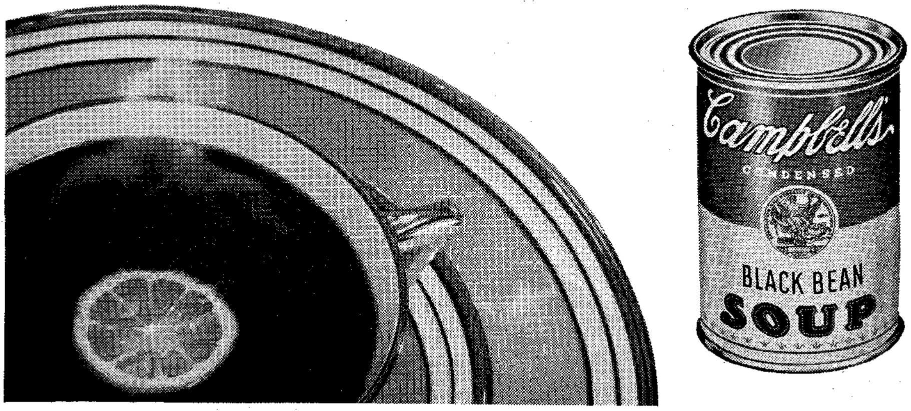
General Sherman Sentinels the Plaza

Whaddya Mean . . .
Caviar to the General!

Sorry! Not *this* soup, General. This soup's reserved—for everybody. Seems people just *will* have Campbell's Black Bean Soup. They mark how rich and deep-flavored it is... remark how subtly seasoned. They note how lively an interest it lends to family meals and to their entertaining. No wonder women these days are, so to say, storming the barricades, threatening, imploring, demanding this smartly different soup. By the by, madame, have *you* tried it?

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

P.S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



THE THEATRE

WAR AND PEACE

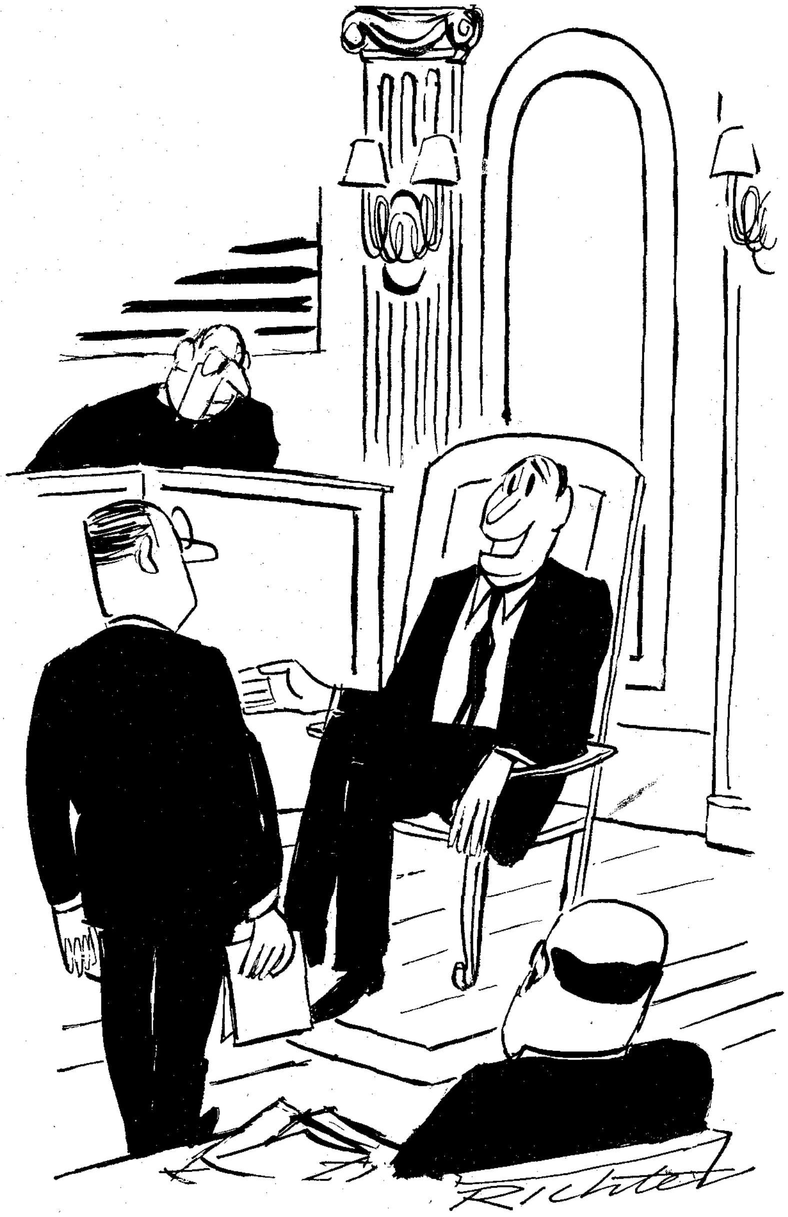
"KISS THEM FOR ME," Luther Davis's adaptation of the novel called "Shore Leave," is another study of the difficulties that members of the armed forces have in adapting themselves to civilian life. It starts out very promisingly with three naval aviators who are sharing a room in a San Francisco hotel. The talk here is tough, funny, and presumably genuine. There is a wonderful party girl (Judy Holliday) who just wants to make the boys happy, and some fine business about a stuffed shirt from the "paper Navy," who is mainly in the business of exploiting heroes. In the second act, in a naval hospital, there is a touching reunion between the fliers and a doomed comrade. From there on, however, things rather come apart, and the end is almost pure bathos. It seems that the shared, compact existence on a carrier has come to mean more to two members of the trio than anything that their homes or friends can offer, and the third, though reluctant, responds manfully to the call of duty. The device by which they get back into combat is one that would be more likely to occur to a playwright trying to wind up a last act than to naval aviators, who, generally speaking, are accountable to their superiors. The strong impression that there is something not quite authentic about "Kiss Them for Me" is considerably enhanced by the periodic appearances of a fashionable young woman who announces that she is prepared to sacrifice everything for love.

The three fliers are played by Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis, all of whom were able to convince me that they might conceivably have been up in a warplane. I also admired the performances given by Edward Crandall, George Mathews, and Dudley Sadler.

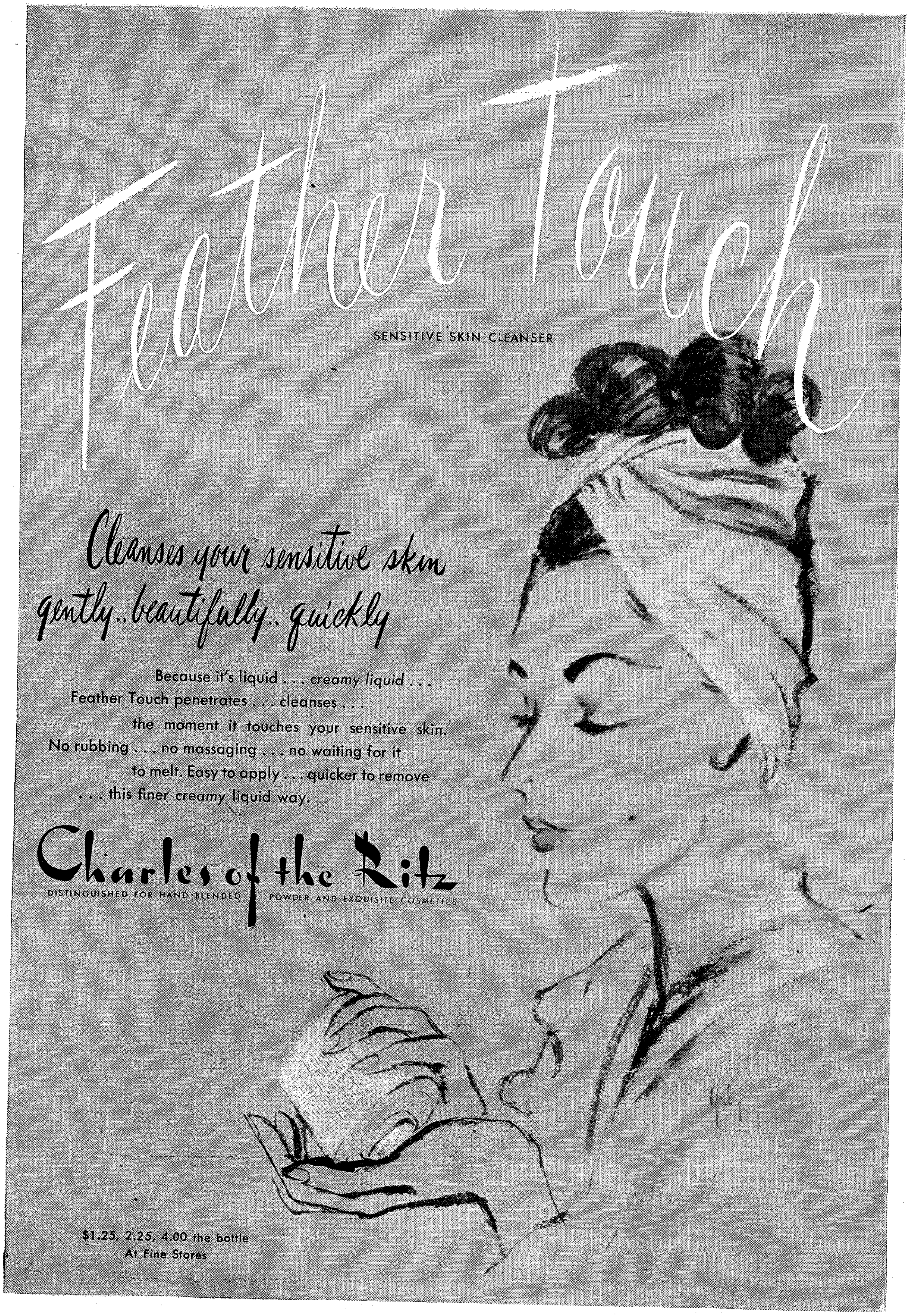
SOMEWHERE around the middle of "The Deep Mrs. Sykes," the management decided it might be a good idea to have Jean Dixon slip on an icy pavement and break her arm; unfortunately, at about that point, much the same sort of thing happened to the play. A section of the dialogue from George Kelly's new piece is obligingly printed in the program at the Booth: "There are egotist women. And they say they're really much deadlier than the male: because their egotism usually passes for mere feminine jealousy." This is not only a summary of Mr. Kelly's theme but also a reasonable specimen of the kind of language he has inflicted on his cast.

The whole business, to be just a bit more specific about it, has to do with the identity of the man who has been sending expensive bouquets—white lilacs, I guess—to pretty little Mrs. Taylor, a gifted young concert pianist who has a rather dull husband of uncertain years. Mrs. Sykes, who fancies herself as an inscrutable woman "with mediumistic eyes," concerns herself violently with this apparently negligible problem. She annoys Miss Dixon, who plays a chronic and wonderful souse, by implying that her husband, one Dr. Fentriss, is the guilty man. It was at this point, incidentally, that Miss Dixon delighted me with her delivery of about the only funny lines in the show. "Give him a bucket of blood and a few old broken bones and he's perfectly happy," she said once, referring indignantly to her spouse, and again, "Once I've got him, what have I got? Just a mess of greens."

The rest of Mr. Kelly's play is mostly an interminable succession of scenes demonstrating that Mrs. Sykes is an extremely tiresome and disagreeable woman, a proposition with which I would be the last to quarrel. Neil Hamilton and Catherine Willard appear as Mr. and Mrs. Sykes and wrestle valiantly with these curiously uninspiring rôles. They are assisted by such amiable actors as Margaret Bannerman,



"It was really a mercy killing. She was driving me crazy."



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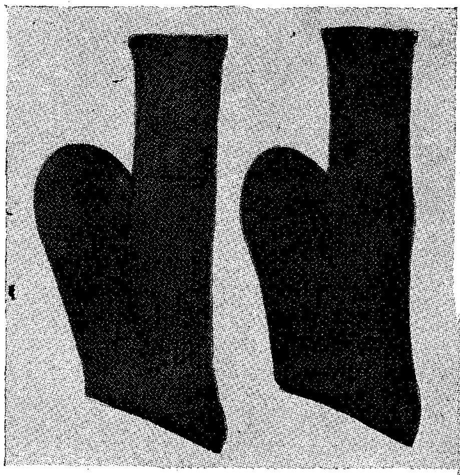
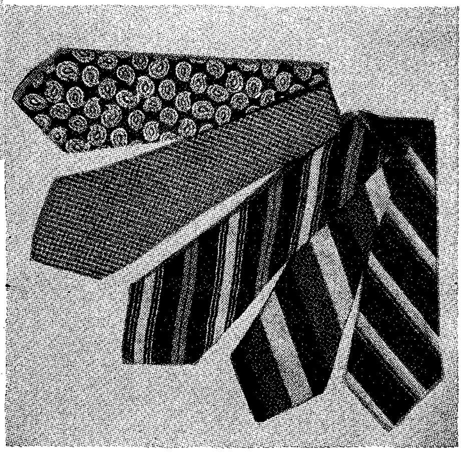
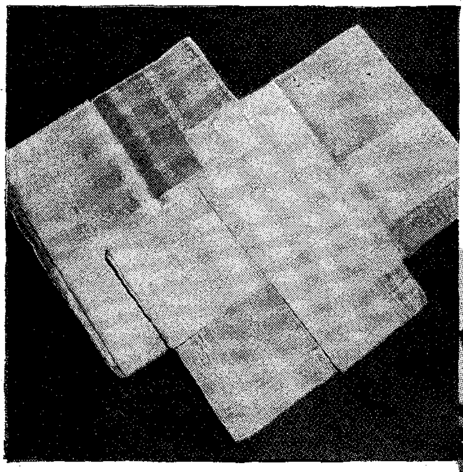


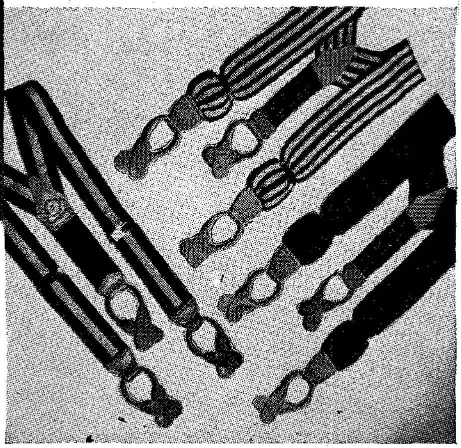
6 x 3 Ribbed Lisle Socks, as illustrated, may be had in a choice of three useful and good-looking plain colors: Navy Blue, Maroon, or Brown. Sizes 10½ to 12, $2.



Brooks Brothers' Neckties, are (top to bottom): Heavy Twilled Rayon in our own Foulard patterns, $3.50; 50% Silk-50% Rayon Checks, $3.50; and silk weighted less than 30% in Striped Rep patterns, $4.



Brooks Brothers' Suspenders, with leather ends and elastic backstays, are (left) Woven Rayon in contrasting colored stripes, $4.50, and (right) Woven Rayon Mesh in a good choice of striped patterns, $2.50.



Sheer White Handkerchiefs, with hand-rolled hems, as illustrated, are (left) fine Cotton, extra large, 22", $2, (right) fine Linen, $3, and (bottom) Cotton, $1.

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Ralph Glover, Gwen Anderson, and Romney Brent, who probably has the most inconspicuous assignment in his career. They are all obviously doing their damnedest, but the show, such as it is, belongs to Miss Dixon.

THE leading mystery of the week, *probably, is how it happened to* occur to anybody that "The Firebrand," a costume play about Cellini by Edwin Justus Mayer, ought to be turned into an operetta, since it would seem almost as rational to do the same thing with Ibsen's little study called "Ghosts." However, it has been done, by Mr. Mayer, with the assistance of such assorted talents as Ira Gershwin, Kurt Weill, Jo Mielziner, Raoul Pène du Bois, and John Murray Anderson, and the finished product is now visible at the Alvin.

Mr. Weill's tunes are often very satisfactory—especially "There'll Be Life, Love, and Laughter," "The Little Naked Boy" (that would be Cupid), and "You're Far Too Near Me"—and Mr. Gershwin's lyrics are as ingenious as usual, particularly in a number called "A Rhyme for Angela," which is the kind of thing Cole Porter once did so admirably. The scenery and costumes, by Mr. Mielziner and Mr. du Bois, respectively, have a fine Florentine style, the girls are decorative enough, if not exactly the types to cause any riot at the stage door, and the gentlemen of the chorus are probably as acceptable as anything you can expect in these rather unusual days.

The trouble with "The Firebrand of Florence," as it is now called, lies mainly, I'm afraid, in Mr. Mayer's book, which seems to have lost not only most of the humor of his original but also any particular narrative interest. Cellini (Earl Wrightson) is no longer a prodigious lover and adventurer; he is just a vocalist, more or less lost between song cues, and the samples of his sculpture are hardly anything you'd care to have around the house. Of the whole cast, in fact, I was attracted only by Melville Cooper, who gave a comic performance as the lecherous duke that was by no means indicated in the script.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[*Elsa Maxwell in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*]

You are on the Bosphorus . . . each national you meet is vividly alive—the Greek waiter, the English intelligence officer, the OWI youngster whom I hope is not typical of his ilk.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly New

VISITORS at last week's Carnegie Hall concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra found a word of warning in Louis Gesensway's program note for his suite for strings and percussions. "Unfortunately," the composer wrote, "it is not music that will 'play to you.' You will have to make an effort to listen." Presumably, the reason for this cautionary preface was that Mr. Gesensway's suite involved certain premises about the melodic possibilities of orchestral instruments which are not usually associated with melodiousness and about what he referred to as "the theory of color harmony, based on the diatonic forty-tone scale." From where I sat, however, there seemed to be nothing severely forbidding or demanding in Mr. Gesensway's composition. It was agreeable listening, and in some stretches where the strings were going full tilt the score sounded almost aggressively euphonious.

ISZT
CHOPIN
MOZART
HOVEN
BACH
AYDN
AHMS
RAVEL
DEBUSSY

All this doesn't imply that the suite immediately became everybody's favorite. It must have been a trifle advanced for those who want their music absolutely straight and it was undoubtedly too genial for those who insist on tonal knottiness. It did, however, introduce a composer who can think out his work logically and ingeniously and whose orchestration stands up and delivers. Mr. Gesensway's colleagues—he is one of the Philadelphia Orchestra's violinists—joined him in a brilliant exposition of the suite. The conductor, Eugene Ormandy, led the composition with enthusiastic efficiency and without a score.

TO conclude its current season at the City Center, the New York City Symphony, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, offered a concert of excerpts from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the assistance of Robert Shaw's Collegiate Chorale and six soloists. This was, in effect, a condensed version of this great music, and on the whole it succeeded in conveying its essence and its spirit. Mr. Stokowski, as you know, treats Bach not as a classic classic but as a living classic, and he presented the work as a moving dramatic narrative without making it overtheatrical. The Collegiate Chorale lived up to its standards, and the soloists offered clear, understanding, and musical singing of the recitatives. The contralto, Jean Handslik, was, I think, new to many of the listeners, but I imagine that she will not remain a stranger very long, because she has an unusually attractive voice and a simple, effective approach to song.

A NEW Tristan is always news, and there was great interest in the first appearance at the Metropolitan of Arthur Carron as the hero of Wagner's love tragedy. Mr. Carron went about his assignment in a musicianly manner and acted with restraint, but he didn't seem to be in the best of voice on this occasion, especially in the second act. This performance was my first meeting with Blanche Thebom's Brangäne, which was well sung and well acted, although perhaps somewhat more reserved than was necessary.

MANY books on composers are written for people who haven't done much homework on the subject, but Alfred Einstein's "Mozart," described by its author as "not an introduction to Mozart's life and music," is hardly that. It is, in the best sense, shop talk from a learned and imaginative authority. Dr. Einstein discusses many aspects of the composer's personality and musicianship. Some of the book is shrewd biography, some of it is technical dissertation, and all of it is stimulating material for those who, as Dr. Einstein puts it, "already know and love at least some of his works." You may not agree with every opinion and conclusion that Dr. Einstein sets forth, but if you are at all interested in Mozart, you will find this book an important and recurringly useful addition to your library. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

> Dear Martha Carr:
> I am a boy of 17, a junior in high school. I would like to go out with the girls as most of the fellows do but it seems impossible to me. Every time I talk to a girl or one speaks to me I get so red in the face and feel so out of place I want to go and hide in a corner. What can I do to overcome this? Please tell me something about the Air Corps enlisted reserve.
>
> —BALDY
>
> —*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

There you go, running away from it again!

SMOKE EATER'S LINGO

Every new member of a fire department must learn the smoke eater's lingo before he can become an accepted fire-fighter. This lingo varies among different companies. But a member of New York City's "Bravest" will always "Lay Spaghetti" when running out the hose. He will be "On the Box" when warned that an alarm has come in, and will welcome the "Coffee Wagon" to thaw out frozen hydrants, though any "Pipeman" or "First Whip" would prefer a cup of java.

He knows that "Kink Chasers" are not anarchists, but the men who straighten bends in fire hose; that "Committee Work" is no compliment, but an assignment to cleaning duties; and that "Ripe" is not a desirable condition, but a fire heavy with smoke.

Incomprehensible jargon to a layman, but understood by any fireman . . . just as your own broker or agent understands the many advantages of modern Atlantic insurance against fire, damage and theft for business properties, homes, furs, jewelry, yachts and other possessions. And so will you, if you ask him.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

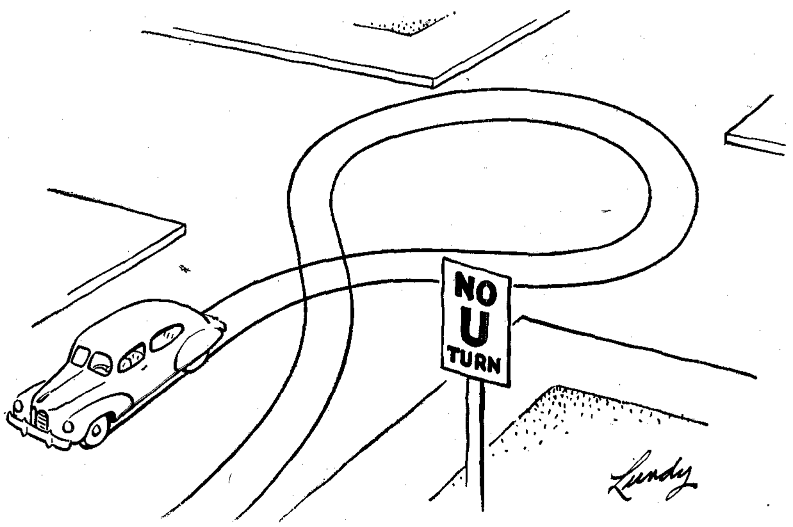
THOSE OF THE FIRST GENERATION

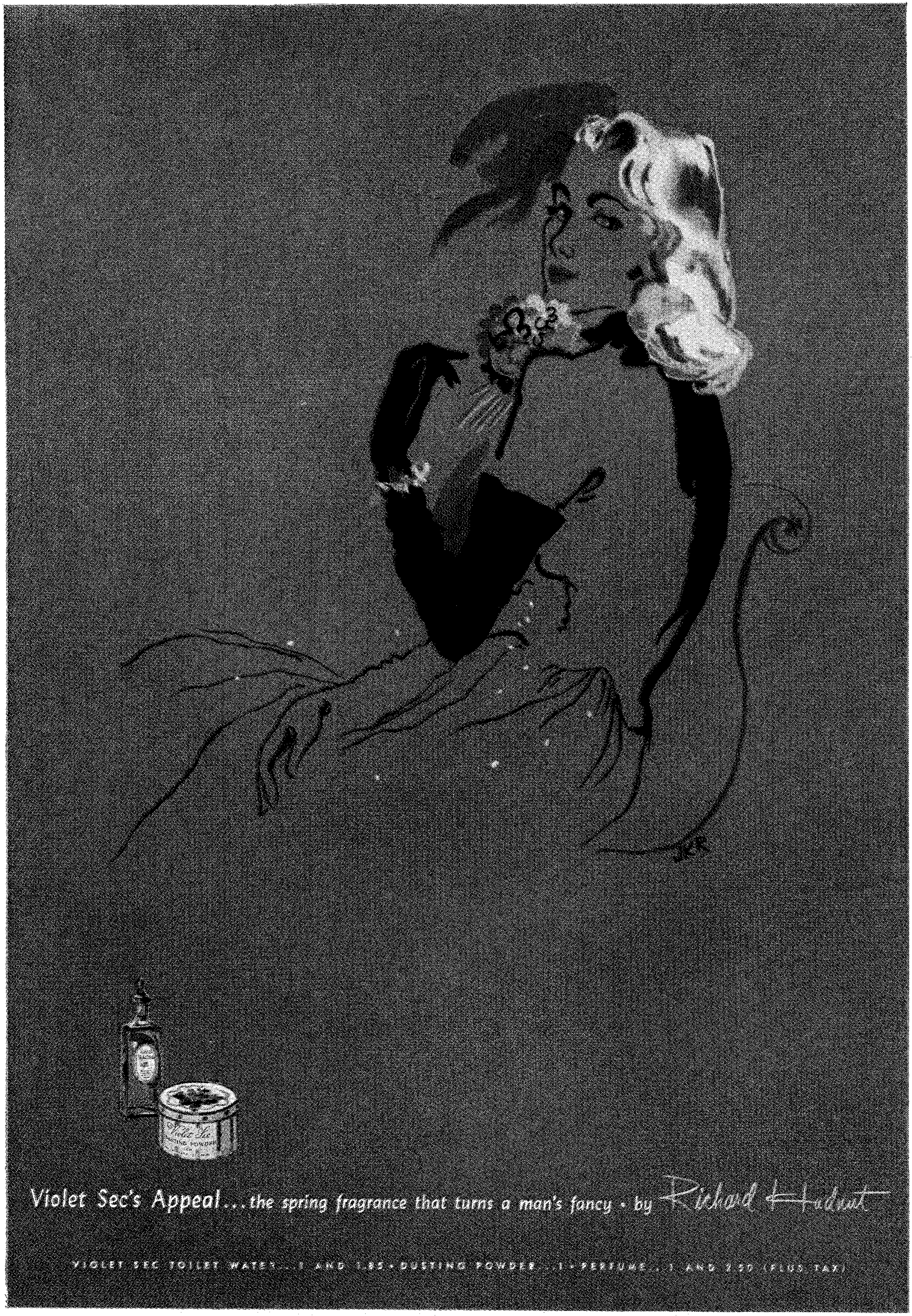
IN Italy, between October 1, 1943, and April 1, 1944, while covering our land operations against the Germans as a war correspondent, I saw quite a little of a unit called the 100th Infantry Battalion, which is composed almost entirely of first-generation or second-generation Americans of Japanese descent from Hawaii. Recently, on my way to the western Pacific, I saw several men of the 100th Battalion again in Honolulu. They were home on leave. It's very easy, if you're interested, to see these soldiers and their families and friends, and I was interested not only because of old acquaintance but because of certain things that had happened meanwhile, and were still happening, along the Pacific coast of the United States—things that seemed strange and ugly to many people at home.

You find, in the Pacific war zone, that there are other people, both civilians and military, to whom these same things—the boycotting of Japanese-American barbershops, the burning of Japanese-American soldiers' houses in California and Oregon—seem neither ugly nor strange. For them our war in the Pacific has made it simple to take the attitude they have taken toward persons of Japanese blood everywhere—too simple, maybe. It's lucky for the Japanese-Americans, in a way, that one's attitude toward the little racial violences on the West Coast of recent months can also be simplified, or over-simplified, in the opposite direction, for they have nearly all involved men with records of service in the American Army, and these records are good, according to the testimony of scores of government spokesmen, military leaders, and white combat units who have fought alongside the Nisei. (Nisei means, literally, "Those of the first generation." It has come in the western states and in Hawaii to mean all Americans of Japanese descent, including the Sansei, or "second generation," and it is a handier expression than "Japanese-Americans" or "Americans of Japanese descent.") Plainly, all issues involving Nisei are not going to be judged in terms of Nisei service men. Opponents of the Nisei, some of them acting from theories about labor, agriculture, and politics as well as about race, are too alert to let that happen. In the meantime, however, a few American Legion posts and a few scattered sidewalk commandos have brought public attention to the question in a field in which Nisei prestige is strongest. The 100th Battalion's is doubly strong, since all its original members, who joined the battle on the Salerno beaches in late September, 1943, were either on active service or reservists before Pearl Harbor. The 442nd Regimental Combat Team, an all-Nisei unit which has been fighting against the Germans in the Alsace sector and includes numbers of post-Pearl Harbor Nisei volunteers, was given a regimental citation last fall for the rescue of a "lost battalion" of very renowned infantrymen from Texas. The latter, sons of a region not unknown for racial issues, went even further and bestowed the title of "honorary Texans" upon the Nisei, who had coöperated during several earlier pinches in the Cassino valley. It should be mentioned in passing that the Texans themselves, who belonged to the badly battered Thirty-sixth Division, were in many cases "honorary" in the same sense. Replacements from neighborhoods as remote as Queens had infiltrated into the division. One of its bravest men, and one who was generally recognized as such when I met him near San Pietro, in Italy, was a tiny Mexican known to his colleagues by the name of Sweet Pea.

The 100th Battalion, which is part of the Thirty-sixth Division, is the Nisei unit I am most familiar with. All its men, without exception, come from Hawaii, and in Hawaii the relations between the Nisei and the *haole*—Hawaiian for "white man"—are somewhat different from those on the Pacific Coast. The Japanese-Americans were thirty-seven per cent of Hawaii's prewar population of around four hundred thousand. If all people of Japanese blood are sinister—and many Hawaiian whites think they are and had violent suggestions as to what to do about it in the days just after Pearl Harbor—it may strike you as odd, on the face of it, that actual outbreaks of race resentment have been confined to the mainland and are seen almost not at all in Hawaii. The explanation is that the hundred and fifty thousand Hawaiian Nisei were never segregated from the life and economy of the whites and other groups, as was the case in the Coast states before the war. Their storefronts alternated with white and Chinese storefronts in Honolulu, their representatives held government jobs, their workers did the bulk of the labor in the sugar and pineapple industries, which are the basis of the Hawaiian economy. They were, in short, vitally necessary to Hawaiian life. In the Pacific Coast states the Nisei group was small and economically inconsequential and did not share the society of whites, with the result that those whites who disliked them on one ground or another were happy to see them "relocated" inland when the Pacific war began and were pugnaciously resentful when the government permitted the Nisei to return to their homes and jobs last year.

Hawaii, where the greater part of the Japanese-Americans live, has, however, produced some curious contrasts in its treatment of Nisei. One pattern, the existence of which never occurred to me when I saw the 100th Battalion fighting in Italy, turns out to be fairly common in the islands. The Nisei who has fought abroad and been wounded—which is the case with ninety per cent of the surviving original members of the 100th Battalion—often has a father, brother, or uncle in an internment camp or a Relocation Center on the mainland. Many of





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the evacuees who were rounded up by Army Intelligence and the F.B.I. after Pearl Harbor because of proof or strong suspicion that they favored or had actively aided the enemy have lately been discharged from confinement. However, when, not long ago, I attended a reception and feast in Honolulu in honor of Pfc. Hideo Tokairin, of the 100th Battalion, who wears the Purple Heart and Italian and French campaign ribbons, his father, Jun-hichi Tokairin, a hotelkeeper in peacetime, was still in California awaiting transportation home to Hawaii after being confined for the best part of three years.

I went to this *luau* (the Hawaiian name for a party that has certain special trimmings, including pig cooked in a pit with hot stones) in the company of a man named Farrant Turner, a Hawaiian-born white man who works for the rich Honolulu hardware firm of Lewers & Cooke. I had known Turner in Italy, where he was the lieutenant colonel commanding the 100th Battalion. At one time, I remember, his command post was in a tomato field near the town of Alife, just north of the Volturno River. While we were talking there, the Germans began to shell the neighborhood and we jumped into holes every minute or so, one of my fellow-reporters sharing a hole with Turner in such a way that his shoes were always in the Colonel's mouth. At the time of this meeting, Turner was out of favor with the regimental staff because of a disagreement on tactics, and a few days later he was removed from his command. His health was poor, and he spent some weeks in a hospital and then obtained an honorable discharge from the Army and returned to Honolulu and civilian life. He remembered the tomato field well when I met him in Hawaii and spoke cheerfully of its congested foxholes. He is plump, gray, and rather mild in manner for a battle leader, and he looks more at home in a store. His mind, however, was still very much occupied with the Nisei troops. He had been the 100th Battalion's first commander; he had taken it from Hawaii to training camps in Wisconsin and Mississippi in 1942, and thence through a staging area in Africa to battle in Italy. Many of the Nisei soldiers sent home with wounds, and many of their families and friends as well, continue to think of Turner as the battalion leader. His misfortune in Italy made little impression on them, and he returned to Honolulu with certain political advantages which he could not fail to sense. "They wanted me to run for mayor when I first got back," he said as we drove to the house of Hideo Tokairin. "I ducked that, but I'm still playing with the idea of politics in some form or other."

Turner was torn between his embarrassment over the possibility of being considered what he called a "Japanese lover" by fellow-businessmen and his true affection for the Nisei troops and a desire to have their record appreciated. He told me of a speech he had made recently at a white American Legion post in Hawaii—he does a good deal of public speaking—in which he disparaged the anti-Nisei actions of the Legion in Oregon and California. "A fellow came up to me afterward," Turner related, "and said, 'You've sold me.' I told them I wasn't trying to sell any idea. I'm no Japanese lover. I just want to get recognition for these boys."

THE *luau* for Hideo Tokairin was given by his mother, a neat, middle-aged woman who was born in Japan and speaks nothing but Japanese. Her husband, also an immigrant, did well before the war with his hotel, the Tohoku, on Beretania Street, in downtown Honolulu. He had made his own house into a tearoom and beer garden, and his wife continued to operate this after he was evacuated. It sits in a little hollow on a leafy side street called Laimi Road. There are a rock garden and pool behind it, overlooked on the rear by Pacific Heights, a fashionable district inhabited by Hawaii's congressional delegate, Joe Farrington, and other leading citizens. Most of the tea-drinking and beer-drinking is done in the grounds surrounding the Tokairin house. Inside I met Mrs. Tokairin, who wore a plain blue print dress. She bowed shyly and mutely. We were standing in a sort of lobby and reception hall opening on a big kitchen. Dozens of Nisei women and older, Japanese-born Japanese women were preparing the feast in the kitchen. In the center of the lobby was a big, old-fashioned iron safe labelled "Hotel Safe." The walls were crowded with family photographs, posters, and lithographs—one showed the San Francisco fire of 1906, "the mightiest conflagration in the history of the world"—as well as pennants Hideo had sent home from military camps on the mainland inscribed with affectionate messages to mothers and sisters. These looked strange above the brief row of shoes left on the doorstep by Mrs. Tokairin's old and

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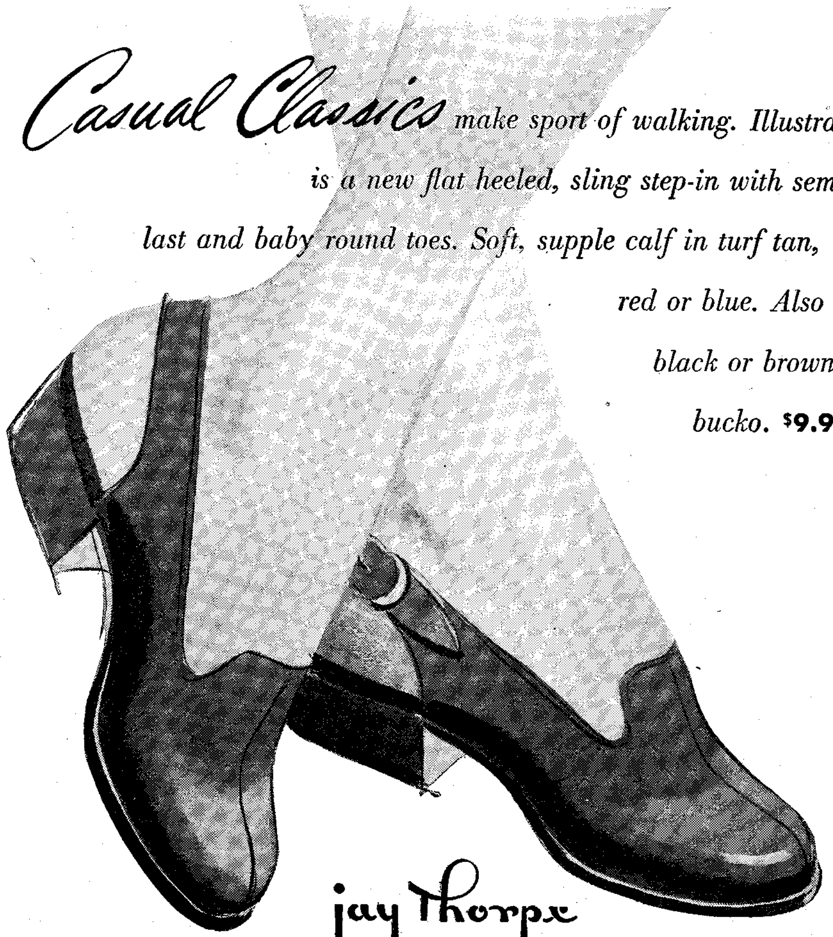

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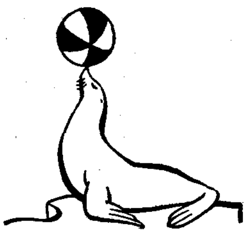

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orthodox friends. A similar contrast was evident in the yard, where a hundred and fifty guests were gathering. Most of them, including a dozen members of the 100th Battalion, in uniforms and ribbons, were one or more generations removed from Japan—young people, male and female friends of Hideo, who stood in groups talking, in English, about dances and the social life at the camps and replacement depots around the islands. The few older guests who were not helping Mrs. Tokairin in the house remained a little apart and exchanged occasional polite sentences in Japanese, the only language they knew. Presently, shortly after noon, everybody filed into a pavilion, where the feast was spread on long wooden tables covered with broad green leaves. As each guest entered, he signed the house guest book.

I do not believe, frankly, that anyone has ever eaten his way completely through the full *luau* repertory. At this feast, which was more or less standard, there were platters and bowls of yam, rock-roasted pig, cold turkey, raw salmon, *poi* (a Hawaiian food staple which tastes to an outsider like library paste), fried shrimp, abalone, raw *akuhe* (a fish), olives, onions, and boiled rice. There was a pair of chopsticks for each guest and bottled Coca-Cola, supplemented by bottled beer, which was served by Hideo's six sisters. The guests ate and drank quietly through the first installments of beer and listened politely to chamber-of-commerce Hawaiian entertainment supplied by a hula dancer and two Kanaka girls with ukuleles. Pretty soon a stocky, middle-aged Nisei attorney named Wilfred Tsukayama, a former holder of public office in Honolulu, got up and firmly took over the proceedings. Mr. Tsukayama is a trained banquet orator. He spoke, in English, of the anguish of parents who see their sons go overseas, "accentuated by the premonition that they may never return." He mentioned the deeds not only inscribed on the record but "indelibly written on fleshy tablets of the human heart." Hideo, a young fellow of twenty-two, with smooth black hair and an intelligent, symmetrical face, sat at the speakers' table with two leis around his neck, hearkening uneasily to the many tributes from Tsukayama and other speakers and much courteous applause. He was not an especially outstanding hero of the 100th Battalion, which had to its credit as long ago as last September sixteen Distinguished Service Crosses, sixty-one Silver Stars, fifty-seven Bronze Stars, three Legion of Merit Medals, and six Soldier's Medals. I gathered that the *luau* in his honor came about because his mother was in a position to entertain handsomely. Mrs. Tokairin sat by her son, understanding nothing said by the speakers introduced by Mr. Tsukayama. Near her sat a Miss Shushito, from the island of Maui, whose engagement to Hideo was announced at one stage of the ceremonies. Mr. Tsukayama also made a gallant reference to the ability of soldiers to "captivate young ladies as well as capture the enemy."

Colonel Turner, in his speech, emphasized the point that he had made to me earlier and that seems to be part of his philosophy of relations between Nisei and whites. "Don't try to state your case for yourself. Let your *haole* friends do it," he urged the audience. This was an oblique reference to letters written to the Honolulu newspapers by Nisei in protest against the troubles in Oregon and California. Such of these protests as I had read seemed to me articulate and well reasoned, but I think they struck Turner as being too naïve and showing an unawareness of certain differences and difficulties. "Let the *haole* outfits in the Thirty-sixth Division say it, let your *haole* friends say it for you," said Turner. "They can tell the story of Japanese-American service better than you can."

The speechmaking ended with a few embarrassed words from Hideo Tokairin, who said, "I don't know what to say. I want to see everybody have a good time and get drunk. Let's go for broke." "Go for broke" is a Hawaiian pidgin expression conveying the idea of all-out endeavor, and the guests began to comply very fully and faithfully on beer and dancing. Mr. Tsukayama, who danced a hula himself, told me that the party would go on till midnight. A successful Nisei lawyer, Bob Murakami, told me of a lawyers' party given in this same house which wound up early on the fateful morning of December 7, 1941. "When the hell broke loose later in the morning," he said, "I was sound asleep from Mrs. Tokairin's hospitality and never knew it happened till they told me."

The men of the 100th Battalion home on leave began to file up to the speakers' table and shake Turner's hand, calling him Colonel. I recognized one or two from having talked with them at Cassino and on the Anzio beachhead. They had the light-hearted, uncomplicated quality I had always noticed in Nisei enlisted men. A Private Tanioka delighted a small group by telling how he had greeted a general who had been in Italy when he was there by yelling "Hello, *paesano*" when he saw the general recently in Honolulu. Another, still known by his battalion nickname of Pili Pili, came up and seized Turner's hand with tears in his eyes. Pili Pili is a man who combines an enormous sentimentality with an enormous capacity for dissipation and winning at craps. Battalion legend credits him with dice earnings of ten thousand dollars, a subject which Turner brought up. "Did you put any of it in the bank?" he asked. "Yes, Colonel," said Pili Pili, sobbing. "You're the only man I ever respected."

Another private at the *luau* had married a white girl of doubtful propriety while the battalion was training at Camp McCoy, in Wisconsin. She took him for two thousand dollars of his savings before he bought a quick divorce for fifty dollars. We all talked together for a while of battles and incidents in Italy, and I asked for news of several of the battalion's best-known men: Captain Isaac Kawasaki, a medical officer who used to tease Turner with a long, fluent, technical diagnosis which turned out to signify trench foot; Captains Taro Suzuki and Young Kim, the most decorated soldiers in the unit; and Private Masao Awakuni, who by himself destroyed two German tanks with his bazooka. Kim, I learned, had lately been captured by a German patrol in France but escaped immediately, which led a general in his area to observe, "They never will get Kim. He's smarter than the smartest man in the German Army."

Mr. Murakami afterward told me something of the background of Hideo Tokairin, which involved two points that are extremely important in the history of the Japanese-Americans in Hawaii. For one thing, Hideo, like many other young Nisei, is a Kibei—that is, his parents sent him to Japan for part of his education. The Kibei, even before Pearl Harbor, were considered by the local whites, including the Army, more suspect than other Nisei. They are, in some cases, sons of well-to-do parents who, born in Japan themselves, thought of the homeland in somewhat the same way Britons who had gone out to the colonies used to think of England when the time came to finish a young man's social and cultural education. They are reported to

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have been encouraged by the Japanese government to think this way, though another Japanese-American soldier I know, John Kuwahara, says that he and other Nisei from Hawaii who studied for a few years at Waseda University, in Japan, before the war were treated as social outcasts and called "Yankee valets" by native Japanese students.

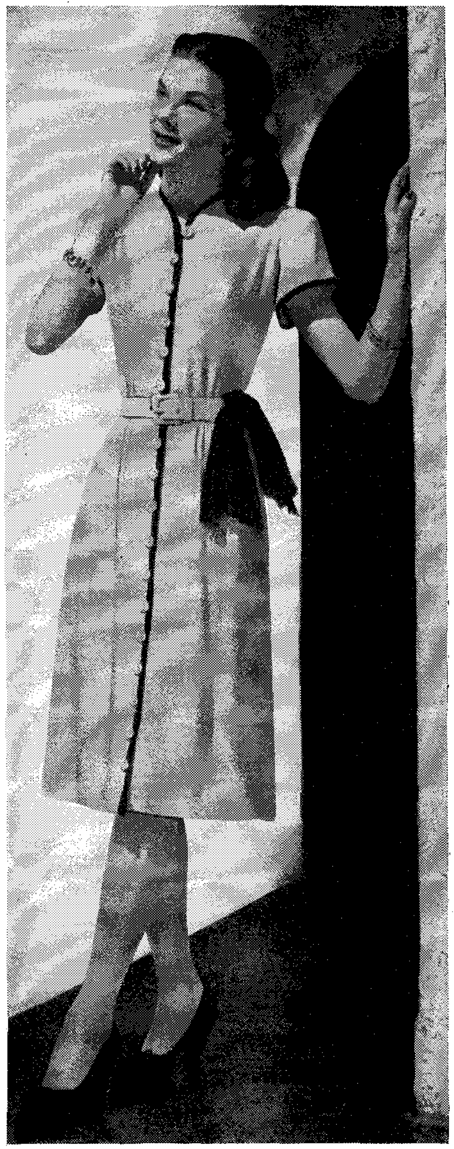
Murakami also told me that Hideo was sent to Japan chiefly because he proved a poor, or rather a lazy, student at home and his parents hoped he might do better elsewhere. In Honolulu, he had attended the same school Murakami and other young men of the neighborhood did, and this brings up the second important point in Hideo's background: the school was a so-called Japanese-language school. The Japanese-language schools were a system of institutions set up privately in Hawaii, with the backing of wealthy Japanese-Americans and perhaps also, as many people here believe, of the Japanese government. Some were frankly Buddhist; some, like the one attended by Tokairin and Murakami, were independent and non-religious. These schools have been shut down for the past three years, and Nisei patriot groups, as well as the Hawaiian government, have opposed their ever being reopened. A cartoon in the local Nisei newspaper *Hochi* (Herald) showed Nisei enlightenment in the American Army as a sword cutting Shinto ties with Japan, and the Volunteer Relief Committee, a Nisei organization loosely affiliated with the local Y.M.C.A., recently went on record as disapproving the whole Japanese-language-school system. The property of Tokairin's school, worth over a hundred thousand dollars, has just been deeded to an organization that has worked out a recreation program for veterans.

These schools taught the Japanese language—and, inevitably, a certain amount of Japanese history and tradition—though from what I know of the 100th Battalion, I'd say they did not teach it well, perhaps because the Japanese language is an even more difficult proposition than English. The language of the average Nisei is, like the English of the average Hawaiian white or Chinese-Hawaiian, interspersed with Hawaiian pidgin. I have found it hard to understand on the tongues of Nisei and also of white Hawaiian millionaires educated at Yale. In Italy, a colonel from another unit once approached Turner in some excitement and said that two of Turner's soldiers were talking Japanese nearby. "How do you know it's Japanese?" asked Turner. "Because I couldn't understand it," the colonel said. "Go back and listen again," said Turner. "That's Hawaiian pidgin."

As a matter of fact, Turner used to have a rule in the battalion that no soldier could speak anything but English. He had this—not with complete success, as you can see—to protect his troops from just such complaints and insinuations as this one. During his term of command, he collected copious statistics on the battalion. He found that its average intelligence quotient was a hundred and three. On the basis of sixteen points for college graduates and twelve for high-school graduates, he established its education average at eleven points. Five per cent of the original members of the battalion were college graduates; twenty-five per cent had been to college. Some of them have proved clever enough in dialectics to confuse German troops badly. One German prisoner in Italy, reacting to the sight of his Japanese captor with characteristic astonishment, said, "I thought the Japanese were on our side." "You people are getting so you believe everything Dr. Goebbels tells you," said the Nisei tersely, thus increasing the global bewilderment of every German within earshot.

THE matter of the evacuation of the father of Hideo Tokairin and the fathers of other Nisei soldiers is a hard one to discuss, because in some cases the reasons for the evacuation are still a military secret and because the suddenness of the Pearl Harbor crisis made it necessary sometimes to act on mere presumptive evidence, as sanctioned by martial law. It is permissible to say that about nineteen hundred Japanese-Americans, mainly Japanese-born, were sent from Hawaii to the mainland either for internment or to be put in Relocation Centers, and that open sympathy for Japan was frequently the reason, though many open sympathizers, if they were old, incompetent, and had a good record, escaped evacuation. Unlike Germans in a corresponding position, most of the islanders who were born in Japan seem to find it physically impossible, when asked the question point blank, to say that they want to see Japan totally defeated and humbled.

While the speed and noise of Mrs. Tokairin's party increased and Tanioka and Pili Pili began to line up older and stabler citizens for individual hula turns, I tried to find out from Hideo Tokairin



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the reason for his father's evacuation. He shrugged slightly and said, "The thing went very quick after Pearl Harbor." Then he added, with more animation, "You know, after I came home from Europe, I put it in writing to the War Department to get him released—official request. A lot of boys here did the same thing—I mean boys that fought in Europe and got decorated. Maybe it helped. We don't know." Later I learned that the Army's official suspicion of Hawaiian Japanese and Nisei at the "quick" time of Pearl Harbor came to be reciprocated by the families of some Nisei soldiers during the spring of 1944, when the 100th Battalion's casualties piled up in the costly stalemates of the Rapido River and Cassino. A rumor ran through the Japanese-American colony—without ever achieving the quality of wildfire—that Nisei soldiers were being given the suicide missions and blood baths as a matter of policy, to shield the white troops. Upon his return, Turner found the rumor still live enough to require a heated rebuttal, which he gave before a large audience of Nisei in a school auditorium. The truth of the matter is that the entire Thirty-sixth Division, of which the 100th Battalion was part, drew punishing assignments in Italy.

I remember the fluent Captain Isaac Kawasaki talking once in a field hospital in Italy about a mission performed by some Nisei troops. He said he thought he spoke for all the battalion's men, even the gold-bricks and wine-chasers and other familiar soldier types which turn up in all units. "We fight Germans because they won't let us fight Japanese—afraid of what would happen if we were captured," said Kawasaki. "I think we do a good job of killing Germans. But Japan is our great enemy. A Japanese victory would be the same thing as choking us to death in our cradles. So wherever we are we fight for survival."

It's a matter of record that before the Nisei troops were asked to start going to work on the Germans, they captured the first Japanese prisoner of this war. On December 7, 1941, two Japanese-American National Guardists swam into the Pacific and took a Jap out of a one-man submarine stuck on a reef off the island of Oahu.

—John Lardner

•

Man Newest of All Animals

Man is the newest of all the animals.
—*The Sun.*

You mean man is the newest of all animals?

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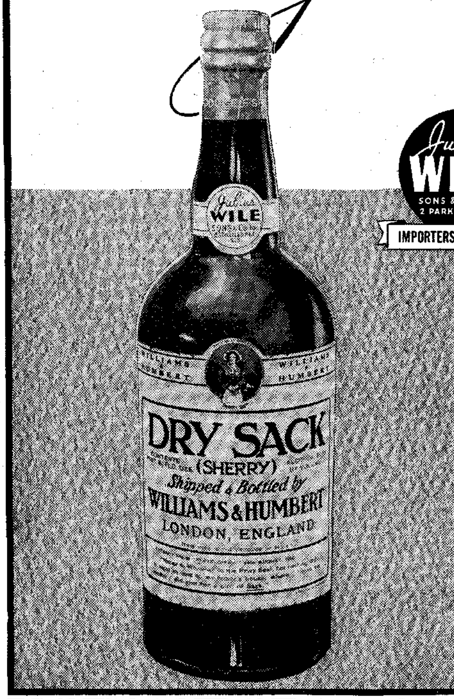

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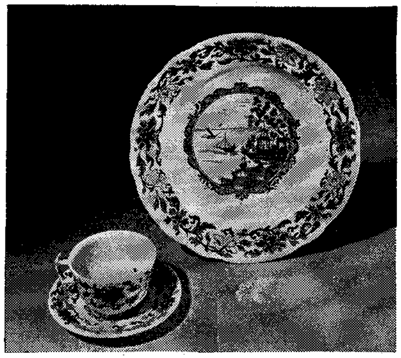

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Practically Without Barry

ON the stage, as I remember it, Philip Barry's play called "Without Love" had to do with a marriage of convenience between a widow whose memories of her first union were too poignant to allow her to contemplate another, in any physical sense, and a bachelor who had had a rather unfortunate affair with a predatory young woman. The moving-picture version, as adjusted by Donald Ogden Stewart, preserves this basic motif. There, however, the resemblance ends with a bang. On a secondary level, Mr. Barry was concerned with wartime diplomacy in Washington, with special reference to the Anglo-Irish dilemma. Mr. Stewart has switched all that around to something about two scientists trying to perfect a helmet for high-altitude flying. There is also a good deal of humor about the housing shortage and some dealing with an alcoholic millionaire and two beautiful ladies who have designs on him. Then there is the introduction of such novelties as somnambulism (getting people into the wrong beds), quotations from T. S. Eliot, the spectacle of such expensive performers as Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy playing supporting rôles to a lot of Rube Goldberg machinery, and a very appealing little dog whose breed is a mystery to me. It is certainly not what Mr. Barry wrote in the first place—I doubt, in fact, if he would recognize much about the M-G-M production as his own except the title—but it is a very witty and engaging picture, recommended here without hesitation.

Miss Hepburn and Mr. Tracy succeed brilliantly in the leading parts. The somewhat metallic and stylized quality of Miss Hepburn's acting is almost perfectly suited to a rôle that is largely a vehicle for fashionable humor, and Mr. Tracy's homespun behavior seems just about right for a man who really prefers airplanes to dames. The secondary romance, conducted by Keenan Wynn, Lucille Ball, and Patricia Morison, may be a little conventional in design—the attentions of a rich young man are divided between an aristocratic fiancée and a rather unsuitable type who just likes to be kissed—but Mr. Stewart has handled it genially, and it serves very well to offset the sometimes too lofty conversations of the principals. On the whole, while it is by no means the picture of the year, I think you can go to "Without Love" with a reasonable assurance of having a very pleasant time.

"THE SILVER FLEET" is a superior British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard in the early days of the German invasion. The hero, very effectively played by Ralph Richardson, pretends to collaborate with the enemy but helps one submarine escape to England and scuttles another, after luring all the Nazi officials in the town on board. It is melodrama, of course, but held on the low, intelligent key which the English seem to understand so much better than anybody over here.

"THE HOUSE OF FEAR" is based on that Sherlock Holmes story called, I think, "The Five Orange Pips," and deals with an insurance racket far too complicated for me to clear up offhand. At one point, Holmes (Basil Rathbone) says, "That frightening look in his eyes is most probably advanced opium poisoning complicated by astigmatism." As you can see, the Master hasn't lost his old, exasperating touch. Most of the picture takes place in an old manor house and a deep, constant fog. . . . Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore, and Bob Burns are the principal ingredients of "Belle of the Yukon," a Technicolor operation dealing with just about what you'd expect. They all perform their specialties, perhaps to the detriment of the plot. That was O.K. with me.

—W. G.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

The Daily News is a white scroll,
A clean page in the storied years
Of Chicago's life. Men of high soul
And heart have guided it, devoid of fears.
They held its course by the Pole Star,
They nailed its flag to the mainmast
And with silken sail and silver spar
It faced the sunshine and the blast.
A clear voice in the thunder tone
Of Chicago's organ throat sublime,
It is a martial timbred trumpet blown
By burning lips in high, heroic time.
The Daily News, a sweet and flawless gem
Set in rich Chicago's priceless diadem!

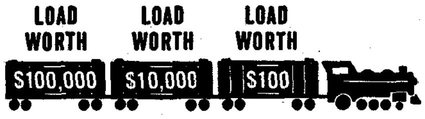
Wheaton. FRANK EARL HERRICK

"What does it cost *to ship a Ton a Mile?*"

FOR moving one ton one mile by rail, the average charge—and note that word "average"—is less than one cent.

O.K., you may say, that ought to make freight rates simple. Why not "sell a ticket" for moving freight, just like selling a passenger ticket? Take the number of tons, the number of miles, the average charge, and figure it out?

We wish it could be that easy. But here is the problem.



Some freight is cheap, heavy, little subject to loss and damage. Some is valuable, light and bulky, difficult, risky and expensive to handle. Such differences in the character of freight call for differences in rate making. No one would suppose that charges should be the same on a ton of coal as on a ton of diamonds.

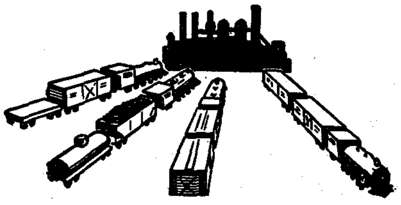
To charge even as little as one cent per mile for hauling a ton of some of the heavy, low-priced commodities would mean, in many cases, making rates so much higher than they are now that such commodities could not move over the long distances we have in this country and be sold at a profit in distant markets.

On the other hand, rates on more valuable articles can be much higher than the average without making any appreciable difference in the price at which they are sold.

So, to make it possible for all sorts of freight to be moved to market, and at the same time meet the necessary costs to the railroad of doing the job, there came to be these differences in freight rates—with the result that shippers, railroads and the public benefit from the amazingly wide distribution and use of all sorts of commodities all over America.

"Prices" tailored to the public interest

Rate-making seems complex. But that's because commerce is complex. Rates, or transportation prices, must be made for the movement of tens of thousands of different articles over various routes between tens of thousands of places, all over the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If those prices, as a whole, are too low, the railroads won't be able to meet the costs of doing business. But if transportation is priced too high, the traffic doesn't move—and that is not good for either railroads or shippers.

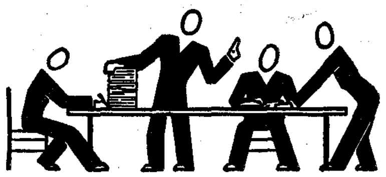


And so it is that over the years the railroads have worked on a basis of "what is best for our customers is best for us." It is to the interest of every railroad to build up the area it serves. It wants to encourage the growth of industries. It wants to encourage agriculture. It wants to encourage mining, lumbering, every other type of business. Rates are figured out for just that purpose—to meet the needs of commerce—and are revised to respond to changes in those needs as they come about.

Where the I. C. C. comes in

Many years ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission was established to prevent undue discrimination in railroad rates as between shippers and communities, and to see that rates are "just and reasonable."

All railroad rates are open covenants openly arrived at after discussion between the railroads and shippers. All rates are published, are filed with the I.C.C., and are open to anyone to see.



But in any case, a shipper who isn't satisfied has the right to ask that the I.C.C. step in and investigate. And more than 250 volumes of I.C.C. reports show how active the Commission has been in this respect.

This principle of tailoring transportation prices to the public interest has stood the test of time—and no man who has made a sincere and expert study of the problem has found a better system for all concerned.

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AMERICAN RAILROADS
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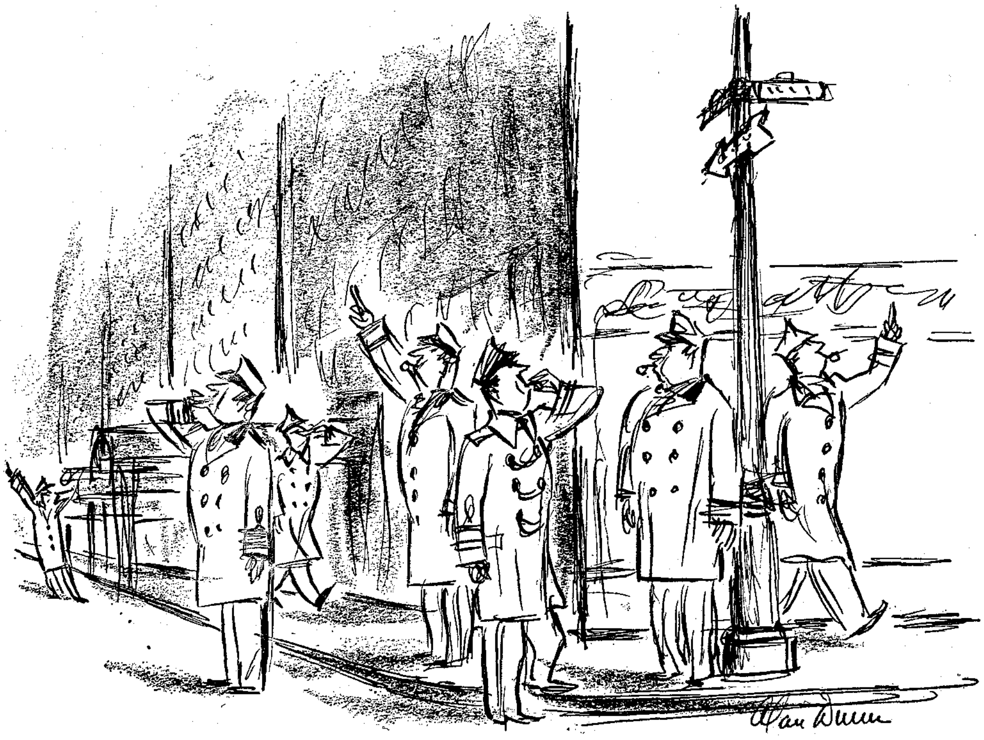
LETTER FROM COLOGNE

MARCH 19 (BY WIRELESS)

COLOGNE-ON-THE-RHINE is now a model of destruction. The nearby city of Aachen died in a different way: its handsome, melancholy skeleton is left upright; behind its elegant, carved façades, it was burned out. Cologne and its heavy, medieval pomp were blown up. By its river bank, Cologne lies recumbent, without beauty, shapeless in the rubble and loneliness of complete physical defeat. Through its clogged side streets trickles what is left of its life, a dwindled population in black and with bundles—the silent German people appropriate to the silent city.

Most of the people in Cologne have little to say. Dazed by a week of defeat, three years of bombings, and twelve years of propaganda, the old men and the women and children who now inhabit the city sound as if they had lost all ability to think rationally or to tell the truth. Nor did the last orders from their departing Nazi government encourage accurate conversation. One brand-new, fragile-looking item that is seen again and again along the sodden Cologne streets, battered by weather and war, is a propaganda poster pasted on the remaining walls. In Gothic letters, and with exclamation point, the poster advises "*Schweigen siegen!*"—"To keep silent is to win." This poster was put up just before the American First Army's triumphant entrance into the city. Having lost the war of arms, defeated Germany is apparently counting again on the psychological victory she won in the last peace—the victory of silence, lies, whining, energy, devotion, and guile. Even the children seem to have been given their orders to tell the same old patriotic little Nazi fibs. Some small boys I saw who were patently wearing their Hitlerjugend caps, from which the insignia had been removed, told me, with no timidity whatever, that these were ordinary winter caps. Then, overcome by the farcical ease of their first trick on the decadent democratic foreigner, they fled, giggling, to hide behind a ruined doorway. Theirs was the only laughter I have heard in Cologne. The other day, from the nearby city of Bonn, which our troops were then entering, news came to Cologne of an extraordinary proposition. Being a university town, Bonn felt competent to offer, for our American Army's help, the city's own selected corps of interpreters, all speaking perfect Oxford English and high German, who could thus replace, in our relations with the Bonn civilians, our own Army interpreters, many of whom are German Jews.

The only Cologne German I have talked to who has made sense began with the customary subservient lies but ended, at least, with his version of Teutonic truth. He lives near the gate of the Klingelpütz Gestapo prison and for forty years was a paper bundler for the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which was the town's leading conservative Catholic newspaper. He opened our conversation by mumbling mendaciously that no Germans had ever believed Germany could win the war, then admitted that the shocking idea of losing it had come to him and everyone else only when their Army failed to capture Stalingrad. I asked him if the Germans had *not* been discouraged when Japan pulled the powerful, productive United States into the conflict. He said that they had, on the contrary, rejoiced and had at once intelligently declared war on us themselves. By doing that, he explained, they forced upon us that war on two fronts which had long been the German high command's formula for military defeat. He actually seemed able to accept philosophically the idea of Germany's fast-approaching defeat—on two fronts—since it proved that the German high command had been, for Germany anyhow, absolutely right. He furthermore felt that somehow England had failed to keep a date with history by not falling by 1941.



He and his patient, nervous wife, whom I also talked with, had been bombed out three times, but she had been buried alive with him only twice, since in the terrible daylight bombing of September 17, 1944, she had been away from home in a food queue and had popped into one of the available *Bunker*, as the Germans call their air-raid shelters. It had never occurred to them to leave Cologne, where food was fairly easy to get. Anyway, every other place was being bombed, too, and refugees were resented. The couple showed me their cellar room, where they had been sleeping, cooking, and hoping for the past fourteen months. It looked and smelled orthodox in the circumstances—damp, dark, crowded with a mixture of bedding and skillets, family photographs, and mudstained clothes. The mud of Cologne is part wallpaper from the city's bombed homes, part window panes, part books, part slate roofs fallen from fine old buildings, and surely part blood from the two hundred thousand dead, the fourth of Cologne's population now in peace. The paper bundler and his wife were planning to sleep upstairs now that the Americans had come. "*Gott sei Dank*," the woman said bleakly. "Anyhow, they bring an end to the war."

The power of survival of the poor apartment house in which this couple live was shared by few of the city's grand mansions. The bombs had left

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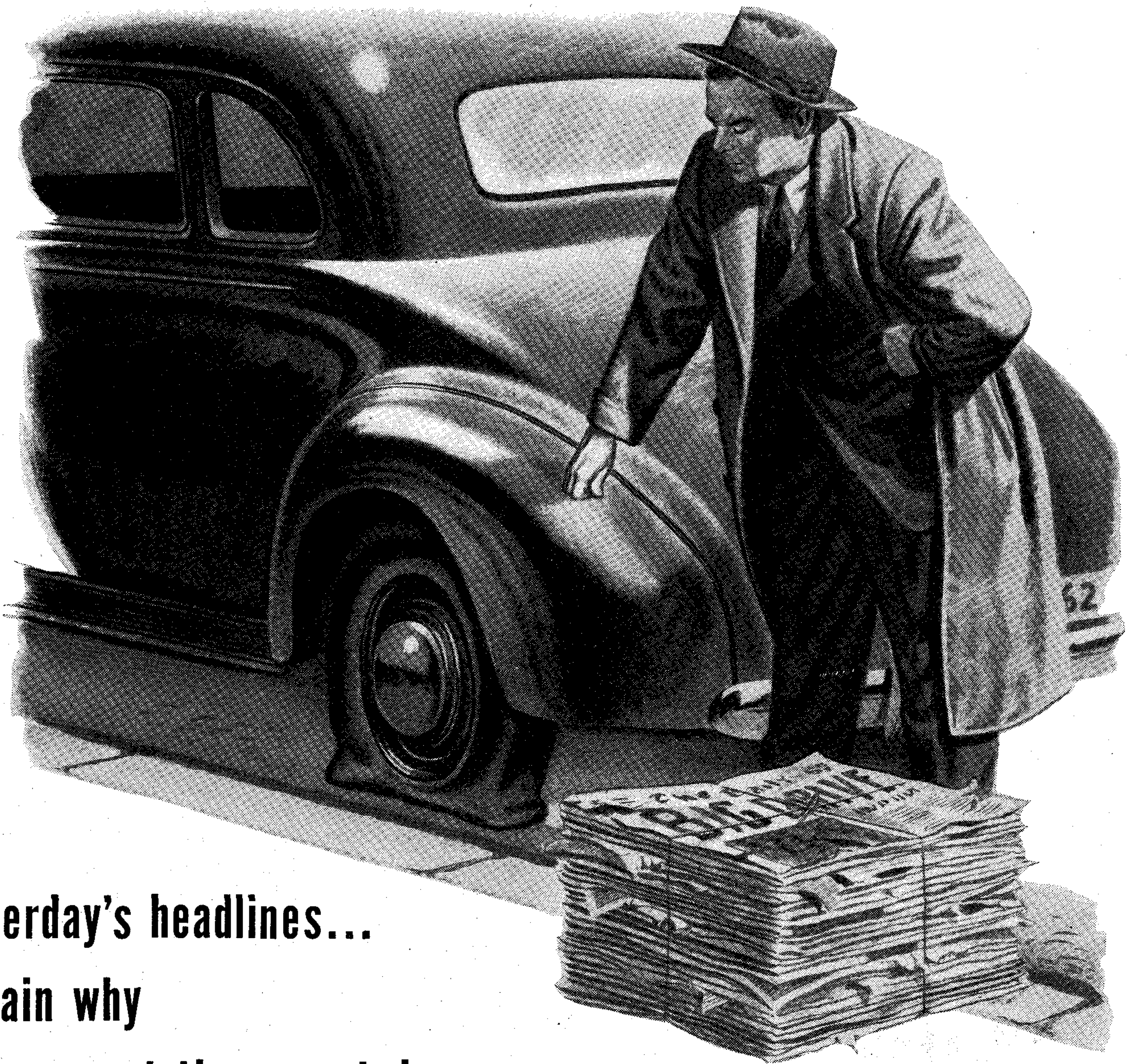
the paper bundler's ground-floor bedroom intact. From its single window was visible, in the rubble-strewn areaway outside, a discarded Nazi flag. It could have been tossed only from that room. Like all the Nazi flags that had been dumped, like scarlet garbage, into the corners of alleys, its arrival there was dated. It had surely lain there from precisely four-thirty of the Tuesday afternoon on which the American Army officially took over the city and began its appreciative collection of such German souvenirs as Nazi flags. Cologne was so thoroughly destroyed by bombings that the German Army did not bother to boobytrap its ruins, presumably figuring, incorrectly, that they contained nothing attractive to the American soldier.

THE hundred thousand inhabitants of Cologne who lived like troglodytes in their caves during all our blitzes are now coming up from underground to present themselves, with pale servility, to the U. S. Army's Military Government, which has already got a census under way. Three hours after our Army had fought its last bleeding step in, this military government started to operate. Much of the impression we make on captive Germany and it makes on us will be formalized in our first civilian relations with Cologne, our first big conquered city. The dangerous, comfortable moment in Germany may come when the American administrators, quite naturally, find the obedient, obsequious, efficient enemy Germans easier to deal with than the scatterbrained, individualistic French have been, or the captious Belgians, or the obstinate Dutch.

Fraternization carries a heavy penalty in Cologne. What was called in Aachen, where we began our first relations with the Germans en masse, the sixty-five-dollar question—the amount of the fine, as ordered by General Eisenhower, a soldier had to pay for talking to a German *Mädchen*—has been raised in Cologne to a ten-year prison sentence. I saw a soldier take longer than necessary to discuss with a Cologne *Fräulein* the problem of getting his laundry done, in itself a permitted brief platonic dialogue. An M.P. picked him up, theoretically for ten years. Another soldier nipped by an M.P. proved to be a Pennsylvania Dutch reconnaissance man who was lost and asking his way, in bad German, along the ruined streets. Our Army captured some splendid colored *Stadtpläne*, or city maps, of Cologne, but unfortunately the streets they indicate are often no longer there. Even the city parks are plowed under. To the Germans, with their worshipful sense of iconography, it must be shocking to sit for a moment's rest in a park beneath a blasted tree and a headless statue of the beautiful old Kaiserin Louise.

COLOGNE contains two important chambers of horrors. It was good that a half dozen of us American journalists viewed them together, so that our eyewitness reports would be unanimous and would be believed. Sometimes it appears that Americans in general and the good-and-bad-Germans school in particular do not wish to hear about Nazi atrocities. One of the great differences between some officers and their men here is that the officers are inclined to believe, even at this late date, that German sadism is a lot of hysterical bunk, whereas their men usually know that it is an unpleasant truth. Certainly the wrecked human beings whom I saw tumbling to liberty through the grilled doorway of the Klingelpütz Gestapo prison on the cold Saturday after our Army had entered Cologne were scarred, starved, in-the-flesh proofs of the existence of very bad Germans indeed. During their first half hour's delirium of freedom and fresh air, these men and women who had been imprisoned for the adultness of their political faith acted like lunatics—sobbing, falling down on the cobblestones of the courtyard, wagging their heads, and holding their temples, where they had most often been beaten. From the nose of one French boy the blood spurted in a pale-pink, excited, pulsing jet. A tall, once strong Dutch workingman kept shouting, in German, "We must never forget! Swear it!" A thin young Belgian, in what had once been good tweeds, stood praying over a mound of earth in the prison courtyard. His father and four other prisoners had been buried there the night before our soldiers came in. The son had made a cross by binding two bits of wood together with a frayed strap he had been using as a belt for his trousers. Then he had prayed. He apologized to me in English for not being shaved. At first he refused a cigarette—"for fear of depriving you." He and his dead father had been resistance men. The most startling member of the group was the still exquisitely pretty Brussels girl in a saintly blue rain cape who had spent nineteen months of her nineteen



Yesterday's headlines... explain why your present tires must do

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The unexpected speed of our drive to Victory is not without its price. It means that the military machine is eating up tires at a terrific rate . . . much faster than had been expected.

Consequently, all programs connected with tire procurement have had to be sharply increased. This includes rayon tire cord, the use of which is essential in military tires. Production is being raised to 20,000,000 pounds a month . . . more than double the 1944 rate of output. The American Viscose Corporation will supply nearly 50% of this need.

Close and effective cooperation between government officials, tire manufacturers, and rubber and tire cord producers is assuring that these increased demands will be successfully met. But it takes time to put such a vast, stepped-up program into effect.

Therefore, the time when you can have new tires has had to be indefinitely postponed. This means it is now more important than ever for you to observe tire conservation measures . . . so that your car may continue to serve you, and your country.

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years in Gestapo prisons for having helped R.A.F. fliers to escape. Another surprise was a seventy-year-old Dutch grandmother, complete with dignity, four languages, gold-rimmed glasses, and a decent black fur coat. She had listened to the London B.B.C. broadcasts. There were also several blond, tubercular Russian girls, some terrified-looking, speechless Poles, and three completely crazed Germans. One liberated Frenchman was a Montmartre café waiter who had refused to go to Germany to work and had therefore been sent there and put in a concentration camp, the first of a series of nine camps. He had escaped nine times and been caught nine times. His eyes, teeth, hands, head, and feet had all been injured by the beatings the Germans had given him. In one camp, on the Vistula River, he had labored one summer, along with some starving Poles, dredging sand to make a bathing beach for the *Herrenvolk* officers.

The second horror chamber was the Gestapo office in the Apellhof Platz, across from the court of appeals it had ignored. Near the curiously undamaged office, on a mattress in the middle of a wrecked street, lay three young non-German corpses. These were the bodies of men who were being dragged by two Gestapo men to the questioning room when an American shell fell and, perhaps fortunately, killed all five men. High above them lay a sixth victim of the same shell: a well-to-do, stay-at-home old German, still wearing a nice blue suit and his wedding ring, his prosperous person caught, but still intact, underneath the staircase on the second-floor landing of his big house, half of which had been sheared away just an inch from where he lay. Below the Gestapo office was a small sub-basement cell where, the Klingelpütz prisoners said, the Gestapo had hung other prisoners six at a time by crowding them into a row, standing them on stools, dropping nooses around their necks from an overhead bar, and then kicking the stools out from beneath their feet. One Italian became a legend by kicking his stool loose himself and shouting, as his final strangled words, "*Viva l'Italia! Viva la libertà!*"

The Gestapo sub-basement smelled of a rotting haunch of horsemeat from which a hoof still dangled. Supplies, apparently, had run low as the Americans approached the city. In the office were files containing some copies of an S.S. French-language leaflet destined for French slave-labor gangs in Germany. The leaflet said, "French comrades, conscious of the future of thy country, thou canst not remain neutral in this conflict, thou shouldst take up arms to fight at thy European brothers' sides. Thy country sinks beneath Jewish-Anglo-American bombs. Thy parents lie amid the ruins. Come avenge them. Come with us to chase these assassins from France, give thyself the honor of not leaving this task to Germans alone. Come combat with us the true enemies of thy land, those who turn it into a vast cemetery, the Jews. France will relive, thanks to thee, and thou wilt participate with us in its arising again in the new National Socialist regime which we will set up after our victory. Offer thy services to the French Armed Elite Guard or to the French National Socialist movement, 7 Freytagstrasse, in Düsseldorf."

THE buildings of architectural interest in Cologne have been seventy-five-per-cent destroyed, the Fine Arts and Monuments section of our Army reports. The Wallraf-Richartz Museum, which contained good paintings of the South German and Cologne schools of 1300–1550, including various Altdorfers, Cranachs, and Dürers, and Stephan Lochner's famous "Madonna in an Arbor of Roses," was demolished, a loss in itself because of its fine cloisters, but the paintings had been evacuated. Our art experts figure only a ten-per-cent damage to Cologne Cathedral, which typical Hohenzollern egotism put over as one of the sublimest in the world, although its pleasant Gothic nave was finished in exactly 1880 (a priest was still on hand with a throw-away historical booklet to give our tourist soldiers) and is only slightly better than Fifth Avenue's St. Patrick's. The really great loss to Cologne and the world are its eleventh-century Romanesque churches, such as the decagonal St. Gereon, which has been cut in two, and, above all, the Apostles' Church, with its twelfth-century side aisles, superb mosaics, and magnificent domed crossing. I stumbled and crawled up a nobly proportioned aisle into which the mosaic dome had crumbled in colored ruin. Overhead, four of the dome's ribs and its lantern, miraculously intact, were outlined as naked, resistant, architectural principles—nearly a thousand years old in wisdom and balance—against the dull modern sky. Across that sky flew a gaggle of nine planes. The mortar shells of the Nazis still fighting on the other side of the Rhine began dropping, a long way off, into what had once been their fine city. The air shook, and from the church's injured choir great drops of red mosaics bled down onto the altar.

It is reasonable to think that Cologne's panorama of ruin will be typical of what our rapidly advancing Army will see in city after city. Because Germany is populous, more cities have been destroyed there than in any other country in Europe. Defeat in the last war did not cost Germany a stone. This time the destroyer of others is herself destroyed. This physical destruction of Germany is the one positive reason for thinking that this time the Allies may win the peace. However they decide to divide Germany, her cities, if they are like Cologne, are already divided into morsels of stone no bigger than your hand. —GENÊT

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(PUBLIC UTILITIES DIVISION)

[*From "The Man with the Baton," by David Ewen*]

He was its dynamo of energy. —*Page 86.*

. . . the electric incisiveness of Koussevitzky's stroke . . . —*Page 104.*

A conductor can often inspire and electrify them with his gestures. —*Page 105.*

He was like a dynamo. . . . He converted the efforts of his musicians into electric energy. —*Page 119.*

. . . performances of electrifying quality. —*Page 126.*

. . . a vital moving force which always makes it electrically alive. —*Page 146.*

A dynamo of energy . . . —*Page 146.*

. . . seemed to emit with each sweep an electric current. —*Page 171.*

Something about the conductor . . . electrified them . . . —*Page 171.*

Upon his return to Italy he continued to startle and electrify. —*Page 172.*

In front of him, one senses instantly that one is in contact with an electric current. —*Page 189.*

. . . on the air or on the concert-stage he radiates electricity . . . —*Page 198.*

. . . he is a distinct personality, electric, magnetizing. —*Page 199.*

. . . a great musician and electric showman . . . —*Page 200.*

. . . the electric news of his resignation . . . —*Page 206.*

We find him electrifying his audiences. —*Page 212.*

. . . his levity is as ephemeral as lightning . . . —*Page 221.*

The programs in Boston . . . were . . . electric in their experimentalism. —*Page 229.*

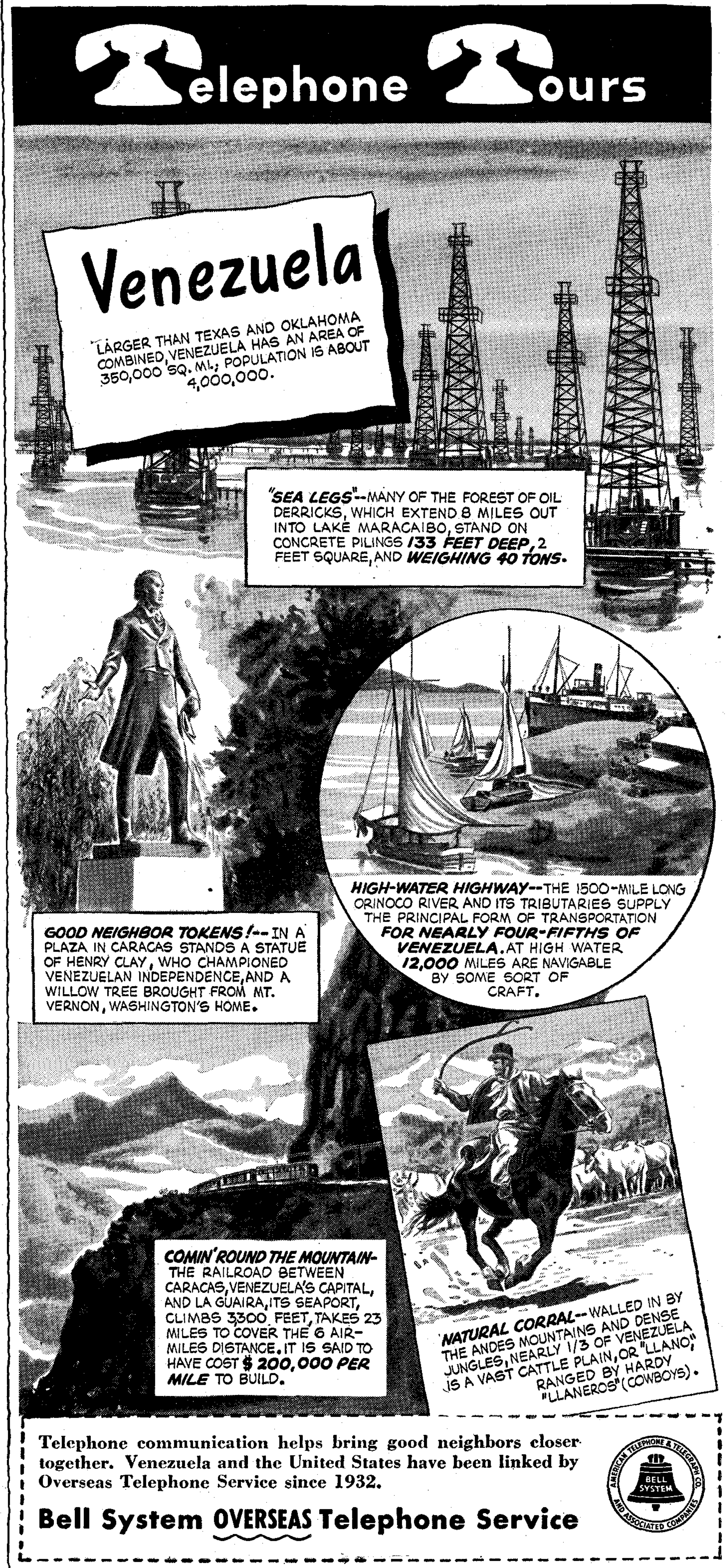
The baton . . . acquired an electric appeal . . . —*Page 230.*

His was a personality full of magnetic power . . . —*Page 245.*

. . . up he springs as if electrified . . . —*Page 247.*

The electric current that shot through Strauss' poem, igniting the coruscant tone-colors with added glow . . . —*Page 266.*

Rodzinski proved that an electric baton was in his hand. —*Page 276.*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GOOD NEIGHBOR TOKENS!-- IN A PLAZA IN CARACAS STANDS A STATUE OF HENRY CLAY, WHO CHAMPIONED VENEZUELAN INDEPENDENCE, AND A WILLOW TREE BROUGHT FROM MT. VERNON, WASHINGTON'S HOME.

HIGH-WATER HIGHWAY--THE 1500-MILE LONG ORINOCO RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES SUPPLY THE PRINCIPAL FORM OF TRANSPORTATION **FOR NEARLY FOUR-FIFTHS OF VENEZUELA.** AT HIGH WATER **12,000** MILES ARE NAVIGABLE BY SOME SORT OF CRAFT.

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN- THE RAILROAD BETWEEN CARACAS, VENEZUELA'S CAPITAL, AND LA GUAIRA, ITS SEAPORT, CLIMBS 3300 FEET, TAKES 23 MILES TO COVER THE 6 AIR-MILES DISTANCE. IT IS SAID TO HAVE COST **$ 200,000 PER MILE** TO BUILD.

NATURAL CORRAL--WALLED IN BY THE ANDES MOUNTAINS AND DENSE JUNGLES, NEARLY 1/3 OF VENEZUELA IS A VAST CATTLE PLAIN, OR "LLANO," RANGED BY HARDY "LLANEROS" (COWBOYS).

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THE ART GALLERIES

Two Pioneers

PIET MONDRIAN, the Dutch Abstractionist, whose paintings are now on view in a memorial show at the Modern Museum, was a short, straight-backed, dry little man, almost as thin and tightly buttoned as the rolled umbrella he usually carried, and he was seventy-one years old when he died here a year ago last February. Next to Picasso, Dali, and a couple of others, he was probably the most widely known living painter, but at the time of his death his income, derived in part from an allowance paid him by a wealthy amateur, was hardly more than fifty or sixty dollars a week—a fact which indicates that art, for the artist, is not so good a racket as some think it.

Mondrian didn't seem to suffer. A man of almost monastic habits, he lived alone in a spotlessly white two-room studio on East Fifty-ninth Street, loved jazz (he had a theory that modern jazz music expressed the same abstract principles that his art did), and worked slowly and undeviatingly toward the perfection of a style that has been the bewilderment of many and the admiration of a few. Fundamentally, his life was spent in making various arrangements of black stripes and red, blue, and yellow squares of color on white canvas, and he probably carried the attempt to substitute the pleasures of pure pattern for the emotional attraction of representation, which is the aim of all abstract art, as close to its limits as it is possible to go. His last picture, "Victory Boogie-Woogie," which he left unfinished, sold a few months after his death for a reported eight thousand dollars.

This canvas is in the show, and it is particularly interesting, for it reveals Mondrian's peculiarly painstaking way of working. It is part painting and part a patchwork of tiny strips of blue, yellow, and red Scotch tape, dabbed on here and there to form patterns that he altered as he worked, seeking to establish the most satisfactory combinations of form and color before finally fixing them in paint. Though the exhibition contains only fifty-three pieces, it covers, succinctly and capably, forty-odd years of Mondrian's painting career. In a way, it is probably as well that the collection is not larger. There are a half dozen or so paintings from his youthful, pre-Abstract period, when he was painting conscientiously in the style of traditional Dutch realism (as in his "River Scene," of 1905-6), and later, equally conscientiously (see "Haystacks" and "Trees at Night," both of 1909), in a van Gogh-ish Impressionism. Cubism hit him a year or so later, in the course of a trip he made to Paris, and it is indicative of his basic affinity for the style that in a very short time he was painting far "purer" abstractions than any of his Paris masters.

Here again, a half dozen or so pictures cover this second period, among them "Reclining Figure," the Cézanne-influenced "Tree," and "Ocean." The remainder of the show, some forty paintings, are examples of his maturer style, and there was so little variation in it through the years that, small as the show is, it inclines somewhat toward the monotonous. For a while (roughly, between 1920 and 1930) he used color a good deal, though still preserving the strict angularity of his design. After that, till he came to this country, in 1940, color tended to disappear from his pictures or, as in his "Rhythm of Straight Lines" and "Composition in White and Blue," to be reduced to a patch or two of oddly portentous bright pigment. Then, in his New York paintings, he returned to color again, and not too satisfactorily either, save in the brilliant and forceful, if rather horribly titled, "Victory Boogie-Woogie."

Otherwise, the whole pattern of his life was a network of black lines and rectangles in which he strove to imprison the shape and substance of absolute good taste. That was Mondrian's purpose, but it was a severely limited one, and there are moments, in looking at his pictures, when you have a peculiarly barren feeling, as if you were just a little bit closer to some emotional absolute zero than it is quite comfortable to be. It is foolish, however, to attempt to dismiss him on this ground. Stupid people have sometimes said that anyone can paint a Mondrian, that any simple wallpaper pattern, framed and mounted on canvas, would do just as well. That is not true. A wallpaper pattern, looked at once, is easily forgotten. But there is something about the pattern of a Mondrian, something restless, or rhythmic, or monumental, that keeps calling the eye back to it—puzzledly, perhaps, but inevitably—and it is in that minute differentiation between the trite and the subtly evocative that the genius of this artist, microscopic in its concentration but infinitely exact, truly lies.

THERE seems to be some doubt about who was the first man, Mondrian or Kandinsky, to take the plunge from the warm shores of representational painting into the cold waters of non-objectivity. I don't know, and I don't think it matters much, except historically; certainly, the later development of the two men, though in both cases it remained Abstract in principle, was as far apart one from the other as it is possible to be. At the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, there is a Kandinsky memorial (he died last year, too, in Paris) that, as if in unconscious expression of the contrast between the two men's work, is as rambling and overblown in makeup as the Mondrian affair is compact and precisely organized. I must confess that Kandinsky was a man whose work I fundamentally don't like, which is another way of saying, of course, that I don't understand it. He was Byzantine-Oriental, rococo, and romantic instead of classic, expressionistic instead of self-contained, and when I look at his pictures, though I recognize their dynamics and drive, I am always made uneasy by their ebullience. In all ways, then, and particularly in view of the size of the show (there are two hundred and twenty-seven paintings), I'd be a poor one to guide you around it. I can give you one hint, however: three full floors are given over to the exhibition, and if you take my advice, you'll stick to the top one. There, in something like seventy pictures, you'll be able to trace the man's whole artistic evolution, from the early Fauvist period of his "Blue Mountain" of 1908, through the Futurist "Landscape" (1911) and "Rain" (1913), to such elaborate later pieces as his "Development in Height" and "Tensions Relaxed," both done in the nineteen-thirties. There are a few fine gouaches and water colors in the lot on the second floor, and a masterly "Monde Bleu" on the ground floor; otherwise, these two floors merely elaborate the chronology of the third.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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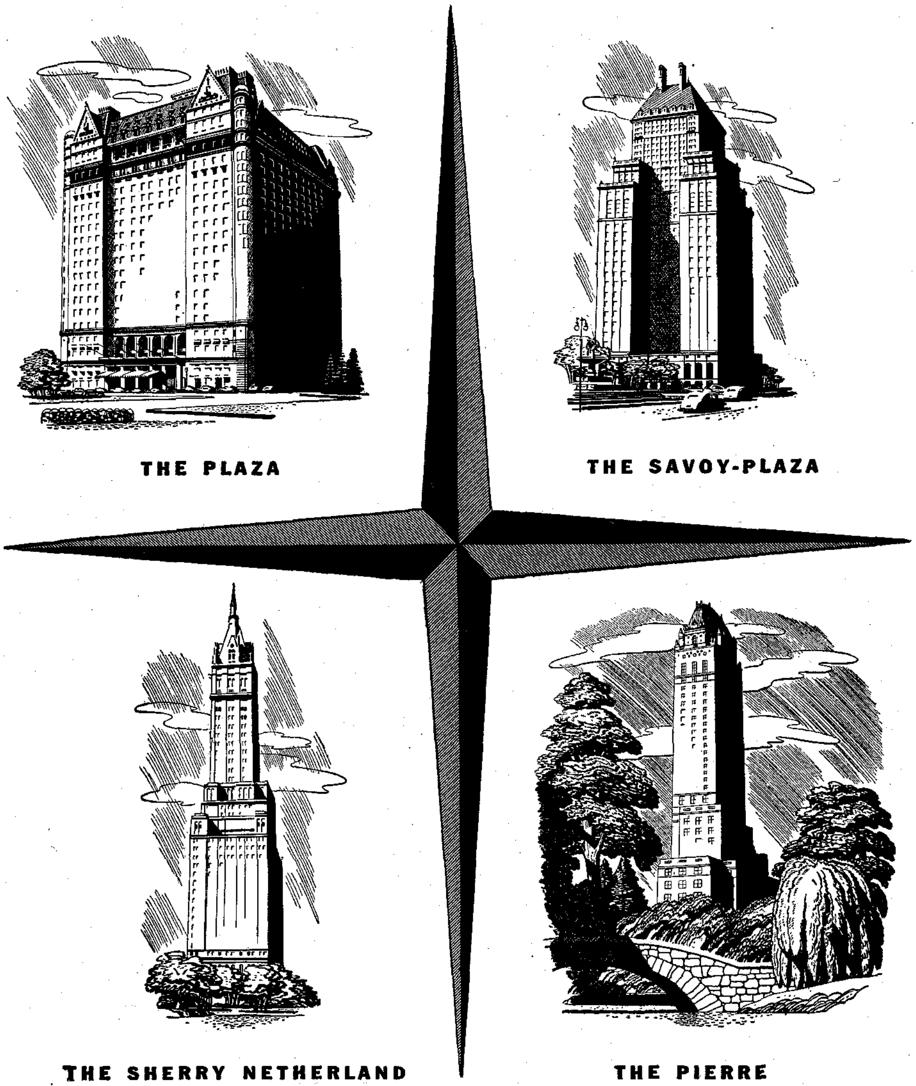
Eric Johnston (left) and William L. White (extreme right) in Moscow.—*Picture caption in the Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review.*

Well—relatively speaking.



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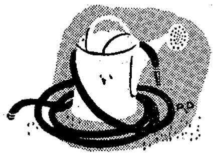
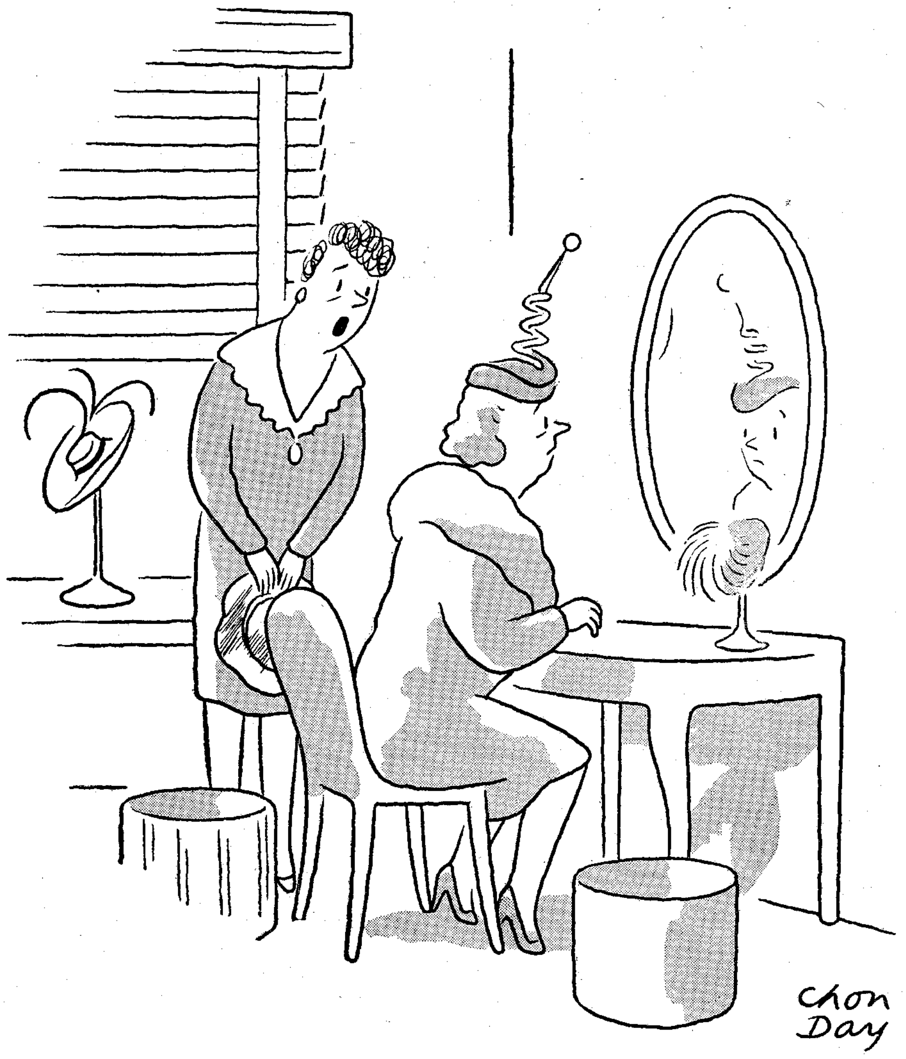


GARDENERS, tensely awaiting the unpredictable but imminent hour when the soil will be ready again and work outdoors can begin in earnest, are closeted now with their seed catalogues and doubtless toying with the idea of squeezing in just a *few* flowers this year along with the Victory vegetables. Since the government itself seems inclined to smile upon this pretty notion, not even the most timid need fear being called unpatriotic if, side by side with the squashes, the beans, and the invaluable tomatoes in their 1945 Victory plots there appears a row or so of annual flowers. As any old hand can testify, they will do very well there, perhaps even a little better than anywhere else you might plant them. For one thing, soil which is ideally prepared and fertilized for the maturing of vegetable crops is also ideal for growing annual flowers. Such soil (light and not too rich) makes for a maximum of bloom and a minimum of foliage, just the opposite of the result you usually get when annuals are grown in a perennial border, where the soil must be kept enriched for the sake of greedy, deep-rooted, long-lived plants and consequently provides too heavy a diet for the delicate digestion of single-season stuff. For another, flowers in the vegetable plot can—in fact, should—be planted in rows rather than in beds. That way they are much more likely to get regular hoeing and cultivating, which, needless to say, won't do them any harm.

Of course, it is necessary to use a little sense in choosing annuals for a vegetable plot. Two established cutting and potting favorites of American flower gardeners—nasturtiums and petunias—had better be crossed off the list, the nasturtiums because they are such willing hosts to aphids (besides having a tendency to spread out of bounds), the petunias because they are such dogged propagators. Once you've sown a row of petunias in your plot, you can depend upon having to cope with their seedlings all over the place for seasons to come. That sort of thing breaks the spirit of the hardiest gardeners. On the other hand, the annual that is perhaps the greatest cutting favorite of all, the zinnia, is practically perfect as a companion for vegetables. The taller plants (notably the popular and wonderful dahlia-flowered varieties) may, to be sure, cast some shade on your tender young midsummer and late-summer sowings of vegetables, but this can actually be desirable in the case of lettuce and other ready wilters. Annual larkspurs do well in vegetable plots, too. So do scabiosas, calendulas, cornflowers, snapdragons, annual phlox, and both the little, maroon-mottled French marigolds and the tall, lush, citron-to-golden Africans. Cosmos, although tall, is also excellent, and its foliage is too sketchy to cast much shade. The new orange-flowered Cosmos is a great beauty, and, in my garden, it stood up sturdily all through the devastating 1944 drought.

Just for fun, if you like the homely, old-fashioned, grandmother's-garden hodge-podge effect in the garden as well as in vases in the house, you might try a packet of the annual-flower mixtures put out under various titles by almost all seedsmen. Fancy gardeners usually spurn these little ten- to fifty-cent assortments. A lot of others, however, including me, wouldn't for anything miss the excitement of watching to see what is going to come up *this* time from, say, Burpee's Wild Flower Garden packet (which they blithely admit doesn't contain a single wildflower seed), Dreer's Surprise Mixture of Annuals, or even Vaughan's slightly fancier Special Mixture of Annuals for Cut Flowers, which, they say, is an assortment of forty or more long-stemmed varieties that are fine for cutting.

IN vegetable gardening, there is no such easy way of getting a good assortment. Planning a vegetable plot for a steady succession of crops, for a proper distribution of the work involved, and for results which will strike a comfortable mean between surfeit and famine is not beyond the powers of reasonably intelligent amateurs, as millions of Victory gardeners have proved in the past couple of years, but it never was



"Of course, you'd have to take cover during electrical storms."

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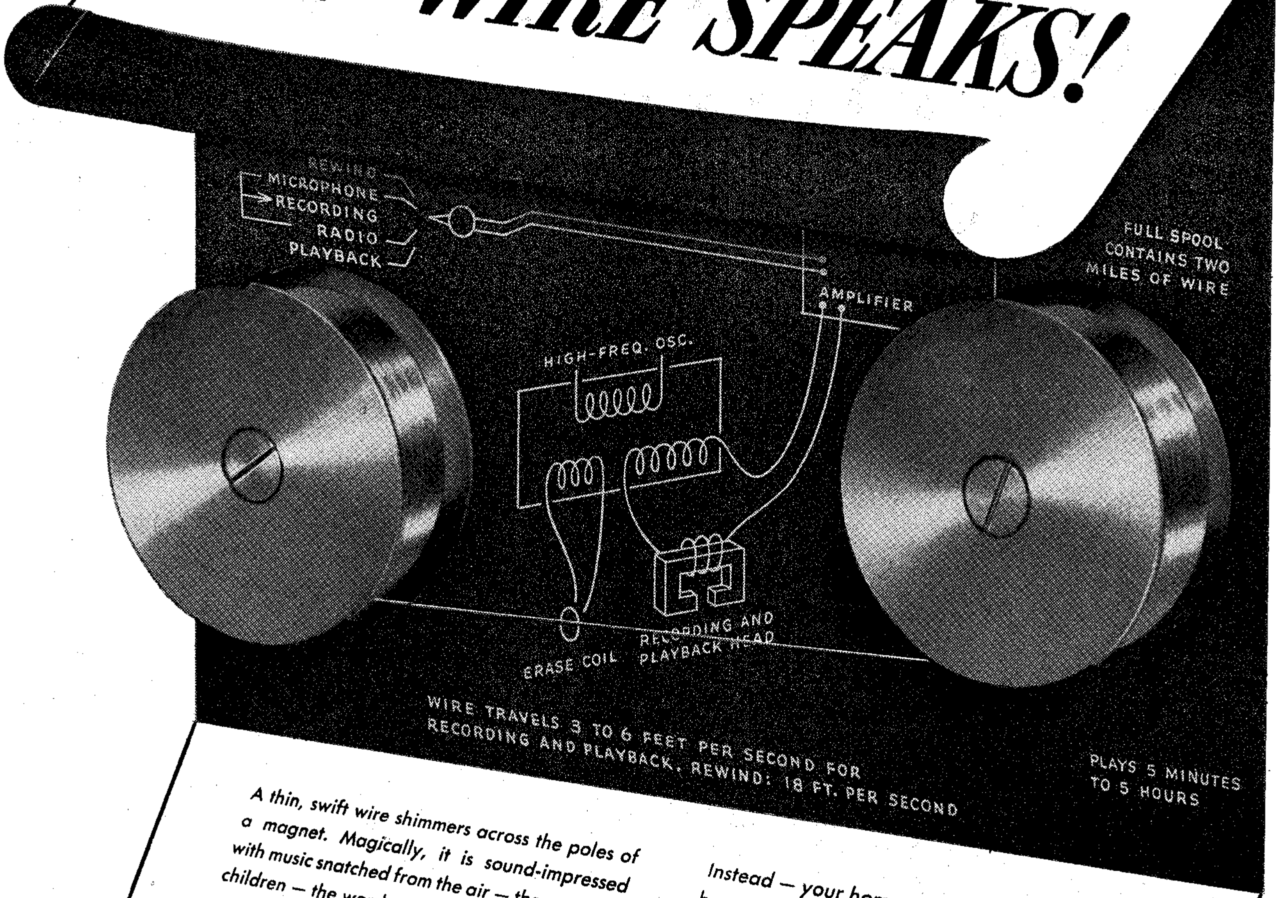
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a simple chore and it won't be any simpler this year, because the nurseries' seed supplies, it seems, are apt to give out early. Not even the tardiest orderers, though, need go entirely without, since, along about May, young transplants of such indispensables as tomatoes, eggplant, peppers, early cabbage, and even lettuce will be available, as usual, from local nurseries, farms, roadside stands, and, often enough, neighborhood grocery stores. Your winter kitchen-window pot of grassy chives, too, need not be thrown away. It can be transplanted to the garden, where it will keep on thriving until hot weather sets it to flowering and seeding, after which it will revert to routine and provide for your fall salads. I ought to remind you, perhaps, that chives are perennials; when you plant them in your garden, you should put them in a spot where they can settle down for a long stay.

For cress fanciers only: Make it a point to get a packet of the garden cress called Upland. This cress was last year's star newcomer in my garden, where I grew it in an all-summer succession of small plantings. It defied the drought, flourished like mad, and had the true flavor of the wild watercress, though not, to be sure, its inimitable crisp tenderness. It didn't have a trace of that mustard-flavored pungency that other dry-land cresses usually have. The Upland has been hard to find, but many catalogues, among them Dreer's and Burpee's, list it this year. A single packet should supply the average family table all season, because this cress is of the cut-and-come-again sort. —B. B.

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Come in, Washington.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

THE tall, skinny blonde giggled. She put an arm around the young soldier who was sitting beside her at the bar, hugged him, and giggled again. "I want another drink," she said. "Lemme have another drink."

The young soldier squinted into his empty glass. "All gone," he said.

"Sure it's all gone," she said. "Everything's all gone, but le's have some more that's not all gone."

The soldier beckoned to the bartender, who stopped polishing a glass and walked over. The soldier ordered two rum-and-cokes.

"Why don't we play some music?" the blond girl said.

The soldier pawed over some change on the bar and handed her two nickels. She walked unsteadily to a juke box in the corner and studied the selections. "What'll we play?" she called.

"Anything you want," said the soldier. "Play the Andrews Sisters again."

"I don't wanna play the Andrews Sisters again. Le's play the Ink Spots or something."

"O.K., play the Ink Spots."

The girl put the nickels into the machine, walked back to the bar, and sat down. The juke box played "I'm Making Believe."

"How's my man from Guadalcanal an' New Guinea an' New Georgia an' what have you?" she said.

"I'm fine. I feel just great," he said.

"That's the way to be. Why be sad in a happy world now that you're out of the Army."

The soldier stared at his glass again. "Yeah, it's a great big, wonderful world awright."

"You're goddam right it is. If you wanna be happy you can always be happy," the blonde said. She ran her hand through his curly hair.

"It's dead in here," the soldier said.

"Well, it's only afternoon," she said. "After all, whaddaya expect?"

"It's dead in New York. I don't like New York."

"You said you liked it yesterday."

"Yeah, well, I wanna get outa here. Maybe New York's O.K. but this joint stinks."

The girl glared at him. "I suppose you wanna go back to that lousy hotel again."

"I'm sick of the goddam hotel, too. You can keep that, too, while you're at it."

She giggled. "You're sick of everything. Listen to the music I played." She tapped her glass on the bar and began to sing. " 'I'm making believe I'm falling in love over and over again, making believe that you love me too, over and over again'—hey, why don't you sing with me?"

"I don't feel like singing."

"O.K. if I sing?"

"You got the wrong words anyway."

The girl pouted. "You don't like to hear me sing," she said.

"I just wanna go someplace. I hate this place."

"Wish you were back in the Pacific?" she asked.

"I dunno—maybe. I been outa the Army a week and I'm still sick of everything," he said.

"Sick of me, too?" the girl asked.

"No, I'm not sick of you yet."

She wrinkled her nose and made a face at him. Then she began singing again. When the juke box stopped playing, the bartender walked over to them. "The guy down there at the end of the bar wants to buy you people a drink," he said. "What'll it be?"

The soldier and the girl glanced at the man who was buying the drinks. He was a short, fat man with a red face, about fifty years old. He might have been a liquor salesman. The fat man waved at them. The soldier ordered two rum-and-cokes.

"Must be a nice guy," the girl said. She smiled at the fat man. "Anybody that buys us a drink is a nice guy, otherwise they stink. Isn't that right?"

The soldier was staring at his empty glass. The girl began singing softly to herself. "Gimme some more nickels," she said. The soldier pushed three nickels over to her. "Gimme a cigarette," she said. He handed her a pack of cigarettes. She took one and lighted it. Then she took two deep puffs of the cigarette and stood up. "I gotta go to the john," she said. "I'll be right back."

"Go ahead," the soldier said.

"You hold the fort till I get back, huh?" she asked, and walked away.

THE bartender put two rum-and-cokes on the bar. The soldier took a drink and began spinning one of the nickels. Then he tried spinning a nickel with each hand. It didn't work. Both

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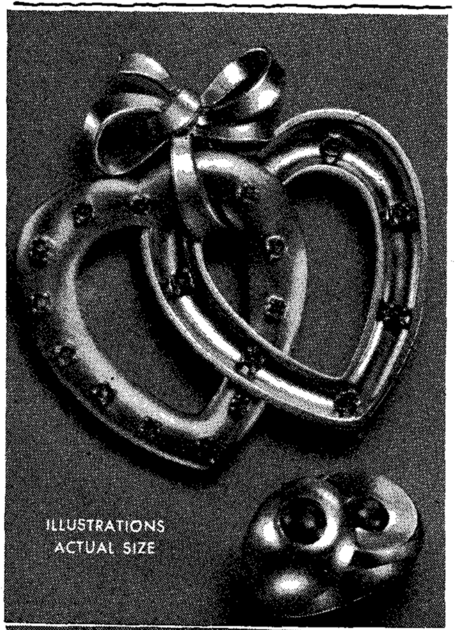

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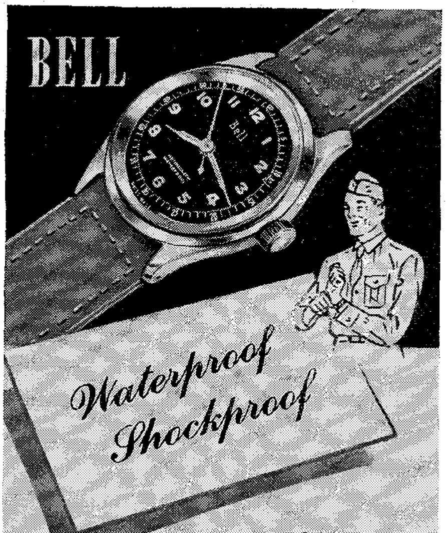

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of them rolled away from him. When he had retrieved them he took another drink.

"That's a nice bunch of ribbons you got on," a voice said. "I'll bet you've seen some action." The soldier looked up. The fat man who had bought the drinks had moved up next to him.

"Yeah," the soldier said. "I just got back."

"I'll bet you're happy," the man said.

"Yeah, it's good to be back."

"I guess you guys really seen something out there. Musta been a bastard out there, all right. I wish the whole goddam mess would get over with pretty quick. I gotta brother in England, kid brother. He's thirty-six but he's still my kid brother. They even took him with asthma, too."

"Yeah, it's a mess," the soldier said.

"How much longer do you think it's going to last?"

"About two more years."

"You mean the whole thing?"

"No, the Pacific."

The man whistled. "Wow! You really think that long?"

"Sure. People don't realize. It's tough out there. Everything's fouled up. We haven't really started out there yet."

"Yeah, and Germany isn't even licked yet," the man said. "Where were you over there anyway?"

"Solomons, Munda, New Guinea—all over."

"Been around, huh. How long were you over?"

"Almost three years."

The man whistled again. "Jesus, that's a long time. I'll bet you're sure glad to be back. Were you hurt?"

"I got malignant malaria eleven times."

"Pretty tough," the man said. "I wish it would all get over with quick."

"It's over as far as I'm concerned. I gotta discharge."

"No kidding. Well, I'm glad. I'll bet you're goddam glad too, and I don't blame you. It's a goddam shame, the whole mess. All those guys over there. For what?"

The blond girl came back to the bar and sat down. "Well, here I am, all set to pick up where I left off," she said.

"Maybe I'm intruding here," the man said.

"Hell, no, stick around," the soldier said. "Have a drink?"

"No, I still got some left here." The man held up a half-empty glass.

The girl said, "I'm going to play some music. I almost forgot. What'll I play—something fast or slow?"

"Anything you want to," said the soldier. "Play the Andrews Sisters again."

"O.K., I'll play the Andrews Sisters just for you."

"Got enough nickels?" the man asked.

"Sure. I got three of them. See?" She showed him the three coins. He handed her two more.

When she had walked over to the machine, the man turned to the soldier. "Your girl friend?"

The soldier laughed. "That skinny bitch? Hell, no. I picked her up a couple a days ago. She's a jerk."

"But she serves the purpose, huh," the man said.

"Yeah, she serves the purpose."

The man laughed and the soldier smiled.

The girl called to them, "Hey, how about 'Don't Fence Me In'?"

"Play anything you want," the soldier said.

"O.K., 'Don't Fence Me In,'" she called.

The juke box started playing and the girl came back to the bar. The three of them sat listening to the music for several seconds.

"Kill any Japs?" the man said finally to the soldier.

The soldier tapped the side of his glass. "A few," he said.

The blonde said, "Tell him about the time you got that Jap up in the tree that time, the one you took the teeth from."

"I don't remember."

"He's modest," the blonde said. "He's a big hero from the Pacific but he won't tell anybody so. Will you, hero?" She put her arms around him and hugged him. "He's a big hero from Guadalcanal and every place."

"Yeah, I'm a big hero. I even got a Good Conduct Medal."

"Whaddaya gonna do now that you're out?" the man asked.

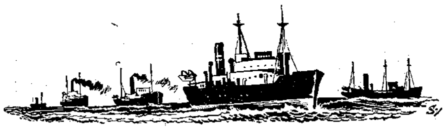
"Go back to work, back to Syracuse, I guess. My family's dead. I haven't anything to do."

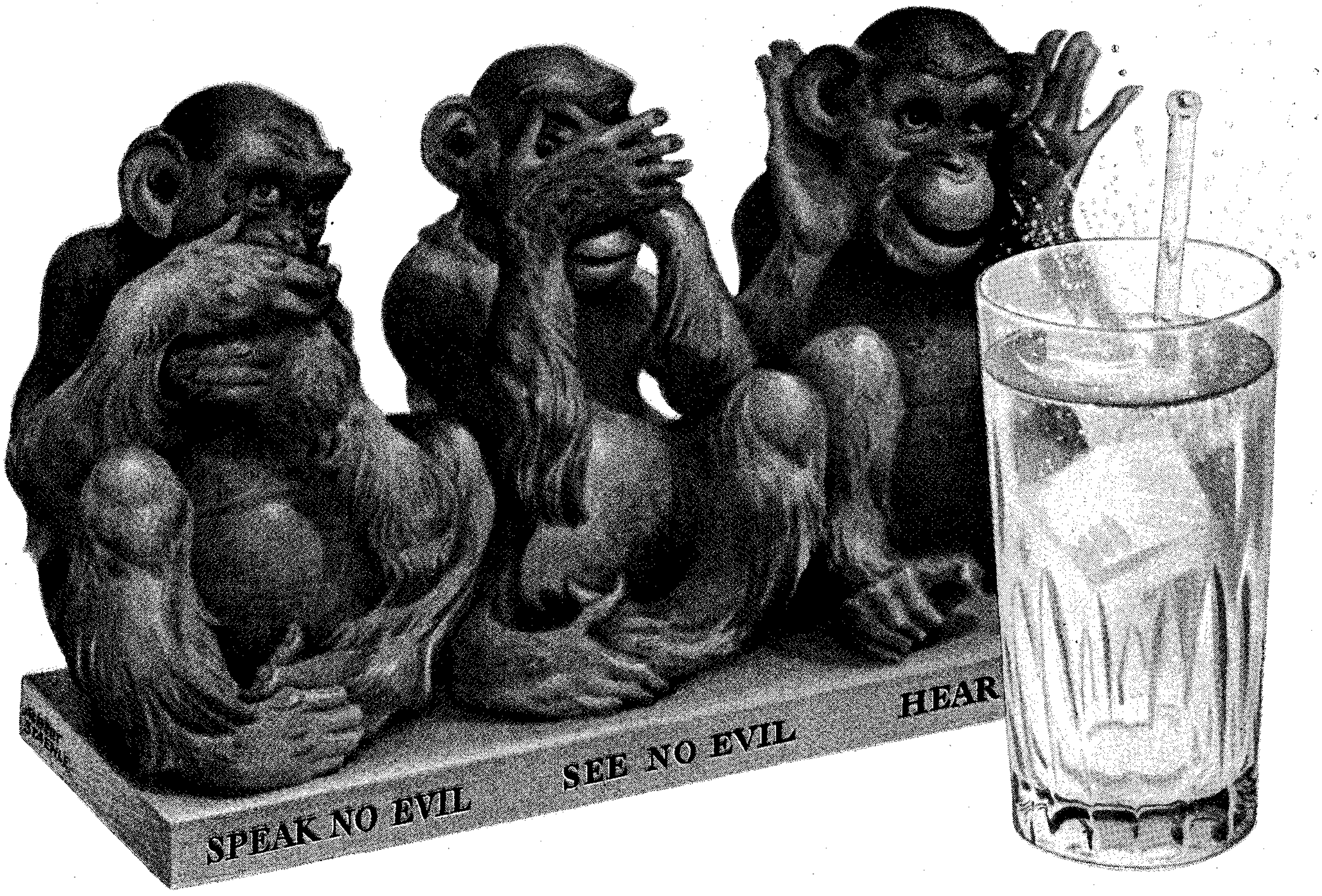
"You can always get drunk," the blonde said.

"Well, that's as good as anything," the man said.

"That's one of the two best things in life, isn't it?" the blonde said, and laughed.

The man winked at the soldier and





. . . But hear something good!

A GOODNESS you can *hear* . . . a liveliness that keeps bubbling and sparkling right down to the very last sip . . . that's the sign of a highball mixed with Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* means millions of tinier bubbles . . . persistent bubbles that keep drinks full of lasting life and zest, in spite of melting ice.

Canada Dry Water, made according to a scientific formula, *points up* the flavor of every drink. "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" *adds* the delicate flavor of pure Jamaica ginger to drinks.

Both are preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. For drinks that taste better . . . and even *sound* better . . . use these sparkling good mixers in your own home.

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CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

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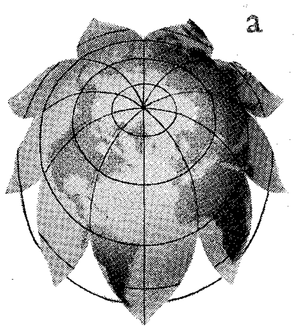
FOUR OTHER FINE MIXERS

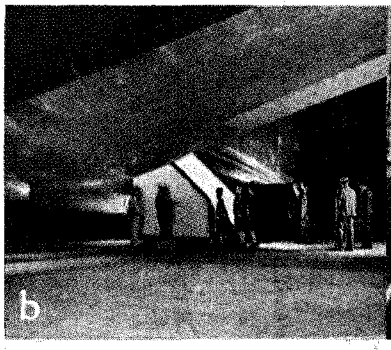
Canada Dry's popular Tom Collins Mixer is available in limited quantities.

Use Hi-Spot for a sparkling lemon-flavored mixer with a fresh, light taste.

For those zestful Gin and Tonics, Canada Dry Quinine Water will be back after the war.

For a perfect Cuba Libre use Spur, the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.



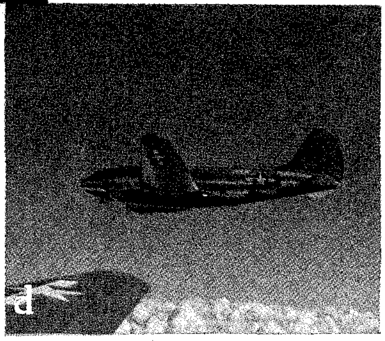


a Your world, laid out before you. It is laced with 140,000 miles of air routes.

b Combination passenger-cargo airplanes will carry an expected 9-fold increase in air freight.

c Interior of the new passenger version of the Curtiss Commando, typical of the skyliners that will carry 85% of U. S. airline traffic.

d A Curtiss Commando flying "the hump" on the aerial Burma Road.



"Big Time Driver"

WHAT A 10,000-HOUR PILOT CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE WORLD OF THE AIR THAT AWAITS YOU

"WE WERE on Christmas Island on Wednesday. On Thursday, we set the wheels down on a New Guinea mud-flat with a load of horses and four-inch guns. The fuzzy-tops had carried in some wounded flyers of ours, across the Owen Stanley Range. We had our wounded at the base hospital in an hour's flying time, and on Friday we took off for the States again, for a steak and a change of shirts."

Sure that's traveling, says this veteran of the ATC. But traveling is his business, and to him the world's just so many whistle stops. As he puts it, "I'm strictly a big-time driver." What does this all mean to you? "Plenty," he says emphatically. "American equipment has been so proved and improved in the brutal laboratory of war that air transport has achieved a reliability almost beyond belief."

He'll tell you, for instance, how reassuring it is to be able to fly over those Owen Stanley Mountains in a twin-engine transport with a big part of the total engine power in reserve. And how those engines can normally travel four times around the world between major overhauls.

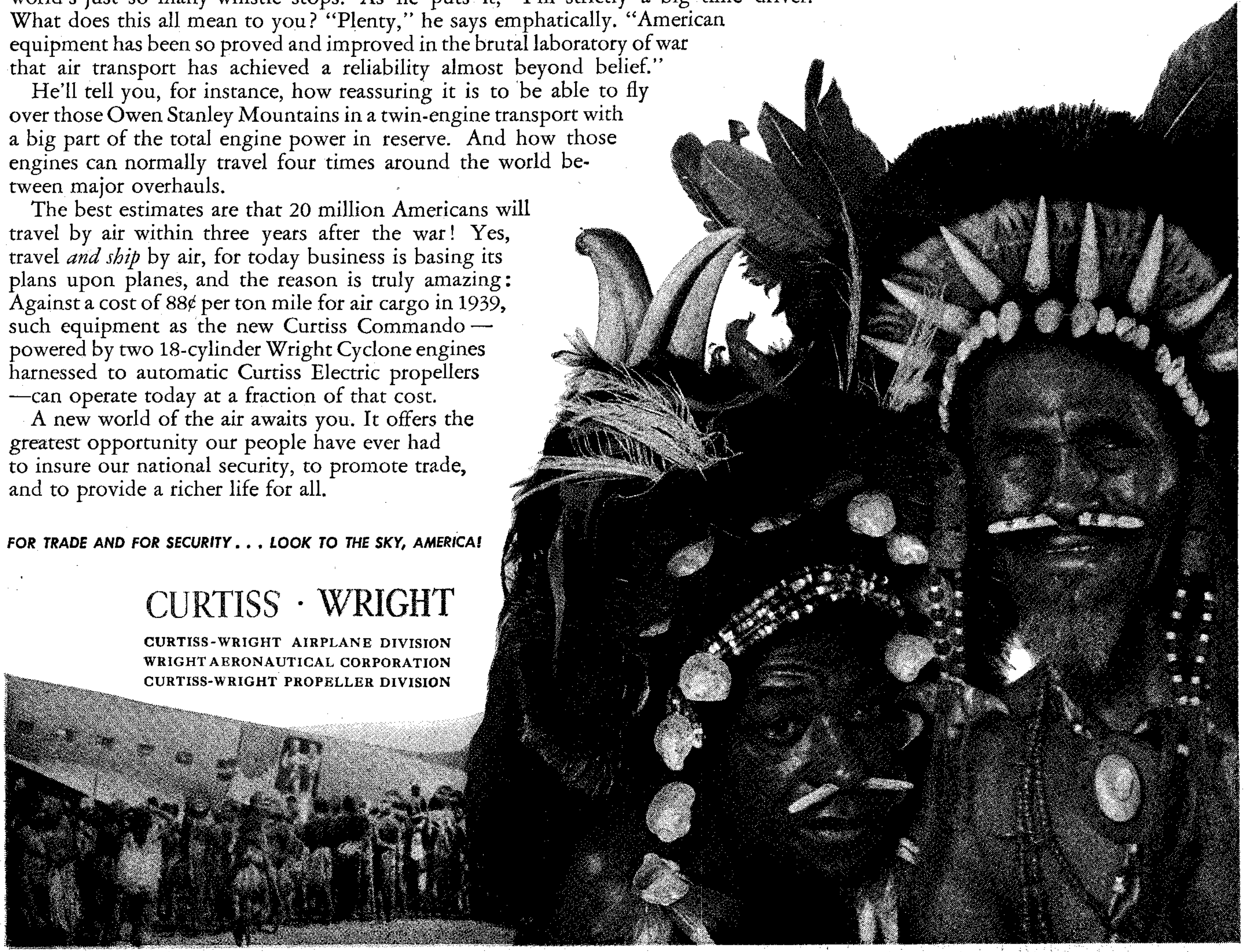
The best estimates are that 20 million Americans will travel by air within three years after the war! Yes, travel *and ship* by air, for today business is basing its plans upon planes, and the reason is truly amazing: Against a cost of 88¢ per ton mile for air cargo in 1939, such equipment as the new Curtiss Commando — powered by two 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone engines harnessed to automatic Curtiss Electric propellers —can operate today at a fraction of that cost.

A new world of the air awaits you. It offers the greatest opportunity our people have ever had to insure our national security, to promote trade, and to provide a richer life for all.

FOR TRADE AND FOR SECURITY . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

CURTISS · WRIGHT

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION



laughed too. "Well, how about another drink," he said.

"No, we gotta get going," the soldier said.

"Just one more? You sure?"

"Yeah, we gotta get going," the soldier said. "We were just going when you bought us that drink. Lemme buy you a drink."

"Skip it. The drinks were on me."

The soldier motioned to the bartender. "Give him whatever he's drinking." He put a dollar bill on the bar.

"Forget it," the man said. He tried to force the soldier to take back the money.

The soldier shook his head. "Nope," he said. "One good turn deserves another."

"Hey, what about the music?" the blonde said. "Look at all the nice music I played."

"We'll play it someplace else," the soldier said. He took her arm and they walked toward the door. The bartender said so long and the fat man smiled and called "Good luck!" after them. The girl was singing, " 'Give me land, lots of land, that's where I wanna be, don't fence me in.' " She stopped as they reached the door. "Where we going?" she asked.

"Anyplace," the soldier said.

—RAY WANDER, JR.

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

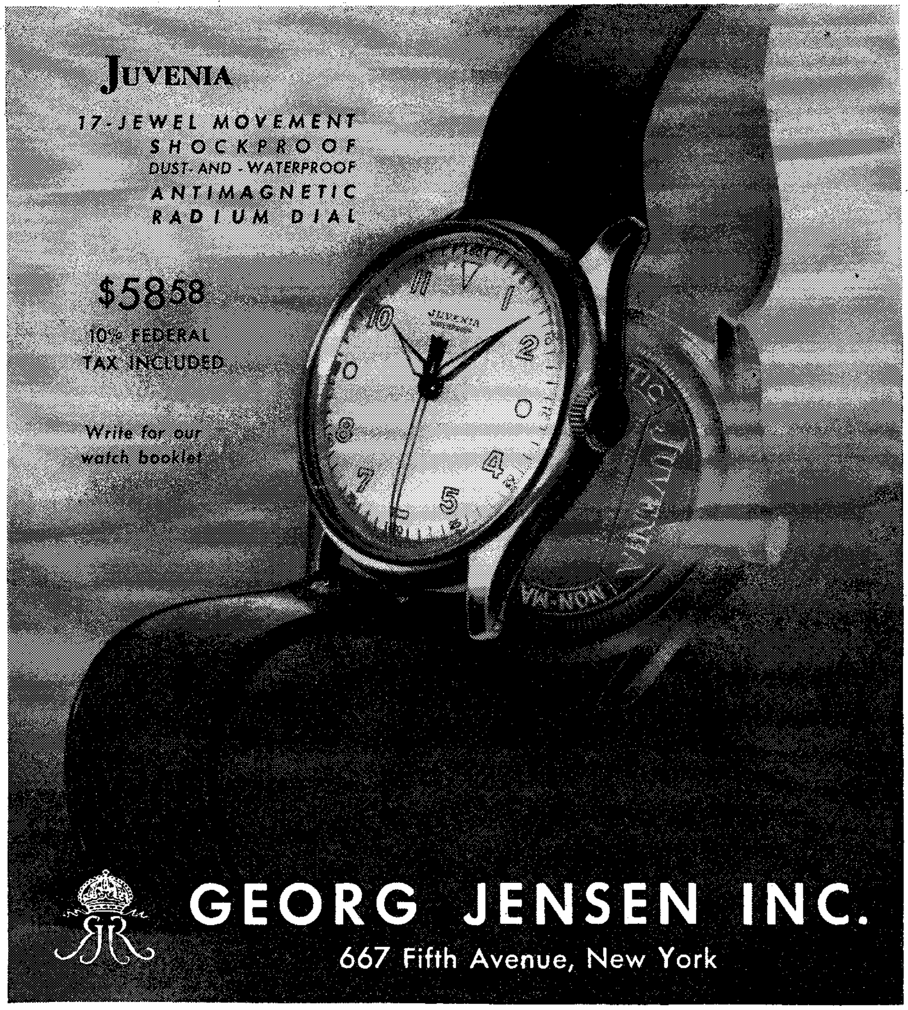
AUSABLE FORKS, NEW YORK
MARCH 17, 1945

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I AM sorry that the good fellow who wrote the Profile of Norman Rockwell in your issue of March 17th and discussed the confusion in the public mind between Rockwell and me got a remark of mine slightly but seriously wrong. I am made to have said: "I take off my hat to him, and so do ninety-nine people out of every hundred that I meet, east, west, south, north, who tell me that they love his work." If I ever said anything as trite as that, it is certainly beneath *The New Yorker* to quote it. Please do me the favor of letting me say it my way, which was: "... who tell me that they love *my* work."

Judging by the rest of the article, I guess that the author really meant to do me a favor.

Faithfully yours,
ROCKWELL KENT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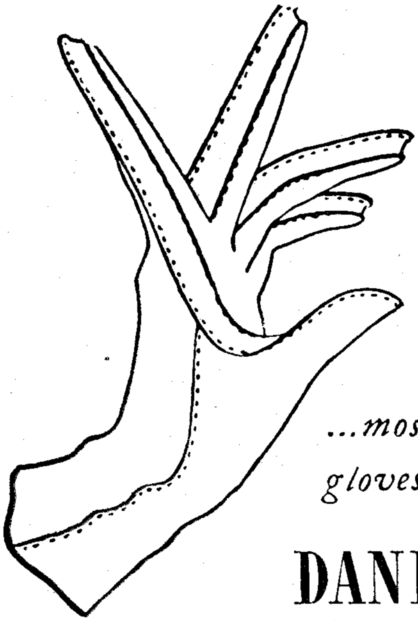
...most comfortable gloves in the world!

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GLOVES SINCE 1854

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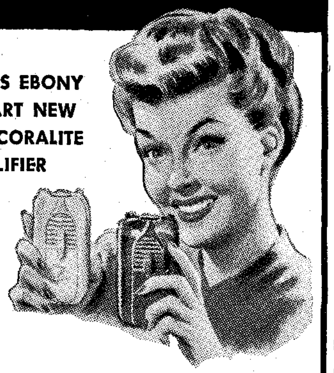

Now! ZENITH Offers CHOICE OF COLORS at No Extra Cost!

LUSTROUS EBONY OR SMART NEW PASTEL CORALITE AMPLIFIER

Brings the Hearing Aid "Apparel Harmony," too

• Zenith brought the hearing aid *complexion harmony* with the inconspicuous Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord . . . now Zenith adds new *apparel harmony* by offering a choice of amplifier colors at no extra cost.

The lustrous Ebony amplifier of the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid blends with men's and women's dark suits and dresses. The beautiful coral tint of the new Pastel Coralite amplifier harmonizes with light-color suits, sweaters, shirts; women's sheer frocks, blouses.

See *both* colors at your Zenith dispenser. And *hear* the superb performance that has helped make the Zenith Radionic the hearing aid of nation-wide popularity.

A Model for Practically Every Type of Correctable Hearing Loss
Each Complete, Ready-to-Wear

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Standard Model A-2-A. New, improved model of the famous Zenith standard hearing aid for the person of average hearing loss. Only **$40**

Air Conduction Model A-3-A. A *super-power* instrument with ample volume in reserve to assure maximum clarity and tone quality even under the most difficult conditions. Only **$50**

Bone Conduction Model B-3-A. A powerful precision instrument created specially for the very few who cannot be helped by any air conduction aid. Only **$50**

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BY THE MAKERS OF
ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

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Please send me your Free booklet about Radionic Hearing Aid.

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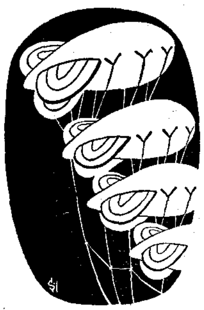
LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 24 (BY CABLE)

PEACE in Europe, a prospect that was looming perceptibly larger last week, is now being talked about and thought about by intelligent English in somewhat the way a man might contemplate approaching matrimony. The grave new responsibilities of the state occasionally seem more overwhelming than its blissful aspects. The most blissful aspect of the peace, of course, will be the end of the waste of life, not only the large-scale waste of young men's lives all over the world but also the sad, steady dribbling away of civilian lives in England as the bombs continue to fall. It is now officially disclosed that rockets have been hitting London, but Londoners would feel happier if someone in authority could disclose the date on which this bombing may be expected to stop. There is a gloomy school of thought which considers it possible that rockets, launched from isolated pockets of resistance, may keep on coming over long after the order to cease fire is given. Most English, when they talk of peace, think first of quiet nights, bright lights, and the return of the menfolk, although, remembering the war in the East, this last is a hope of which families speak with caution.



Some of the responsibilities of the future are already in sight. The government warned months ago that the feeding and clothing of the people in the liberated countries would be a strain so severe that it would have to be shared by all Allied stomachs and backs. That strain, it seems, has now begun. When the disturbing truth about the food situation in Europe was realized here, it was widely and sincerely suggested that the British ration be reduced so that food could be sent over to the Continent. The government seems to have dryly taken people at their word. Colonel Llewellin, the Minister of Food, announced the other day that the meat ration would probably have to be cut, and perhaps fats and sugar as well, and that the entire security margin of food stocks, which was never as comfortably large as most people had imagined, had already been shipped to the liberated countries.

Colonel Llewellin's revelation, in the course of his announcement, that meat stocks were so low that only immediate requirements could be met and that henceforth the country would be living from sheep to mouth came as a shock. Housewives have an uneasy memory of the lean days of 1941, when the meat ration sank, as it may again, to the shillingsworth-a-week level, on which families subsisted but felt remarkably empty. If the proposed cut does come, and, in spite of vague and soothing government stalling, most people feel convinced that it will, miners and workers in other heavy industries will be particularly hard hit. Such workers have never been given an extra meat ration, but they are supposed to get additional meat in canteen meals. A cut in meat would be especially serious because allotments of cheese, the usual protein substitute, have already been ordered reduced after April 1st. Two other items have just been taken off the market—rice, one of the standbys for stretching out the family's meat allotment, and dried milk, an equally useful commodity. Many people who are not at all scaremongers think that this may be just the beginning, for this densely populated island, of a postwar period which could make the war years seem, in retrospect, almost comfortable. Audiences at the Laurence Olivier film, "Henry V," tend to snicker mournfully when one of the French nobles before the battle of Agincourt observes, "But these English are shrewdly out of beef."

The citizenry has been further shaken by the sudden news that the country's clothing stocks are also dangerously low. It is possible that a clothing famine may develop next winter if England attempts to help out the threadbare people in the liberated countries. The announcement of the short supply caused a rush of women to spend their summer coupons for good warm tweed and good warm woollies while such things were still to be had.

MR. CHURCHILL, in an appeal to the average Briton, who is fed to the teeth with eating, shopping, travelling, killing his pig, driving his car, lighting his house, and in general existing in accordance with some government regulation which entails filling forms or showing coupons or permits, has now stated the postwar aims of the Conservative Party. The principal vote-catching feature of the appeal appeared to be a promise that all controls will be eliminated as soon as possible, presumably after the dangerous period immediately following the war, when they will still be necessary. The Tories' other big vote-catcher is, of course, Mr. Churchill himself. Apparently, however, quite a few members of his own party were disconcerted and others were puzzled by his unexpected reference to the likelihood of continuing some form of coalition government after the war. This remark has been interpreted by the Left as a Tory scheme to retain power should the Conservatives fail to get a working majority in the elections, a possibility which is strengthened by the reports of many first-hand observers that the young men and women in the forces are looking not only homeward but leftward. Mr. Churchill's somewhat vague statement has put the Labour and Liberal ministers in his government in an uncomfortable spot with their parties, which have publicly announced that they will go to the polls under the good old party banners. Of course, many English believe, as Mr. Churchill possibly does, that a continuing coalition would be not so much an astute Tory expedient as a desirable national one to steer the country through the days ahead, when the guidance of every available good brain, without reference to the color of the hat over it, will be a desperate necessity.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

But on the home-front horizon, we who are away will keep the knowledge that the feeling of brotherhood we left will unite us stronger than ever when we return. When time and strength has wounded all heels.—*St. Albans (Vt.) Daily Messenger.*

No chance.

•

Yet, by acting on this ADVANCE OFFER, you can own your own 4-Grave Private Family Plot at beautiful Rosemount for only $250, complete—an amount actually less than what you would pay for a few years' Perpetual Care alone, in other cemeteries.—*Folder from a cemetery.*

Yeah, and perpetuity is overrated, anyway.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Daily News*]

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—It looks as if combat flying may stimulate growth. When Lt. Raymond J. Thomasset of New Bedford joined the airforce he was 5 feet 1 inch.

Fred BEAVEN

"He joined up quick when he heard we were serving William Penn"

POPULAR since 1898, William Penn Blended Whiskey owes its superior flavor to *"high-point blending."* ★ ★ ★ This means that William Penn is blended at the exact point where fine base whiskeys provide the maximum of full rich taste, and softened neutral spirits contribute the ultimate in mellowness. ★ ★ ★ Sign up for enjoyment with William Penn.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof
65% grain neutral spirits

MILLIONS SAY "WHEN" WITH

William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED PEORIA, ILL.

SWEET OF YOU, SILAS, TO BACK THAT HORSE JUST BECAUSE IT HAD THE SAME NAME AS MINE.
SAME HABITS TOO, BABY. GOT THERE LATE!
DRAWN BY THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CARTOONIST, L. B. MARTIN, FOR THE MAKERS OF ALLEN'S TOFFEE

Allen's Toffee
Famous in England since 1860 • A favorite in America
A DELICIOUS CONFECTION — SEVEN ASSORTED FLAVORS
C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION • WEBSTER, MASS. • NEW YORK CITY
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

1945's premise for promise
creators of the Famous Four Print Kerchiefs: Masterpiece • Romance Career Girl • Flowers of the Month
At leading stores everywhere
THE DARING OF THE KIMBALL IDEA
kerchiefs by kimball

OF ALL THINGS

WELCOME additions to the casualty list are the Impregnable Westwall and the Uncrossable Rhine. These two institutions are now in a class with the other quaint old Teutonic legends.

•

The news from Europe and from the Pacific has almost depleted our stock of pessimism. Even some high officials admit, when cornered, that the outlook is bright.

•

Our carrier-plane attacks in the Inland Sea have cleared up one baffling mystery. Now we know where the Jap fleet is and the rest of it was.

•

There is an interesting report that Goebbels narrowly escaped being assassinated by another bomb not long ago. There is probably no danger that the good doctor will live to a rotten old age.

•

While things have been going well at the front, there has been great disunity at home. The Senate and House have been at odds over manpower, the coal men have been looking daggers at each other, and relations between the U.S.A. and N.Y.C. have been quite chilly.

•

Last week it became apparent that the Red Army was seriously considering a visit to Austria. The Russians had probably heard people say that it is lovely in Vienna in the early spring.

•

The Americans haven't had much luck in finding German anti-Nazis to help govern the captured communities. There seems to be a scarcity of white sheep in the flock.

•

In our own eastern sector, General Winter's last counterattack appears to have failed. From here on, Spring expects only token resistance.

•

The Treasury says that people who are spending money lavishly in pleasure resorts are being questioned about their income taxes. There is a possibility that Uncle Sam will sue some of these high-livers for nonsupport.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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LUXURIA
SKIN LOTION
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Cherish your skin each day
with these beauty aids of
superlative quality, and loveliness
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LUXURIA—cleanser and beautifier. 1.00; 2.25; 3.50.
SKIN LOTION—brisk, refreshing stimulant. 1.00.
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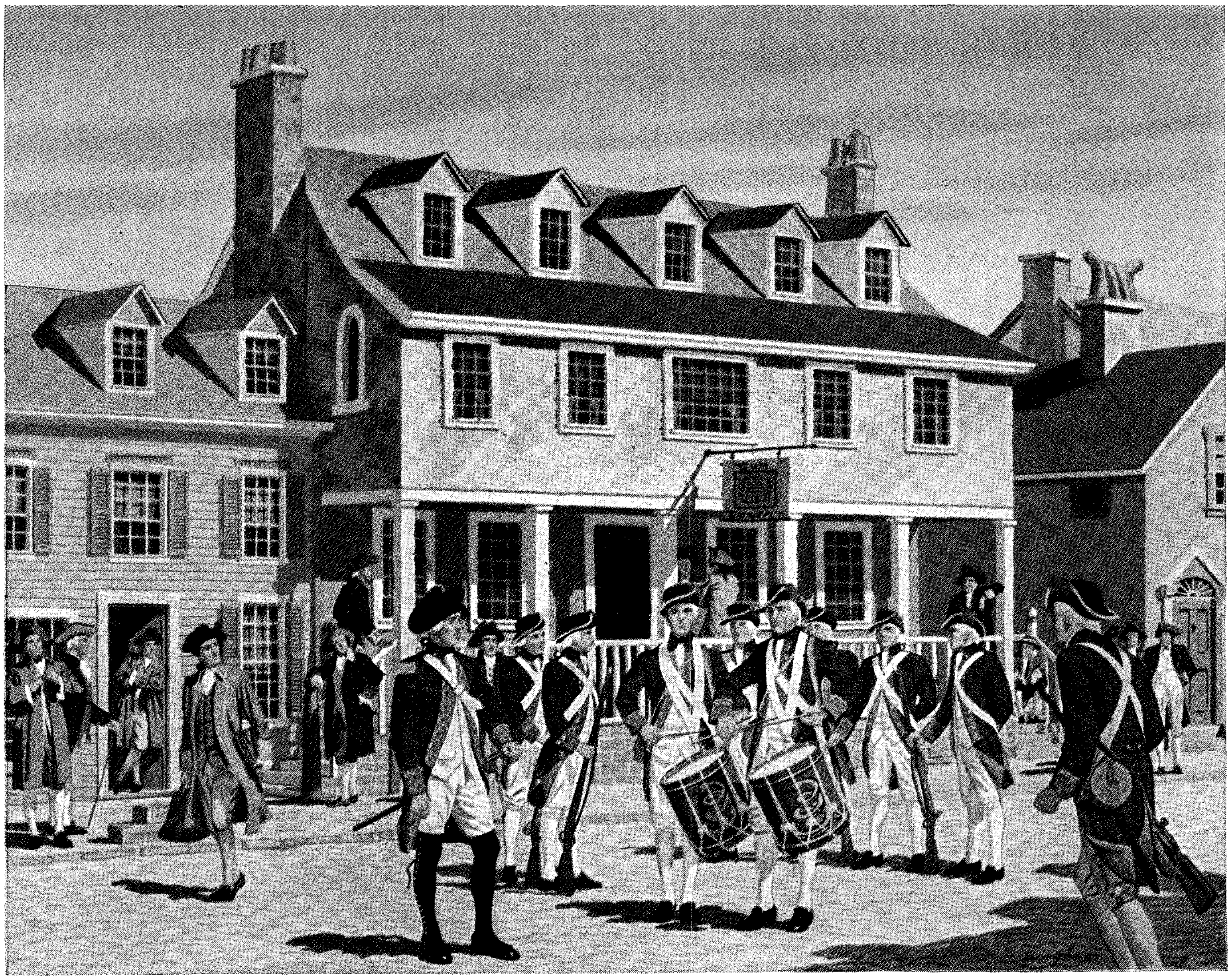
All prices plus tax

Harriet Hubbard Ayer



Tun Tavern, Philadelphia, 1775, first official recruiting headquarters for the Continental Marines*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

"Resolved: That two battalions of Marines be raised, that they be distinguished by the names of the First and Second Battalions of American Marines. Philadelphia, 10 November, 1775
By Order of the Congress, John Hancock, President"

Colonial Philadelphia was the gathering place for hardy and convivial souls who met to enjoy the good cheer lavished on all who visited the Nation's capital. Thus gallantry and hospitality are naturally associated with Philadelphia . . . a heritage proudly upheld today by Philadelphia Blend . . . Here is a whisky you might justly reserve for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend regularly and often. *Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

BOOKS

Faintness of the "Age of Thunder" and Power of "The Folded Leaf"

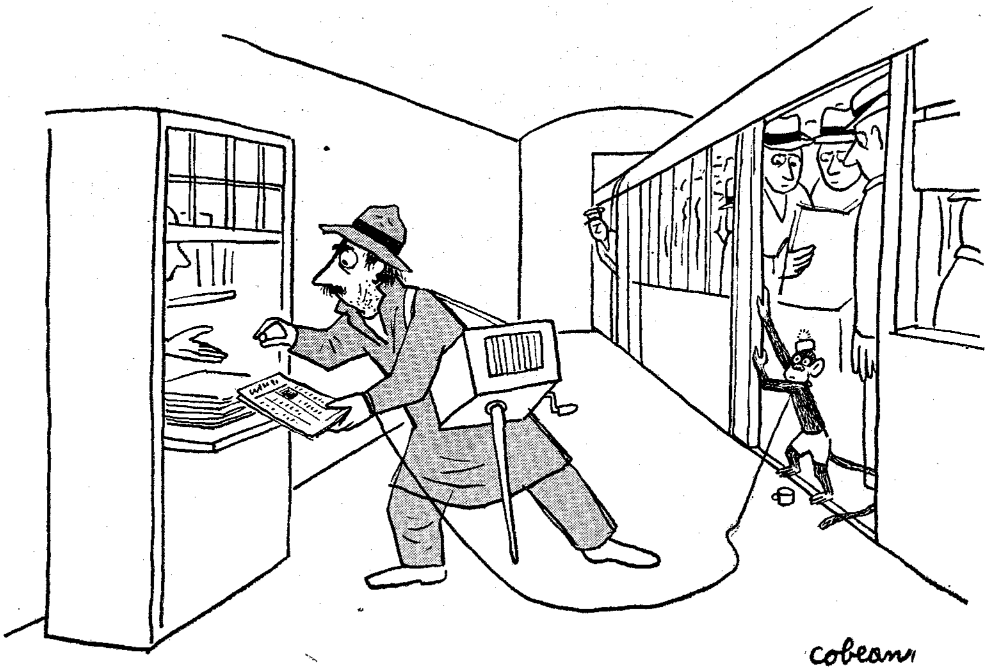
"AGE OF THUNDER," by Frederic Prokosch (Harper), is a story about the adventures of a Frenchman who parachutes into occupied France on a mission to the underground. But when one uses such practical words as "parachute" and "underground" or such a dramatic word as "adventures," one is likely to convey a wholly false impression of the character of Mr. Prokosch's novel. It is a book in which nothing really happens—or rather, in which nothing real happens. Much travelled and multilingual though Mr. Prokosch is, he is incurably American in his conception of Europe as a remote Never-Never land, where life is dreamlike, iridescent, and noble. The result, in "Age of Thunder," is uncomfortable, because the book is simply a flimsy spinning of sentiments, ideas, and symbols, and such brutal immediacies as bombing raids, Nazi tortures, and the ordeals of the French resistance do not seem to belong in the fabric.

These sentiments are, besides, mostly mawkish, the ideas thin, and the symbols trite. The book is really nothing but words, and the only thing that is good in it is the same thing that is good in Mr. Prokosch's rather insubstantial poetry—patches of felicitous words: "The sky was now filled to overflowing with a deep unexplorable blue;" "Under a chestnut tree in the middle of the field stood a shining black mare with her shimmering black foal; the foal dazed and tremulous, fresh from the womb;" "In the intervals of silence the throbbing of frogs grew audible, a sound so low and continual that it perished as pure sound; it lingered on like a fragrance, like a color, like a mood;" "The village square, the stubble around the base of the arches, had grown suddenly alive. It was like the firm line in an engraving beginning to vibrate. The firm kernels of shadow grew uneasy, split, and vanished. Then Jean-Nicolas saw what it was. The rats had emerged. First only a few, only enough to draw a fluid tremor through the ruins. Then more: fifty; a hundred; a thousand." But note here how such solid creatures as horses, frogs, and rats become tenuous at the writer's touch. With human beings, he is, it seems to me, hopeless. He has, at least, to try to do something more with them than exploit them for such quivering phrases, and he falls back on the conventional and even on the cheap. Here is a part of the final message of the book, delivered by one of those wonderful old peasant women that are always saying such deep, wise things for American novelists in Europe: "What will peace bring this time? Peace alone brings nothing. Yes, Monsieur, my mother said it to me and my grandmother before her, and it is still true: we must learn to love one another or die, and that is the only lesson, and there is no other, and that is all there is."

As a whole, the book is high-grade phony.

THERE is so much of that kind of thing about that it is peculiarly reassuring to read "The Folded Leaf," by William Maxwell (Harper). Mr. Maxwell is not putting on a show for the international literary world, as one feels Mr. Prokosch is; he has no gospel for Europe at war. He does not even have to brush aside the magazine and movie formulas, for he does not hear them humming in his ears. He has fixed upon a segment of experience and has molded it into a work of fiction through a style and a narrative skill which have been learned in the struggle with his subject. "The Folded Leaf" is a quite unconventional study of adolescent relationships—between two boys, with a girl in the offing—in Chicago and in a Middle Western college: very much lived and very much seen. This drama of the immature, with no background more glamorous than middle-class apartments and student fraternity houses, is both more moving and more absorbing than any of the romantic melodramas which have been stimulated by the war.

There are episodes in "The Folded Leaf"—incompletely imagined or dramatized—which sometimes keep it from being quite rounded out. The opening sequence of chapters is perfect: the author alternates between his two heroes, taking us to their respective homes and letting us see inside the minds of both, presenting them in contrast and balance. But from the point where they go to college, though we continue to see Lymie from within—the more sensitive and dependent of the pair—we get rather out of touch with Spud, the athletic and instinctive one, and the girl characters, though carefully sketched, never really find their way into the spotlight with which Lymie and Spud are followed. The end leaves us a little unsatisfied. When the knot of the immediate tangle has been cut by Lymie's attempt at suicide, he tells himself that his adolescence is over and that he is free for a larger world, and the author breaks off the story without quite having been able to persuade us to share Lymie's feeling of confidence. Yet the whole thing has been so real as we read it that we may hardly complain about this. It is almost as if we were merely losing sight, at graduation, of two men we had known in college. We wonder what became of them afterward. There were some



things about them that we never knew. But when we look back on them in later years—as we do when we look back on this book—we see new and grave implications in the semi-childish incidents of college life, a contest of impulses and needs which we did not suspect at the time.

Reading "The Folded Leaf," one is reminded of certain American novelists who were working, against the popular taste, in the field of serious social realism at the end of the last century and during the early decades of this. In his effort to deal with young boys on a plane of detached observation as far as possible from the mere sentimentality and humor with which the subject has usually been treated in America, Mr. Maxwell is sometimes quite close to the "Whilomville Stories" of Stephen Crane: he approaches such matters as fraternity initiations and gratuitous schoolboy fights, the traditional customs of childhood, from an anthropological point of view which was also to some extent developed by Crane. And one is also reminded of "Bertram Cope's Year," by Henry B. Fuller, that remarkable novel about students and adults at the University of Chicago, and of Fuller's Chicago novels in general. There is no evidence that Mr. Maxwell has been influenced by these writers, but it occurs to one in connection with the last that there may actually be a special kind of realism which is inevitably imposed upon a Middle Western writer by the landscape and life of his region. This realism may not be at all folksy; it may not be at all raw, like Dreiser's; it may be thoughtful, accomplished, and neat, like the realism of Howells or Fuller. "The Folded Leaf" is an example of this. With careful, unobtrusive art, Mr. Maxwell has made us feel all the coldness and hardness and darkness of Chicago, the prosaic surface of existence which seems to stretch about one like asphalt or ice. But there are moments when the author breaks away into a kind of poetic reverie that shows he is able to find a way out. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE POWER HOUSE, by Alex Comfort (Viking). This long story by a young English novelist is about two French workmen, one a murderer and the other impotent, a useless Front Populaire-period street riot, an intellectual with one of the least interesting minds in fiction, the breakup of the French Army in 1940, a

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

....*by a Photographer of Men*

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REMINDER TO GENTLEMEN
who belong to the world's most popular After-Shave Club

AQUA VELVA has long been the world's most popular after-shave lotion. But now, with certain essential ingredients being used for war production, the supply is limited.

Avoid Waste. You will be able to enjoy Aqua Velva more often if you use it carefully. It takes only a few cool, refreshing drops after shaving to leave your face feeling braced and tingling. Fresh, pleasant scent.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

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Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE
LOUIS BROMFIELD
PAUL LUKAS

WILLIAMS
Aqua Velva
AFTER SHAVING

couple of ineffectual episodes of resistance against the Germans, a "Moon Is Down" German officer, an industrialist who is a stinker in a negative way, and a few dozen other matters. This is professionally known as painting on a large canvas, but the author uses a technique better adapted to writing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. He revels in descriptive sentences, such as "The old people were breaking rolls, the candle-shaped pale girl dipping the pieces in a hot liquid from a rose-pattern cup and passing them to an old lady, who supped at them noiselessly—breathless, etiolated, like a plant that has grown into an old shoe and lost the sun." Even if the idea of a sop-supping plant doesn't annoy you, it will make you realize Mr. Comfort's sense of pace. At the end of four hundred and sixty-four pages of this, you feel as if you had travelled from New York to San Francisco on a pogo stick.

SWING LOW, by Edwin A. Peeples (Houghton Mifflin). Those who want their novels about Negroes to be grim all the way through will probably be disappointed in this story of some very human black people living in an Atlanta slum. Mr. Peeples is just as concerned with injustice and oppression in the Deep South as are his sterner colleagues; the fact that he has drawn characters that are warm and kindly and sometimes even happy as well as violent makes the evils under which they live all the more apparent. The realest and most pitiful portrait that has come out of the South in a long time.

A MOMENT OF TIME, by Sydney R. McLean (Putnam). A quiet, carefully done first novel about a sensitive woman of strong character in early New England. The book is composed something like a family album, with pictures (complete with environment) of the heroine, first as a child of six just before the Revolution, then as a young girl in love, a young wife, and so on until 1839, when, full of years, she looks back on a rich life. A gentle piety gives the novel a rather old-fashioned flavor.

GENERAL

RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE, by Edmund Stevens (Greenberg). The reason it's no riddle to Mr. Stevens is that he lived and worked in the Soviet Union for six years before he became a war correspondent, he learned the language well (he was

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interpreter for Churchill on one of the Prime Minister's visits to Stalin), and he married into a Russian family. This background sets this book apart from the numerous other works on the U.S.S.R. written by newspapermen in the past few years. Mr. Stevens tells many of the familiar stories, about visits to the battlefields, banquets, and so on, but it is the trivia, such as the repartee contest between Ilya Ehrenburg and Alexei Tolstoy, those spoiled children of the Soviet intelligentsia, that make the book rewarding. The author is always fair in his attitude and what statements he offers about Russia seem careful and considered.

VICTORIA THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, by Florence Becker Lennon (Simon & Schuster). A biography of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the Oxford logician and geometrician whom we customarily call Lewis Carroll and who found, in a melted mirror, a way of squaring the circle that has been highly satisfactory to three generations of children and grownups. The author of this biography, who has hitherto published mostly verse, has obviously given Carroll and his dream books a good deal of thought and has written much more than a casual life. The book is free of the cant of the Alice cult and, though Mrs. Lennon wades zealously into the theory of humor in relation to the unconscious (the same locale in which Freud and Max Eastman got mired), she never becomes confused. Illustrated with contemporary drawings and photographs.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, by Ysabel F. Rennie (Macmillan). A thoroughgoing and intelligent history of Argentina, the product of two years' research in the field by a very young American with no come-with-me-to-picturesque-Argentina nonsense about her. Mrs. Rennie brings her story up to date with a credible explanation of why an essentially liberal nation should have taken a stand in world affairs which looks very much like a mulish determination to commit suicide. The book is illustrated with not especially unusual photographs by the author.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY, by Mikia Pezas (Ives Washburn). The very personal story of a young Greek lawyer who fought through his country's war with Italy and Germany, starved in occupied Athens, and eventually escaped to he says not where. It is curious reading, for Mr. Pezas is a very romantic young man and, aside from a handful of character sketches of his friends in adversity, does little toward giving the reader an understanding of the Greeks or of their agony. The narrative abounds in coincidences, some of them very hard to credit, but of course coincidences may be more common in the lives of people who live in small countries.

AMERICA'S RÔLE IN THE WORLD ECONOMY, by Alvin H. Hansen (Norton). An admirably simple and straightforward presentation, written for the layman, of this noted Harvard professor's economic *Weltanschauung*. The author's thesis is, briefly, that the end of political isolationism in America is not enough and that there can be no world peace of mind without international economic coöperation. In this book he tells how we might go about it.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE OUTSIDERS, by A. E. Martin (Simon & Schuster). Blackmail and murder among sideshow people in Australia. Pel Pelham, a spruiker, or barker, gives the police rather half-hearted assistance, since his sympathies aren't entirely on the side of law and order. Very difficult material well handled by the author of "Sinners Never Die," who seems to be shaping up into a first-rate mystery writer.

TOO MANY SUSPECTS, by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead). Inspector Jimmy Waghorn tackles the curious case of Mrs. Charles Franshaw, who keeled over immediately after eating a horrid concoction known as vegetable duck in her flat in Mundesley Mansions, in Battersea. Mr. Franshaw and a good many others are suspected of having had a hand in her death, but Waghorn, not satisfied with the evidence, takes his problems to the familiar Dr. Priestley's study and comes out, as usual, with an unexpected but adequate solution. Nice and conservative.

•

General de Gaulle's relations with President Roosevelt, dating from the General's exile, are very little understood by Frenchmen, who are merely perplexed by them because they have never regarded the United States as a predatory power. Having had a free press throughout the war, we are better informed.—*Harold Callender in the Times.*

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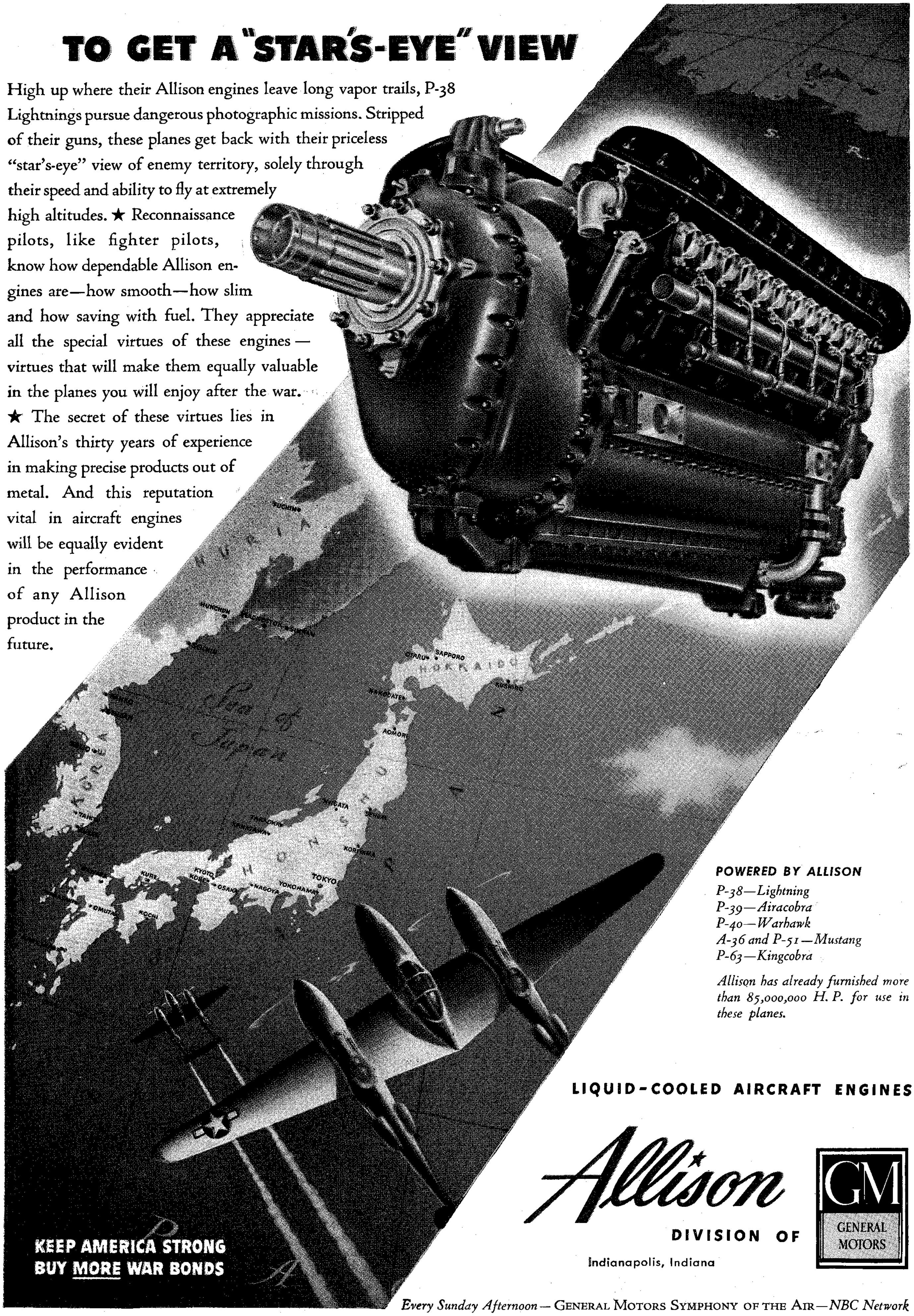

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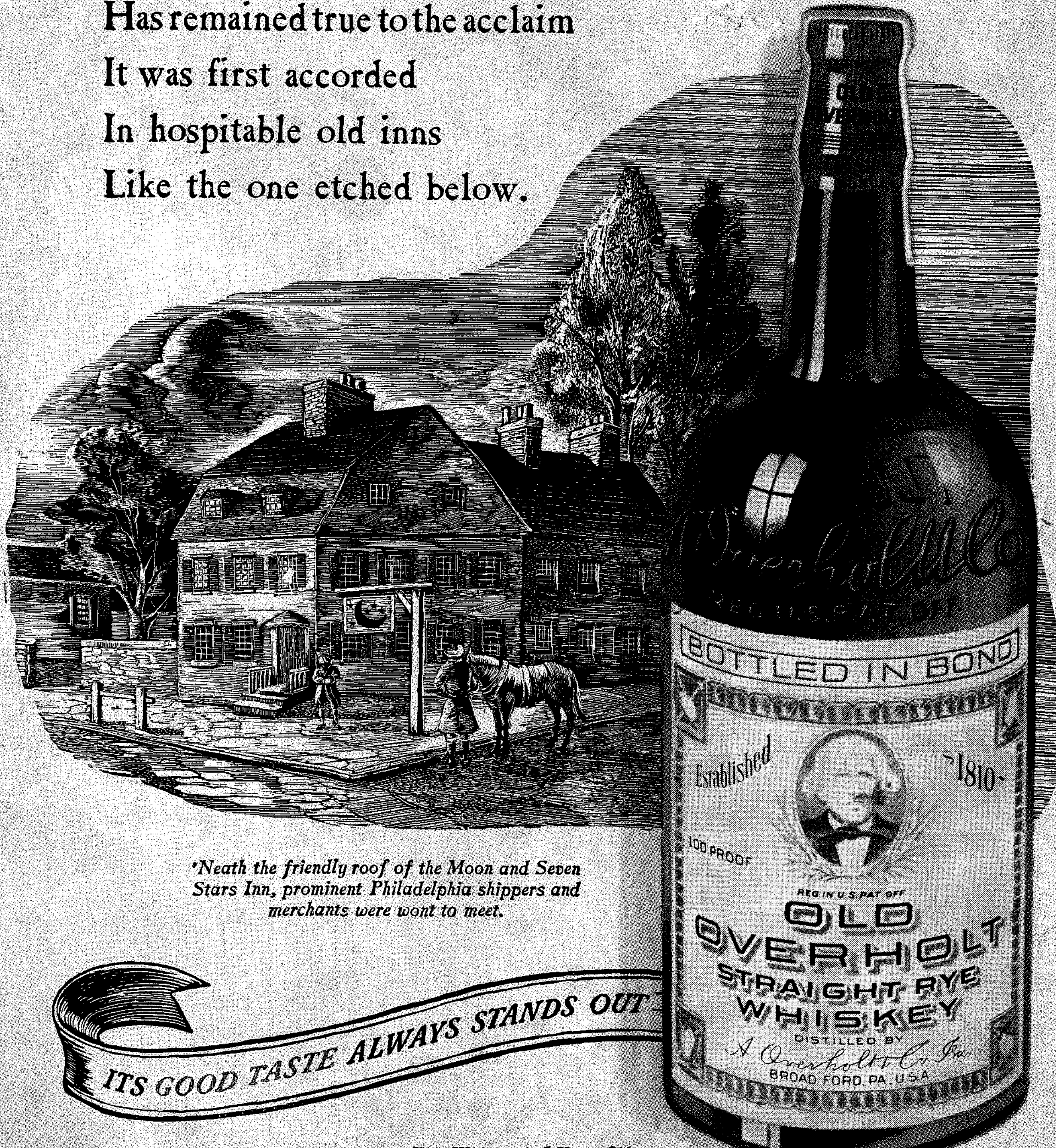
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